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THE North American Review

Garrett Hardin:
"Pejorisms"

Anthony Storr:
The Two Cultures

George Keithley:
An Aaron Burr Play

Lawrence Sturhahn:
Clean California

Leo J. Hertzel:
Dreams of Statehood

Ralph Waldo Emerson:
"Perpetual Forces"

Henry James:
Ethnic Purity

Mark Twain:
A War Map

Elizabeth Cady Stanton:
Easier Divorce

Woodrow Wilson:
Hide-and-Seek Politics

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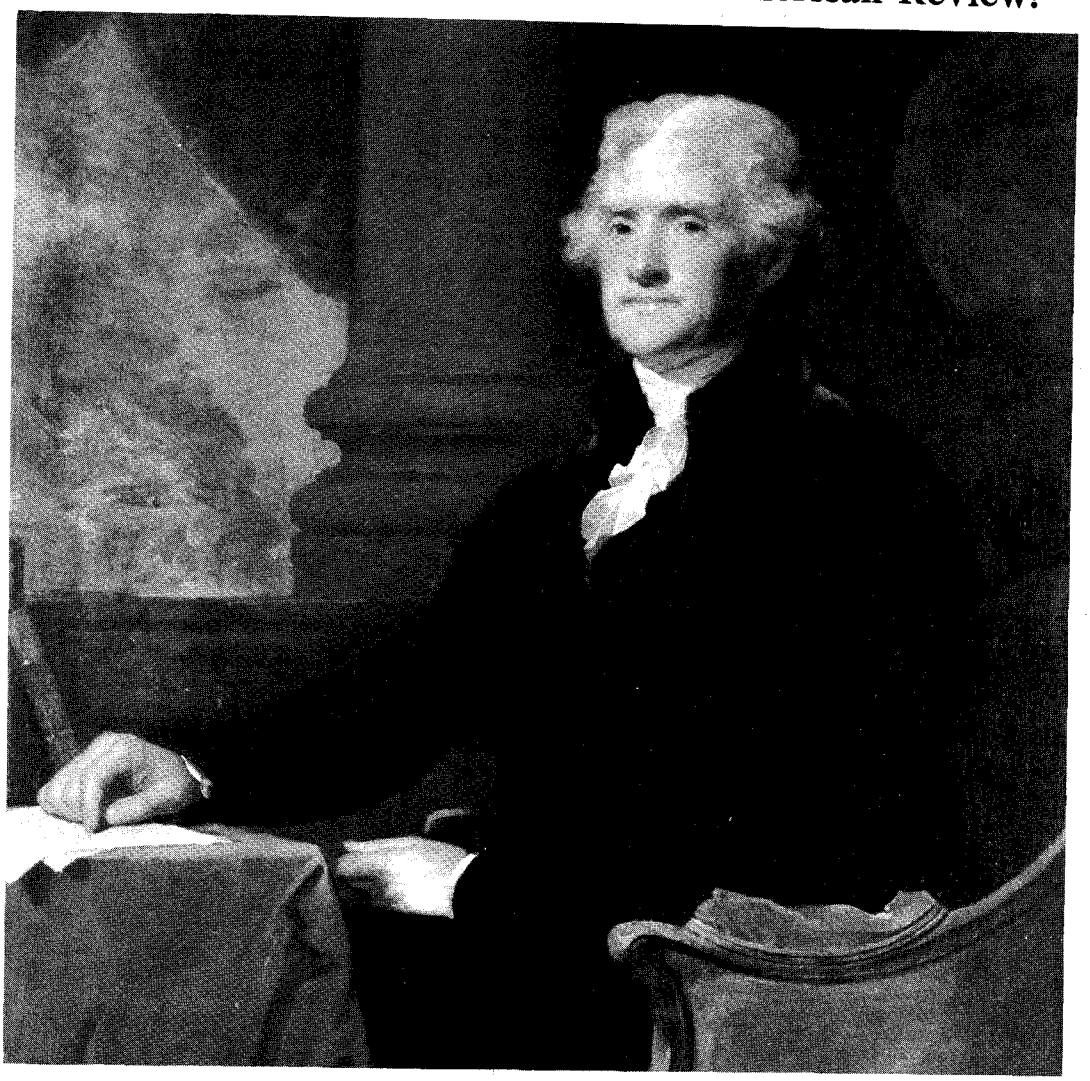

Sir Monticello Mar. 27. 25.

I am a subscriber to the N. American review and understand you are agent for that work in Richmond. it will be more convenient for me to have it furnished from that place because payment there is easier made. I shall be glad therefore to receive it from you and this letter presented to Colo. Bernard Peyton of Richmond my correspdt will ensure your receiving payment from him on my account, once a year or oftener if you chuse. I have received No. 46. but not Nos. 44. and 45. which I shall be glad therefore now to receive. accept the assurance of my respect.

Th: J.

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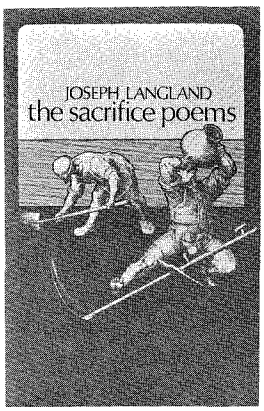

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

It is a year of inescapable anniversaries. The country, as we are reminded *ad absurdem,* is two hundred; the University which publishes this magazine is one hundred; even the local high school, studying its history and perhaps modifying it for symmetry, has just graduated its centennial class. Perhaps it is not inappropriate, therefore, if *The North American Review* (though apologetic that we are still 39 years away from our own bicentenary) casts a backward glance and reprints a few of its illustrious forebears. Thus on page 49 begins a garland that includes Ralph Waldo Emerson at the peak of his admonitory optimism; Henry James deep in the labyrinthine splendors of his "late" style; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the vanguard of the fight for women's rights that has only recently gathered its necessary momentum; Woodrow Wilson, two years before his successful candidacy for President, discussing the flaws in "representative" politics, and Mark Twain doing a wry parody of war maps.

Yet if we have had our good old days, we have our good *new* days as well. We think the Garrett Hardin essay on "pejorism" is a brilliant addition to our philosophic tools for the civilizing—and saving—of humankind, and for the exercise of our readership's collective psyche we offer two extremes: internationally-known psychiatrist Anthony Storr's examination of connections between science and art, and film observer Lawrence Sturhahn's witnessing to the aesthetics of, ah, Marilyn Chambers, Marilyn Chambers.

And happy birthdays all 'round!

Literary Notes from All Over: Richard Yates has received the Richard and Hinda Rosenthal Foundation Award, given by the National Institute of Arts and Letters, for his novel *Disturbing the Peace*. A central chapter of the novel first appeared in the NAR. . . . The fiction collection *Separate Flights,* by Andre Dubus, is this year's winner of the Laurence L. Winship Award; several of the book's stories, including the title piece, were first published here. . . . Catherine Petroski's story, "Beautiful My Mane in the Wind", from the Fall 1975 NAR, has received the annual short story prize of the Texas Institute of Letters. . . . Stephen Minot's story "Grubbing for Roots" (Spring 1975) has been selected for inclusion in Martha Foley's *Best Short Stories of 1976,* to be published later this year by Houghton Mifflin. . . . New books by NAR writers (not necessarily, but sometimes, excerpted in these pages) include Barry Lopez's *Desert Notes: Reflections in the Eye of a Raven* (Sheed & Ward); Chester Aaron's *Hello to Bodega* (Atheneum); Paul Theroux's *The Family Arsenal;* Mark Halperin's *Backroads* (Pittsburgh).

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The North American Review

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Credits: Pp. 15, 29-47, *James Buckels;* 20-24, *Earle Gagnon;* 26, Detroit *Free Press;* 72, *Debbie Deschner;* 74-77, *Lawrence Sturhahn.*
Some of the material on pages 22-23 is based on the Michigan files of Mr. Don Chaput, an authority on Upper Peninsula history.

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Barry Lopez

Twilight

I am sitting on a storm pattern rug woven out of the mind of a Navajo woman, Ahlnsaha, and traded to a man named Dobrey in Winslow, Arizona, for groceries in August 1934.

In the fall of 1936 a Swedish farmer, Kester Vorland, his land gone out from under him in the Depression, leaves his wife and three children in the car and, picking his moment perfectly, steps back into the store to steal the rug while Dobrey is busy in the back with a broken saddle. He trades it the next day in Flagstaff for groceries and $25 cash and moves on to Needles. It is bought later by a young man named Diego Martîn who takes it back to San Bernardino, California, with him. He boasts of it to his friends, a piece of shrewd buying. When he is married in 1941 he gives it to his wife and, one flat September night, they make love on it, leaving a small stain that the girl, Yonella, can easily point out but which Diego will not believe, even when she shows him. He believes it is a stain left by an insect; he forbids her to show the rug to anyone after this. He dies in a bar fight in Honolulu on April 16, 1943, a corporal in the Marines. Yonella sells everything. An old woman named Elizabeth Reiner with red hair and liver spots on her throat pouch buys the rug for $45 and takes it home with her to Santa Barbara. In 1951 her daughter comes to visit and her grandson John Charles who is ten begins to covet the rug; when the mother and daughter fall into an argument over something the old woman angrily gives it to the boy (she snatches it down off the wall) as demonstration of her generosity. She later tells her daughter not to come back again and begins to miss the rug and feel foolish. The boy doesn't care. He vows he will always write her at Christmastime, even if his mother forbids it.

On the train from Los Angeles to Prairie du Chien the boy keeps himself wrapped in the rug like a turtle. He sits on the bed in his underwear with it over his shoulders and watches Nebraska. When he is sixteen John Charles falls in love with Dolores Patherway who is nineteen and a whore. One night she trades him twenty-five minutes for the blanket, but he does not see it this way: it is a gift, the best he can offer, a thing of power. That night she is able to sell it to a Great Lakes sailor for $60. She tells him it is genuine Sioux, there at the battle of the Little Big Horn, and will always bring a good price. The sailor's name is Benedict Langer, from a good Catholic family in Ramapo, New Jersey, and he has never had hard liquor or even VD but in three weeks in the service his father said would make a man of him he has lain in confusion with six different women who have told him he was terrific; he has sensed a pit opening. The day after he buys it Benedict gives the blanket to a friend, Frank Winter, and goes to look for a priest in Green Bay, the football town. In March 1959 Frank mails it to his parents for an anniversary present (it has been in his footlocker for 18 months and smells like mothballs, a condition he remedies by airing it at night from the signal deck of the *U.S.S. Kissell*). He includes with it a document he has had made up in the ship's print shop to the effect that it is an authentic Pawnee blanket, so his parents will be proud, can put it up on the wall of their retirement home in Boca Raton, Florida, next to the maracas from Guadalajara. They leave it in the box in the hall closet; they do not talk about it. Mr. Winter confides to his wife in the dark one night that he doesn't believe in the powers of medicine men.

On July 17, 1963, Frank Winter dies instantly when his foot hits a land mine in the Mekong Delta. His father waits a month before donating the blanket and the boy's other belongings to Catholic Charities. Father Peter Donnell, a local priest, a man of some sensitivity, lays the rug down on the brown wall-to-wall carpeting in the foyer of the refectory of the Catholic Church in Boca Raton, arranging two chairs and a small table precisely on it (he likes especially the Ganado red color) before the Monsignor asks him to remove it. Father Donnell keeps the rug in his room, spread out flat under his mattress for a year. He takes it with him when he is transferred to Ames, Iowa, where it is finally bought in an Easter bazaar when Father Donnell endures a self-inflicted purging of personal possessions. It is bought by antique dealers, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wishton Spanner of Jordan Valley, Oregon (as they sign the register). The following winter I buy it from Mrs. Spanner who tells me the rug has been woven by a Comanche who learned his craft from a Navajo, that she bought it on the reservation in Oklahoma. It is certified. I take the rug home and at dusk I undress and lie down under it so that it completely covers my body. I listen all night. I do not hear anything. But in this time I am able to sort out all the smells buried in the threads and the sounds still reverberating deep in the fibers. It is what I have been looking for.

* * *

It is this rug I have carefully spread out now, east and west over the dust. It is only from such a height above the floor of the desert that one is able to see clearly what is going on.

The moon has just risen; the sun has just gone down. There are only a few stars up and a breeze is blowing up from the south. It smells like wet cottonwood leaves.

This is the best time to see what is happening. Everyone who is passing through will be visible for a short time. Already I have seen the priest with his Bible bound in wolves' fur and the blackbirds asleep in his hair.

I see the woman who smells like sagebrush and her three children with the large white eyes and tattered leg-

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gings. I see the boy who rolls in dust like a horse and the legionnaire with the alabaster skin polished smooth by the wind. I see the magnificent jethery loping across the desert like a greyhound with his arms full of oars. I watch cheetahs in silver chariots pulled by a span of white crows. I see the rainbow in arabesques of the wind.

The night gets deeper. I pull down to listen for Ahlnsaha: she is crying in Arizona. This is what she is singing:

Go to the white rain
Ta ta ta ta
Go to the white rain
Ta ta ta ta
I see the horses
Ta ta ta ta
They are feeding above there.

There is no rain; there are no horses. Her music falls into pieces with her tears in the dust like lies. She smells like your face in wheat.

The moon is up higher, clearing the thin clouds on the horizon.

The two girls with the sun in a spiderweb bag are standing by the mountains south talking with the blue snake that makes holes in the wind with his whistle.

I can smell the heat of the day stuck on the edges of the cracks in the earth like a salt crust after a tide. I lie back and watch the sky. I close my eyes. I run my hands out smooth over the rug and feel the cold rising from the earth. When I come again I will bring a friar's robe with a deep cowl and shoes of jute fiber. I will run like a madman to the west all night until I begin to fall asleep; then I will walk back, being careful to correct for the tilt of the earth, the force of Coriolis, reading my breviary by the precise arrowlight of stars, assured of my destination.

The day hugs the desert floor like a fallen warrior. I am warm. I am alert for any sort of light. I believe there is someplace out there where you can see right down into the heart of the earth. The light there is strong enough to burn out your eyes like sap in a fire. But I won't go near it. I let it pass. I like to know that if I need it, with only a shovel or a small spade, I can begin digging and recall the day.

This time is the only time you will see the turtles massed on the eastern border for the march to the western edge where there is water, and then back the same night to hide in the bushes and smash insects dazed to lethargy by the cold. I have spoken with these turtles. They are reticent about their commitments. Each one looks like half the earth.

This is the only time you can study both of your shadows. If you sit perfectly still and watch your primary shadow as the sun sets you will be able to hold it long enough to see your other shadow fill up when the moon rises like a porcelain basin with clear water. If you turn carefully to face the south you may regard both of them: to understand the nature of silence you must be able to see into this space between your shadows.

This is the only time you will be able to smell water and not mistake it for the smell of a sheet of granite, or confuse it with the smell of marble or darkness. If you are moving about at this time, able to go anywhere you choose, you will find water as easily as if you were looking for your hands. It may take you some hours, even days to arrive at the place, but there will be no mistake about the direction to go once you smell it. The smell of water is not affected by the air currents so you won't need to know the direction of the wind; the smell of water lies along the surface of the earth like a long stick of peeled elmwood.

This is the only time you can hear the flight of the grey eagle over the desert. You cannot see him because he fades with the sun and is born out of it in the morning but it is possible to hear his wings pumping against the columns of warm air rising and hear the slip of the wind in his feathers as he tilts his gyre out over the desert floor. There is nothing out there for him, no rabbits to hunt, no cliff faces to fall from, no rock on which to roost, but he is always out there at this time fading to grey and then to nothing, turning on the wind with his eyes closed. It doesn't matter how high he goes or how far away he drifts, you will be able to hear him. It is only necessary to lie out flat somewhere and listen for the sound, like the wrinkling of the ocean.

The last thing you will notice will be the stones, small bits of volcanic ash, black glass, blue tourmaline, sapphires, narrow slabs of grey feldspar, rose quartz, sheets of mica and blood agate. They are small enough to be missed, lying down in the cracks of the desert floor, but they are the last things to give up the light; you will see them flare and burn like coals before they let go.

It is good to have a few of these kinds of stones with you in a pocket or cupped in your hand before you go to sleep. One man I knew, only for a short time, was sure the stones were more important than anything else; he kept a blue one tied behind his ear. One evening while we were talking he reached over and with a wet finger took alkaline dust and painted a small lightning bolt on his right cheek. I regarded him for more than an hour before it became too dark to see. I rolled myself up in this blanket and slept. □

Coming in the NAR:

THE WOMANLY ART OF FICTION—
Including stories by Carol Adorjan, Marian Ury, Sally George, Ruth Goldsmith, Linda Ashour, Jocelyn Siler, Margaret Goggin, Rae-Jolene Smith, and other persons

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Kenneth Lash

In the Final Analysis . . . There Is No Final Analysis

. . .and that's the truth, Lily. As I calculate it, kiddo, truth belongs to humans. (Hell, *everybody* knows the truth.) Fact belongs to the gods. It's what makes them laugh.

I think to start an Institute. The Donner Pass Institute for Businessmen and Social Planners. Winter session only. The first convocation will consider these topics:

1) the high cholesterol content of heroin.

2) strip-mining in local taverns, pro and con.

If you're interested, it's not my fault.

* * *

Street sweepers get $16,500 in San Francisco. I don't know how much the horses get. Bay Area bus drivers refused a contract calling for $28,500 a year. Jimmy Hoffa evidently turned down a cost of living offer. The Teamsters have successfully invaded Alaska, without help from Fidel (Fiddle, our Prez sez) Castro. It would seem that union men want to live in the country. They're bankrupting the cities. After that the English unions model may be imported: you bankrupt the whole state and nation. Damned right, Jack. Now, if the Army joins the Teamsters, the Air Force joins the Hamsters, the Navy joins the Oysters? . . . Well, it will help stabilize Executive power, certainly, though the price of food in prison restaurants may undergo a sharp increase. If this can be accepted as *quid pro quo*, there is no reason the economy cannot weather it with the same resilience and resourcefulness with which it absorbed OPEC oil price rises. National debt, as one of our leading economists has noted, simply means we owe the money to ourselves. Clear? You wouldn't foreclose yourself, would you? Aw c'mon, you wouldn't! Would you?

* * *

Of course, union leaders learned banditry from experts: their bosses. But in a number of cases there's an important difference: banditry is not *all* the boss does for a living.

* * *

And now the schoolteachers are being unionized. That means they'll be able to smoke in public. And wear short skirts (even if they're men). And they won't have to be respected anymore. Just paid, like everyone else. I predict that most teachers will develop into splendid union members: they already work in a bureaucratic system, and unions have become conglomerate bureaucracies—civil service turned inside out. Back to teachers: it will be

interesting to see their foray into what has been called the real world. If their traditional sense of holy mission turns to dark deeds, watch out. There could be a replay of the Late Crusades. I can see them returning from the wars with a square grin and an Elliot Gould moustache . . . to find that the schoolkids have unionized. And are prepared to begin negotiating grades.

* * *

I know that union men are 100% red-blooded Americans, but it is possible to see the union movement as the communizing of America, as it is stated in the BICENTENNIAL DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE:

"All men are contracted equal. . . ."

Nor money nor merit shall henceforth distinguish one brother from another, one another from a mother, now and forever, Amen, all in favor say Aye, all against go back where you came from. Our new contract calls for $112.14 an hour for everybody on or off the job, plus cost of living elevator (we won the escalator argument), plus paid-up health insurance and chicken soup. By negotiation with the Labor Department, Wednesday has been designated as workday for the next two years. Now, about this matter of using pension funds to buy into Kuwait. Kuwait is a closed-shop kind of place. . . .

* * *

It is possible to consider that Karl Marx, as a compulsive single-themer, was an addlepate. It is probable that Freud was wrong a few hundred times (and did us no service with comic-strip sounds like ego and id). But by the name of the prophet, if they had ever gotten together and evolved a consensual version of their visions. . . .

"To each according to his dreams; from each according to his spare time."

Marx was certainly right about the Coming of the Common Denominator. He was feeble-minded about the underlying reasons, possibly because he couldn't acknowledge the sheer joy he felt in the downfalling doom of distinctions. Freud on the other hand never paid enough attention to money (though his followers do not generally in this regard follow). Now, if he had paid as much attention to day as to night, if he had foreseen dreams as translated into money, ego as money, id as money . . . the superego thrown out as elitist . . . or if Jung had stuck around a while longer and they had envisioned a theory of the racial unconscious transmuting in the twentieth century to the caste unconscious, with an economic Olympics symbolizing a worldwide grudge match of the trodden vs. the trodders . . . they would have foreseen

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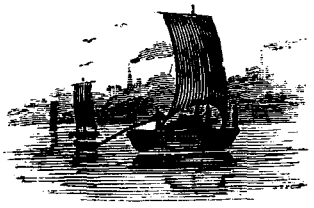
1970-2000. The question for the computer, which presumably has no bias and thus can combine the views of divergent seers, is this: Since a society requires leaders, and since leaders have always begun by enticing and finished by trodding, will there be a result of the new revolution? Besides, that is, turning the hour-glass upside down, the sand trickling back for the next 2000 years?

In the final analysis, I doubt it. But that is, of course, not my final analysis.

There is a different view available, at a price. This one shows the high wage demands of hardhats now, minorities later, meeting with such success that they wake up all suddenly, as if kissed by a princess, to find themselves members of The New Middle Class. What is new about The New Middle Class is that everybody save a few politicians, generals, and social engineers belongs to it. The wealthy have been taxed down or out of the country, the poor ($8000-10,000 a year) are highschool students, mercifully released at noon to do a job, pay for their own car, college, and contraceptives. For a while they will be almost happy. Then (yes, Mr. Golding) a few among the ambitious of them will begin convincing the others that they are being exploited. The Teensters will be organized. They will pose a threat to bourgeois values, i.e., to their parents, who only recently got out from under them. The annual school play will be a country acid rock adaptation of Oedipus (entitled *Ed*). Fathers will clamor for tougher enforcement of patricide laws. Mothers will demand (and get) equal treatment. San Diego will demand action against Cuba, which will give the politicians, generals, and social engineers a light-bulb of an idea: war against, say, Tierra del Fuego, followed by permanent occupation. Our army to consist of conscripts aged 14-18. Regardless of sex. Stars in windows, televised weeping, chortling in the trailer parks. Our values Defended. Marx proved wrong again. Freud overtakes Jung in Gallup Poll. Senior Citizens decide against organizing.

* * *

And that isn't my final analysis either. I respect the trickiness of a world in which the fastest human is named Houston McTear and Patty Hearst's old boyfriend-turned-author is Steven Weed. There are subtler prophets than I, though where they are I cannot foresee. □



A LETTER:

To the Editor:

India, in Ms. Tamarkin's essay (Spring 1976) is "warring black eyes," where "smells of spiced rice and dung swallowed the air," and proximity to Indians caused her to "[wash] my hair three times. Threw out my sandals. Scrubbed my feet, feeling they would never get clean."

With three children we toured India—and yearn to return. Despite Ms. Tamarkin's numerous vivid descriptions, public urination or defecation is rare: streets, hand-swept daily, were not only clean but safe.

Our children (ages 11, 8, and 2½) remember India as a land that changes from State to State: language, dress, style of dwelling, method of operating water wheels. Cities are crowded, but bicycle bells overwhelm car beeps and the cacophony of languages and dialects. Everywhere the scent of onions frying, and of gingerroot and cinnamon entice appetites dulled by heat.

Becoming Indianized, we became immunized to the burnt rubber odor of fuming dung patties (or "buffalo chips" as used by American pioneers).

The children saw monkeys leap from trees to follow little Julianne and her lollipop. Driving hot highways for hours, our mini-tourists amused themselves by watching for elephants, camels and oxen travelling the same road. At the Taj Mahal or other ancient sites, no ropes barred us from the exact spot where Shah Jahan once stood, nor from jumping the parquet floor where, centuries ago, harem girls functioned as human chess pawns.

Ms. Tamarkin felt "cut off from the rest of the world" without "*Time*, *Newsweek* and the *Herald Tribune*, " yet wondered why she missed India's "enlightenment, dreams . . . secrets. . . ."

Return, Ms. Tamarkin, but first read about India, then pack your heart as well as your nose, accept India's touch, and perhaps it will yield to you. . .from its culture that was already *old* two thousand years ago.

Gloria Wolk
Milford, CT

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PETER WILD

WEIMARANER

We told them that they should move
the cage he'd built under the brown-haired tamarisks
closer to their new house, where each day painting,
scrambling over ladders, their brushes broke through
the adobe brick of the crenellations,
or the dogs would get them that at night
vicious scientists let out, the kids
that roamed the neighborhood after school.
my wife kept taking the guinea pigs in and out,
little priests squeaking in sawdust, rearing up
to drink sufficient drops from the nipple,
a steel ball in an aluminum tube,
as she watched squatting, twisting the arabesques
of her eyebrows,
the athletic infanta I'd seen before shot
in the back with a tennis handle, pumping
her bicycle up our hill, saying, no,
they did not eat the faces of their babies
as I'd heard, that she fed them
dog food and sunflower seeds, little mountains
they walked over. in that position
I imagined her buttocks wrapped in
tin foil, two moons struggling together
that a Spanish explorer pursued lifting knees
to chin through the swamps of Florida.
I smelled bacon smoke, but he stood, arms folded
over his Columbia rowing shirt not
saying much behind his moustache,
even when I said he could borrow my lawn mower.
going home my wife nodded when I said
I didn't care if they were living in sin,
that once scaling Wasson Peak, explaining his life
the electrician across the street had told me that
sex was a powerful force. later out watering
after dinner saw them, two figures in the dark carrying
the affair in like a corpse. but early the next morning
running in my suit toward the dawn I heard growls
in their privets, coming round again
on tiptoes after a mile there was
that slick-haired weimaraner pacing
their porch, knocking over their flower pots,
trampling the bushes peering in their front window,
the same that on occasion had stopped me
like some bum with bad breath beneath the stars,
paws on my shoulders searched
my face, one eye blue, the other orange.

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Garrett Hardin

PEJORISM: THE MIDDLE WAY

How should we face the future? After nearly two centuries of optimism fostered by the Idea of Progress—interrupted only partially by *The Education of Henry Adams* (1906) and Spengler's *The Decline of the West* (1926-1928)—our euphoric mood was at last broken by ecologists and others who became convinced that ecology was the key to understanding the human condition. Reluctantly at first, then with increasing willingness, the general public has come to see merit in the views expressed in William Vogt's *Road to Survival* (1948), Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (1962), the Paddocks' *Famine 1975!* (1967), Paul Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb* (1968), the Club of Rome's *The Limits to Growth* (1972), and Robert L. Heilbroner's *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect* (1974).

Success breeds opposition. These influential books quickly evoked denunciations of their authors as "merchants of doom." The critics, the "technological optimists," assert that technology and good intentions can solve all human problems. There is much to be said on their side: optimism can be immensely productive of good. It stirs the soul to seek the impossible—which sometimes proves possible. In the right way it draws on the creative power of the self-fulfilling prophecy; and it sets the body's juices to flowing deliciously.

Why then promote anything but optimism? Obviously because we think that sometimes there is an unwanted future that cannot be willed away. We can regard the total future as being made up of many little realities, components of the whole unknown. For two centuries we have been selectively drawing out of the total the pleasant realities, bringing them into being by optimism and technology. What is left is a population in which the unpleasant realities compose an ever larger proportion. As the years pass the optimistic attitude will pay off less often, the pessimistic more often. Given a different pay-off a change in public attitude must follow, however reluctantly. As Malthus said: "Like the commodities in a market those virtues will be produced in the greatest quantity for which there is the greatest demand." Our desire for pleasant realities may be undiminished, but the demand for counterproductive optimism diminishes daily.

Before we can make significant progress in seeing what virtues are called for in the future I think we must jettison the traditional optimism-pessimism dichotomy. Each of the contrasting terms emphasizes a *state*, the optimum in one case, the pessimum in the other. The implied question they are a response to is this: "What *is* (or will be) the future?" But we need to shift from concern with states to a concern with processes. We need to ask not "What *is* the future?" but "What is the tendency of future-making processes?" With this change in attitude we are enabled to discover a new dichotomy, one that bears a family resemblance to the old but which can lead to a different emotional adjustment.

The first half of the new dichotomy is called "meliorism," from the Latin word *meliorare*, to make or become better. A melioristic process is one that tends to improve matters. No better example of such can be cited than the one described exactly two centuries ago by Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*. In a market in which an enterpriser is free to make whatever goods he wants to and to sell them in free competition with other enterprisers for whatever price he can get, Smith wrote:

> Every individual . . . neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it. By preferring the support of domestic to that of foreign industry, he intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was not part of his intention.

Since the process of free competition automatically (according to Smith) works out for the best there is no need for—in fact, there is a positive danger in—government regulation. The best policy is one of laissez faire—"Do your own thing": Adam Smith's "invisible hand" will see to it that all comes out well.

This is no place to inquire into the substantive merits of Smith's position. Suffice it to say that in the two centuries since he stated it we have found more and more instances in which real economics is governed not so much by a benign "invisible hand" as it is by what Herman Daly calls the "invisible foot"—which kicks us when we are not looking. Wisely, no nation in the world lives by pure Smithian principles.

Nonetheless, the melioristic approach exemplified by the laissez faire doctrine has largely shaped the political institutions of our industrial world. With each manufacturer making whatever product he can sell, hawking his wares blatantly and jettisoning his waste products wherever no one is looking, it has been assumed that all would turn out for the best. The most serious doubts of this view have been put forward by the ecologists who have pointed out that "We can never do merely one thing," from which it is deduced that the burden of proof (of non-harm) should fall on him who

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proposes to change things, to make an innovation in our way of exploiting nature. In other words, "Guilty until proven innocent" should be the principle by which every innovation is judged. This is a most un-melioristic view, and has led to such regulatory agencies as the Pure Food and Drug Administration and the Environmental Protection Agency; and to such revolutionary roadblocks to "progress" as mandatory environmental impact studies which must be carried out before an innovation is begun. We assume the worst rather than the best. It is no wonder that passions are aroused by the ecology movement: it flies in the face of the two hundred year old melioristic religion called "Progress."

The fact that there are anti-melioristic processes (as well as melioristic ones) should be reflected in our language. It is not. The Latin verb *meliorare* is matched by an antonym, *pejorare,* meaning to make or become worse; but the parallel English derivatives we expect to find in the dictionary, "pejorism" and "pejoristic," are not there. One suspects that the bias springs from the well-known unconscious denial of unpleasant facts to which Sigmund Freud called our attention.

Be that as it may, I propose to create these new English words, and I recommend that we take them seriously. I will first try to show the sort of situation in which the word pejorism is useful. Secondly I will run through a brief catalog of pejoristic statements already accepted as having merit. Third, I will discuss at some length a current situation that is literally of vital significance to humanity, a situation in which, I think, only a pejoristic approach enables us to find a policy that will make possible the survival of civilization. That is a rather arrogant statement; I hope it serves to raise the reader's attitude to its most critical pitch.

For a classic statement of a pejoristic principle let us examine Gresham's Law: *Bad money drives out good*. As with so many profound and simple truths it has a muddled genealogy. It is named after a 17th century banker, Sir Thomas Gresham, but it was not stated simply until the 19th century; the essence of it, however, was promulgated by Copernicus in the 16th century, and before him by Oresme in the 14th. And no doubt practical men have "known" it at an unconscious level for thousands of years.

Gresham's Law describes a process, one that is inescapably pejoristic. Let us see how this process works. We suppose that two kinds of coins are circulating in a market place that is governed by laissez faire, genuine coins and counterfeits. With no compulsion, what happens? Let us suppose that, wanting to buy something, I find I have one genuine and one counterfeit coin in my pocket: which do I use? Obviously, the counterfeit coin (if I can get away with it). This conclusion is based on the simple assumption that self interest governs most, if not all, of each person's actions.

Theorists of a certain tender-hearted stamp bristle at this assumption. "What about conscience? What about a feeling of obligation to others?" they ask. Should we not seek to inculcate in everyone a sense of responsibility that will put an end to the operation of Gresham's Law?

To this well-meaning proposal the pejorist has a simple and decisive response: *it won't work*. His argument is divided into two parts. In the first place, the gentle plan of fostering and depending on conscience sets an impossibly high standard of perfection: *literally everyone* must be ruled by conscience. If even one person in the community follows a lower standard that person prospers at the expense of the others. A laissez faire market system ruled by conscience alone rewards for a lack of conscience. The rule is counterproductive.

The second stage in the dissolution of a conscience-ruled system takes place because of envy. As the "good guys" see the "bad guys" prosper their envy is energized and one after another good guys become bad guys. Not necessarily all of them: there may be some incorruptible saints. But most people aren't saints.

So a laissez faire money system automatically tends to become worse. "Bad money drives out good" is a pejoristic statement. The proof of it rests on two assumptions so simple as to be indubitable: (1) that not everyone is perfect; and (2) that envy is not rare. However rare we assume the "initial" supply of bad guys to be, they win out in the long run. Reversing a cliché, we find we are faced with the power of an "overwhelming minority." The system is unstable.

Part of the process of growing up is coming to realize the limits of conscience. For some the recognition is a harrowing experience. The 19th century poet Gerard Manley Hopkins expressed this anguish well:

> Thou are indeed just, Lord, if I contend
> With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
> Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
> Disappointment all I endeavour end?
> Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
> How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
> Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
> Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
> Sir, life upon thy cause . . .

In the 20th century the baseball player Leo Durocher acidly expressed the matter more briefly: *Nice guys finish last*.

Once we really understand the mechanism of a pejoristic process, pessimism becomes irrelevant. Should we be pessimistic because of the law of gravity or the principle of natural selection? Why weep because stones fall and genes mutate? We must take the world as it is and make the best of it.

The practical response to the overwhelming power of Gresham's Law is to alter the conditions in which it is true. Laissez faire has to be replaced by coercion—*mutual* coercion because we agree to coerce each other. *Pass on a counterfeit coin and you go to jail*—this must be the rule if we are to have a stable monetary system—which we must if what we call civilization is to persist. The freedom of everyone else threatens my freedom; I therefore agree to legislation that restricts the freedom of everyone *including myself*. So must each of us reason. "Mutual coercion mutually agreed upon" is the only workable basis for a democratic society, and the majority must rule.

With the detailed discussion of the particular pejorism we call Gresham's Law completed we are now ready for a rapid survey of the most important pejoristic statements made to date.

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1. From the foundations of ethics: *Not to act is to act.* Faced with uncertainty we would like to "do nothing" until the scene clarifies; but this is not possible, for the world rolls on. You can't escape a quandary by sitting on it.

2. From the foundations of ecology: *We can never do one thing;* and *We can never do nothing.* The second statement is, of course, a rewording of the ethical principle given above; the first asserts the interconnectedness of the world.

3. From the foundations of economics: *There's no such thing as a free lunch.* (If there were, economics would disappear.)

4. From thermodynamics, three laws:

We can't win.
We are sure to lose.
We can't get out of the game.

This set of laws is more than pejoristic, it is tragic. The essence of tragedy is that there is no escape from it. We can escape from the asserted consequences of Gresham's Law by changing the universe of rules in which we act. From the laws of thermodynamics there is no escape; there is no other universe.

5. From the foundations of probability: *A "fair game" is one in which the person with the smaller stake loses.* Or, as the Bible puts it: "To them that hath shall be given." A special case: in honest gambling customers always lose to the "house" because the "house" has the greater stake (and the odds are shaded to take care of overhead and profit). In other words, "You can't win."

6. From the foundations of eugenics: *We get what we select for.*

7. From the foundations of psychology: *We get the behavior we reward for.*

8. From political science: *People get the government they deserve.*

(There is obviously a common element in the last three pejorisms, and that element is *selection,* a principle that far transcends biology, the science in which it has been made most explicit.)

9. Carson's Pesticide Principle: *Every pesticide selects for its own failure.*

10. C. G. Darwin's Population Law: Every method of voluntary population control selects for its own failure. As Darwin put the matter, voluntary population control selects for "philoprogenitive people," parents who would rather have children than riches, and so make (voluntary) population control impossible. The leaders of Zero Population Growth, Inc., still don't understand this. For the present, it is perhaps best that they do not.

11. Davis' Law: *If a population control policy is acceptable to the liberal temper, it won't work.* Only laissez faire population control is at present "acceptable," but this, in a world of varying standards of the quality of life, produces a Gresham's Law of Demography: *Low standards drive out high.* Vegetarians drive out meat-eaters—sanctimoniously, in our time.

12. Gregg's Law of Food and Population: *You can't cure a cancer by feeding it.* Believers in the Benign Demographic Transition hold that you can—on the flimsiest of evidence.

13. Parkinson's Law: *Work expands to fill the time available to it.*

14. Peter's Principle: *Every employee in a hierarchy tends to rise to the level of his incompetence.*

15. Murphy's Basic Law: *In a complex system, if anything can go wrong, it will.*

16. Murphy's Zipper Law: *When things go wrong somewhere they quickly go wrong everywhere.*

17. Fontaine's Law: *We believe no evil till the evil's done.* To those who plan for the future this statement by the 17th century fable maker may seem pejoristic enough, but on the basis of Sigmund Freud's discovery of the power of psychological denial we can make a still more disconcerting statement:

18. The Fontaine-Freud Law: *We believe no evil till the evil's done—IF THEN.* Tigranes, the King of Armenia in the 1st century B.C., set the fashion when he struck off the head of the man who brought him news of the approach of a formidable enemy. Political leaders have been following his example ever since.

With this collection of pejorisms before us we are prepared to note some of their general properties. First, be it noted, a proper pejorism is brief. This is not so much a statement of fact as it is a statement of professional standards. The person who gives pejoristic form to a fundamental insight is trying to influence policy. You don't have much influence if you talk too much.

Contrast, for instance, Durocher's Law ("Nice guys finish last") with a statement from the *Leviathan* in which Thomas Hobbes is trying to say the same thing: "But if other men will not lay down their right as well as he, then there is no reason for anyone to divest himself of his, for that were to expose himself to prey, which no man is bound to, rather than to dispose himself to peace." After struggling with that mind-muddler for a while one certainly sees no reason to rename Durocher's Law "Hobbes' Law." Priority must yield to clarity.

It might be wondered how it happens that intelligent men can state things so unclearly as Hobbes (for he was not the last of this line). Perhaps the commonest explanation is simply this: scholarship can be a form of stuttering. Psychoanalysts have shown us that a root cause of stuttering is ambivalence in the patient: he wants to talk but fears the criticism of a significant figure in his life. Stuttering is a way of saying and not-saying at the same time. Scholars are constantly talking to significant figures: their superiors, their peers, and the general public. I give two examples of the sort of stuttering-called-scholarship that this produces.

Statement by a leading enologist in *Scientific American* for 1964: "The ideal climate for wine grapes is one that is warm but not too warm, cool but not too cool."

Statement made by a demographer discussing the Benign Demographic Transition in *Science* for 1975: "There is no reason to think that a *high* level of development will prove to be any less sufficient or any more necessary for the establishment of the preconditions for fertility reduction; indeed, there is already good evidence that fertility declines have occurred in areas of both high and low development."

Karl Popper has taught us that the only proper statements of science are falsifiable statements. To say that "A either is, or is not, equal to B" is to say essentially nothing. The two examples just quoted are splendid, but by no means unique, examples of non-Popperian stuttering.

Pejorisms don't stutter. Indeed, the principal criticism that

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may be leveled against them arises precisely because of their perhaps too great clarity. The happily phrased pejorism lacks qualifications. From a narrow point of view this may be a demerit: Murphy's Laws and Parkinson's Law surely are not *always* true: then why give them in so extreme and unqualified a form?

The motive for doing so lies in the psychological denial that stands ever ready to suppress the knowledge of danger that finds expression only in obscure or qualified statements. Parkinson's Law is not a universal truth like Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation; rather it is a universal admonition, an *aide-memoire* to guard against denial. To judge a pejorism by the standards of Newton's Law, and therefore to deny it, is to open the door to more profound psychological denial and hence to disaster.

Of course some pejoristic statements *are* universally true, e.g., the laws of thermodynamics, which express tragic truths. For such we choose the pejoristic form to make sure that people do not forget what we say. If the absolutely true and the merely admonitory forms of pejorisms are not always distinguished from each other by labelling it is just as well: both encourage prudence, a virtue that will be ever more in demand in the markets of the future.

How neglected a virtue prudence has been in the recent past is well illustrated by the following quotation from an investment adviser's market letter of 16 July 1971: "Taken as a whole, the petroleum industry can plan on nothing but persistent, year-to-year growth for as far down the road as one cares to look. This simple fact has been nearly obscured by the political, social, and ecological storms that regularly clobber the industry." Two years later OPEC lowered the boom on oil. The key operational words in the adviser's statement are, of course, "as far down the road *as one cares to look*." One could hardly ask for a franker confession of entrapment by psychological denial.

Although a few of the classic pejorisms are cast in the form of an affirmative statement, as a group they share a strong, even an aggressive, negativity. This is no accident. In the unconscious, as Freud first recognized, there is no negation. To free the creative powers it is necessary to wrench the mind loose from automatic affirmation. Negation, impossible at the unconscious level, is unpleasant at the conscious. Negation is a goad to thought. Even if a pejoristic statement is not wholly true it can be useful in irritating the auditor to seek its disproof—a virtue not possessed by a flabby affirmative equivalent. Compare, for instance, the tonic stimulus of the pejoristic form of the laws of thermodynamics given above with, say, the statement that "The efficiency of a real machine is less than one hundred percent"; or the ecologist's "We can never do merely one thing" with its flabbier affirmative equivalent, "Everything in the universe is connected to everything else."

Until forced to do otherwise the conscious mind tends to play along with the unconscious; it rejects the sort of negative, limit-setting insights that characterize pejoristic thinking. It is often easiest to gain a hearing for this kind of insight by wrapping it in humor. Note how many of the classic pejorisms were introduced in a humorous way: Murphy's Laws (Who was Murphy? No one knows), Parkinson's Laws (only one was mentioned here), Peter's Principle and a host of implicit axioms by Stephen Potter, whom I have not discussed. Humor is a door through which repressed truths may enter consciousness. But the success of the entrance is ambiguous: humor must often suffer Cassandra's fate. Cassandra possessed the gift of seeing and telling the truth for which she paid this price: no one believed her. So it often is with humor, and the humorist is something of a court jester. Viewed objectively, the humorous work of C. Northcote Parkinson is a major contribution to the theory of organizations, but it is generally dismissed as "merely" a joke. (Is there such a thing as "merely a joke?" Psychoanalysts say not.)

For those who are ready for it, the discipline of deliberately searching for pejorisms is an invaluable way of neutralizing some of the repressive powers of the unconscious. The personal advantage of being keenly aware of the "personal equation" in investigative work shows up clearly in a passage in Charles Darwin's *Autobiography:*

> I had . . . during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came across me, which was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones.

In the same way it helps to deliberately and routinely seek to discover the impotences of our lives and express them pejoristically. In those situations in which an escape from apparent impotence is possible we will discover it sooner if we are stimulated to do so by a brief and clear pejorism. (Are there escapes from Gregg's and Davis' Laws? If there are, explicitly stating them will hasten the work of finding the escapes.)

On the other hand when there is no escape we had better know it early, for there is nothing to be gained by banging our heads against the wall. Tragic limits are the deepest kind of necessity and (as Hegel said) freedom—psychological freedom, that is—comes from the recognition of necessity.

So far this essay has been largely retrospective, bringing together as it has materials published in the past in widely disparate places. Now I will try to show how pejoristic thinking can help guide us to the future by the analysis of a current problem, namely the question of whether we should commit ourselves to dependence on atomic energy.

Those who argue for going to atomic energy point out that population is increasing, per capita consumption of energy is increasing, and fossil fuels are becoming exhausted—from all of which they conclude that our society, our type of civilization, cannot survive without atomic energy.

By contrast, I submit the following pejoristic conclusion: *A pluralistic society that cannot survive without atomic energy cannot survive with it.* I will explain why.

Our central concern is with the probability and magnitude of disasters. In terms of cause, a disaster may be willed, in which case we call it sabotage; or not willed and we call it an accident. The risks of a disaster can be divided into three categories:

a. *Personnel risk,* of either accident or sabotage;
b. *Tribal risk* (to be explained shortly), of sabotage only;
c. *Instrumental risk,* which can be accidental only.

The Rasmussen study of the probability of nuclear disaster cost $2,000,000 and was very thorough in its way, but it

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covered only the third type of risk, instrumental risks. Even in that area it has been adversely criticized; but let it pass. Far more serious is what the study did not cover.

The risk (r) from a single disaster is the product of I, the intensity of the disaster (loss per disaster) multiplied by p, the probability of its occurrence. Strictly speaking this is called the "mathematical expectation" or the "utility," but let us here use the more familiar term, "risk." By way of illustration the following two risks are equal:

Event A: Intensity = $1 million, probability = one in a hundred thousand.

Event B: Intensity = $10 million, probability = one in a million.

Applying the theory to the atomic energy problem is not easy. There is no agreement on what constitutes a "credible" accident. Speaking only of property losses (and ignoring for the moment loss of life) some think $100 million would be the maximum credible loss; others think $100 billion is not out of the ball park. The probability figures are even less certain. The probability of rare events is always uncertain; the probability of rare events that have not yet happened is doubly uncertain. What are we to do?

Probably the best we can do is compare the past with the present, *in an intuitive way*. In imagination, let us compare the risk of man-made disaster forty years ago—before atomic energy—with the same sort of risk now. In both cases, this risk is given by:

$$r = pI.$$

For this risk to remain unchanged over a period of time, if I increases p must decrease in the same ratio. What has happened in the last forty years?

First, we divide I into two components, blast and poison (plutonium is fantastically poisonous). We take up blast first. Forty years ago the maximum amount of material that was likely to be involved in either sabotage or an accident was probably on the order of a ton of TNT; or 10 tons at the outside. Now an accident might well give the equivalent of a thousand tons of TNT, and an act of sabotage might range up to a million tons. So the factor of increase is between a hundred and a million, most likely nearer the high figure.

What about poison? Before plutonium, just about the most poisonous substance known was the botulinus toxin, produced by a bacterium: one ounce, properly distributed, could kill three million people.

Plutonium-238, a waste product of breeder plants, is somewhat more poisonous than that but not spectacularly so: maybe ten or a hundred times as poisonous. So the increase in poisoning ability over the last forty years does not seem as spectacular as the increase in blasting ability.

However, Pu-238 is more dangerous than the above comparison indicates. For one thing doses far below the lethal level can cause cancer, which is not true (so far as we know) with botulinus toxin. For another, plutonium persists in the environment, the bacterial toxin does not. Ultraviolet and other physical agents destroy the toxin and microbes metabolize it. (If these processes did not take place we would be awash in the toxin, for the bacteria are widespread.)

Plutonium toxicity, by contrast, is unaffected by chemical changes. The half-life of Pu-238 is 24,360 years. If someone had placed two well-separated packages of 121 grams each of plutonium in the Great Pyramid of Giza at the time it was built there would still be enough of it left (88% of the original mass) so that when the two packages were brought together they would form a critical mass and explode. Alternatively, the quantity would be enough to poison the entire population of the world "three times over," if well distributed (which would be almost impossible).

The most important point is that plutonium loses scarcely any of its toxicity with the passage of time as measured by human standards. So the quantities that will need to be safely sequestered for hundreds of thousands of years when we have thousands of breeders going stagger the imagination.

All things considered, it would be a conservative estimate to say that the I in our equation has increased by a factor of 100,000 in the past forty years. Has the p decreased by the same factor? It would have to have to leave the product, the risk, unchanged.

With respect to the probability of accidents caused by personnel error we can grant that this has decreased somewhat. Automation substitutes machine operation for personnel actions, thus reducing the probability of an accident considerably. One may reasonably doubt, however, if it reduces it 100,000 times, particularly since the entire nuclear cycle from mine to processing plant to reactor to reprocessing plant is exceedingly complex and includes many steps at which both machine and human error can enter in. But let it pass.

We want to focus on the tribal factor, which is far more frightening. A tribe may be defined as any group that perceives itself as a group with interests that are different from, or competitive with, other groups. It may be a race, a religion, a political group, a nation, or whatnot. The important thing is that it lives by a double set of ethics, in-group ethics and out-group ethics. When the going gets rough, tribal members will sacrifice out-group people to secure in-group ends. Sabotage and terrorism are favorite means. A fiendishly powerful weapon like plutonium is admirably suited to tribal use.

Has the extent of tribalism decreased by a factor of a hundred thousand in the past forty years? It would have had to to keep the danger of man-made disasters a constant. Has it even decreased at all? Thinking of the two Irelands, of Israel and the Palestine Liberation Army, and of countless other schismatic groups around the world one is justified in doubting if tribalism has decreased at all. Looking ahead one sees no hope, either.

If we go ahead with the atomic energy program these things will increase: the amount of fissionable material, the number of sites where it is to be found, the length of the transportation lines, the number of tribes having access to it, the crowding around and friction between tribes and—if competition becomes keener—the intensity of envy of one tribe for another. Envy, under the protective coloration of "Justice!", can justify almost any act of sabotage and terrorism.

As disasters start occurring, what will society do? I think the answer is obvious, and has been noted by many people: society will abandon pluralism. If tribalism is the principal factor in creating danger, tribes must be gotten rid of. Within a nation this would mean brutal suppression of minorities, and the institution of a police state. Between nations it would mean warfare or something very much like it. Perhaps we cannot control what other nations do, but we can—at least theoretically—control what we do.

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I said that *a pluralistic society that cannot survive without atomic energy*—which is what nuclear proponents assert is true—*cannot survive with it*. At the present time we are getting only about 3 percent of our electrical energy from the atom. We could kick the habit now and learn to live with other energy sources only. But by the time we derive, say, 30 percent of our electrical energy from atomic reactors will we be able to kick the habit? I think not. I think we will be hooked.

One last word in praise of pejorisms. Consider our reaction to Fontaine's statement "We believe no evil till the evil's done." The optimist who says "Oh, I'm sure we will react in plenty of time" lulls himself and others to sleep and they do not react in time. Disbelieving the pejorism they prove it true.

On the other hand the pejorist who believes Fontaine, and acts on his belief, effectively refutes him. This paradoxical situation produces an effect opposite to that of the "self-fulfilling prophecy."

This raises a curious ethical problem with respect to truth-telling. Whether one asserts or denies such a pejorism one risks making a liar of oneself. On that ground there is little choice. But when survival is at stake—as it surely is in the issue of atomic energy—so long as envy and tribalism are important forces in the world we surely must give voice to the irritating pejorisms that may arise and take control of our destiny while there is yet time. □

The author's thanks go to the following for helpful criticisms of an earlier draft: Herbert Fingarette, Joseph Fletcher, Jane Hardin, William Ophuls, and Jamie C. Thompson, Jr.

DEBORA GREGER

THE INVENTION OF ROUTINE

The last event. The bareback rider
turns smaller and smaller circles
in the dimming spotlight until her horse
is following its own gilded tail.

The others have all ridden off,
packed and slipped out of town
while the sheriff sits, rapt,
in the front row for the third night

and she is left turning,
waiting for the music to stop,
her arms tight on the horse's neck,
the animal's rough breathing against her own,
the worn costume snagging on branches,

until she catches up with the rest of the show
in the next town, the next state,
where she is privately, terribly sure
they've been before.

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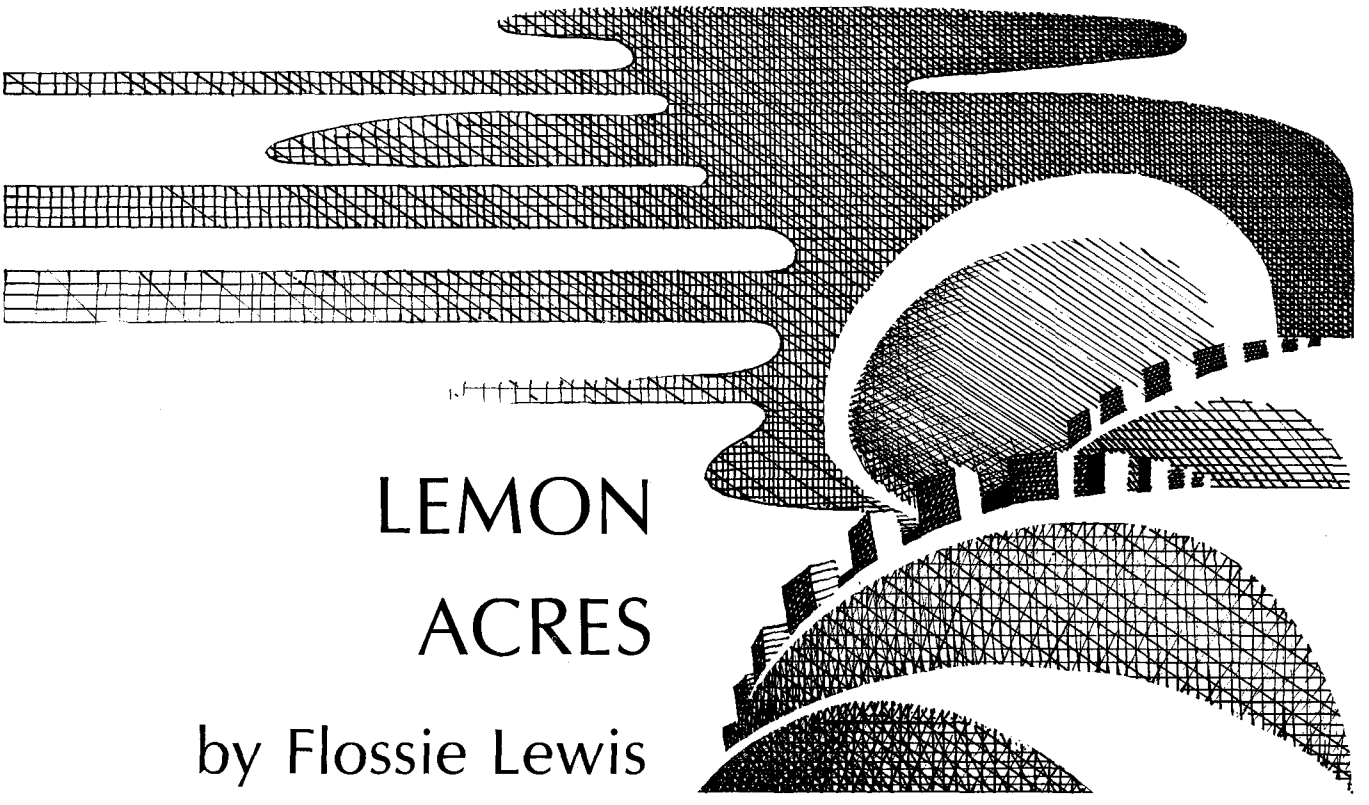

LEMON ACRES

by Flossie Lewis

At first, the name Lemon Acres did not suit condominium life. It gave rise to "carni" slogans like "Suck a Lemon," so Rob Ran changed the name to Sundance Digs and engaged an architect to mold cliff dwellings out of adobe mud and cement, the fortunate clientele to inhabit Sundance climbing to a dwelling place via a stepladder. There were, of course, elevators in the hall but staircases were *streng verboten*. The lemon trees were mostly removed when the bulldozers came and carried them like useless grape stakes to a city dump, even whilst the trees themselves were still bearing blossoms; but there was a spot called Oasis on the Sundance Digs where fake lemon trees formed the east wall of a swimming pool and the pool itself was shaped like a lemon, the water colored yellow. One could smell the chlorine inside the lemon. So it was that the cliff dwellings themselves appeared to rise out of scorched and scrubbed earth, but beyond the cliffs and the tennis courts and the social club, the sauna and the steam baths and the pool of the Oasis titillated the senses with promises of water. One parked the car in secret caverns underneath the tennis courts and began to be titillated. Not all the world was deserving of such felicity. Sundance Digs preferred its clientele single, and it prohibited anyone under twenty or over thirty from lease and occupancy of a cliff dwelling. Ran was forty, so he knew. What did he know? This he knew, that most people will pay heavy to live at a place like Sundance, especially if they are thirty plus one. Should it surprise the reader? In three years Ran paid off a $500,000 loan and became enormously rich. In the fourth year he became a millionaire. But after the fourth year, where was the excitement? Excitement in life was dearer to Ran than money. For example, although he had encouraged cheating at first, and although he understood that it was more important to "think" young than be young, he now chased cheats, those whom he suspected of "age" or of independent crankiness so often associated with age. Ah, the joy of chasing people out of leases and contracts. He selected his victims with great care. If a "married couple" seemed to like one another with genuinely understated affection, he would slap them with a "maturity" notice. To their cries of, "That's dumb, we have our birth certificates," Rob Ran (Robert Ran, Junior) would have an appropriate explanation—"Age is relative. You behave like Edith and Archie Bunker." Or if a girl were really seeking wedlock with a neighboring cliff dweller, Ran would tell the girl to look elsewhere or insist that her B.C. (birth certificate) had been forged. For one need only examine her superficial varicosities, he would tell her, to see that she was pushing thirty-five. Or if a guy were getting bald. He could be twenty-two and getting bald, and oh, how Rob Ran would go after him. Rob himself was toupéed.

Now who was Rob Ran? He was only a guy who knew how to make money. You can't shoot a man down for that! He was, for example, exceedingly good to his grandmother. Yes, yes, he had a grandmother. The old lady was Alsatian and spoke German beautifully although she was French. A

FLOSSIE LEWIS still teaches high school in San Francisco. She has had recent work in Changing Education, The Kappan, *and (!)* Playgirl.

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minor stroke perhaps had caused her to forget most of her French except for formula. So to exclamations like,

"*Grandmère, tu ne manges pas,*"

Grandmère would reply, "*Tiens, tiens!*"

Rob's own mother was a saleslady in a department store in Philadelphia and had given up life a long time ago. Rob sent her a big box of lemon soap at Christmas time, but she never acknowledged anything. But grandmère was the salt of the earth. Picture, if you will, Rob's grandmère: Perhaps seventy-five or more, black dress down to her ankles, black pill-box hat, grey veil, grey pearls, black oxford shoes, slight heels of Red Cross or other orthopedic denomination, black umbrella, grey gloves, white hair—no blue, on the yellow side. There she was climbing the ladder to Rob's penthouse cliff dwelling, clutching her umbrella, whilst her purse dangled from her elbow—Rob waiting three rungs behind her, admiring the curvature of her spine. She refused to use the elevator. It gave her claustrophobia. Ran adored her. Who wouldn't? When she came a-visit, Rob would have dinner for her with several well-chosen tenants, especially a selected cheat or two, a really-for-real cheat. You see, it's one thing to pin a charge on people you don't like. That's very easy. It's another thing to smoke out a real "schnorer", someone who's over thirty and looks nineteen or someone who's eighteen and is terribly pensive. Well, Grandmére was a tester of sorts. The really young people admired her. The over-thirties were suspicious. Rob would observe his suspects and take notes. He even considered a tape recorder, but a social critic and philosopher has got to play the game of life with élan. Not electronics.

For example, at a dinner some tenant-guest would be sure to ask:

"Grandmère Ran (her name was not Ran but Gabinot, for she was a maternal grandmother), *s'il vous plaît*, tell us about your girlhood in Alsace."

And grandmère's watery blue eyes would shine a little, and she would begin her tale of wonder, holding a bit of lettuce or cheese in her hand.

"Oh, it was so happy then. In the spring the nuns would take us for a walk along an avenue of, there were, how is that word, Rob?"

"Chestnuts, grandmère."

"Yes, chestnuts is the exact word, only they were in blossoms. All along the avenue—we would run underneath the chestnut blossoms, and, oh, the smell. It was so good."

And she would notice the tidbit in her hand and bring it to her mouth as if it were a goldfish and then nod happily at the company.

"You were in a convent?" someone would ask.

"Oh, my, yes. The nuns were so good to us. They would make us wear sweaters and long hoses, even in the spring, but we didn't care, we were so happy."

"Some pâté, Grandmère?"

"*Bitte schön.*"

"Are you Catholic, Grandmère?"

"Yes, I think so, but I loved a little Jewess with all my heart."

"At the convent?"

"Oh, yes, her parents wanted her to go to convent school to escape tormentation—so in our school, the girls and the nuns loved her. She was like a tulip, perfect in every detail. It was such a pleasure to examine her. We loved each other dearly. I cried passionately when she married."

"Far out," a guest in his/her twenties would exclaim, while the thirties would look up at Grandmère and fix her with a split-second stare and fall back to eating.

"Do you mean you had a love relationship with her—a sexual love, Grandmère?"

"Oh, no, we never touched! We just burned. We burned together. It was so nice."

"Wow!"

The "wow" would come from Ana Catherine Nuster who gave her age as twenty-six but was probably forty-six and had sixteen kids. How did Rob know? Her neck. Like Debbie Reynolds. And all those kids who would hang around the pool—insisting they were in Ana Catherine's third grade class at the Mira Vista Elementary School. For Ana Catherine was a teacher. Now if there were twenty kids or thirty but, no, always the same ten, and they would climb into Ana Catherine's studio cliff apartment and destroy the ladders and start sliding down the totem poles and running over the roofs, and hiding in the caves that were meant for the cars. If the tenants had complained, especially the "older" ones, Rob would gladly have taken their side. For he couldn't have kids at Sundance. Even pregnancy he mightily discouraged. In every washroom he displayed condoms in technicolor and pills fortified with ascorbic acid. But how to get rid of Ana Catherine, since the tenants were crazy about her and her troop of mental retards and Grandmère adored her? They spoke German together. They made doilies. Ana Catherine was gifted in other ways. She fed those ten kids of hers in her studio cliff dwelling, and her fire hole (stove) sported only two pots and her refrigerator contained room for only one six-pack. How did she manage? She was generous. She gave to herself and she gave to others. Her generosity had conviction. Grandmère's generosity was nothing so strenuous. An example. Anyone at the Digs who dared to owe a dollar to Rob got his lease smashed. Rob permitted no one to overdue him. There was the case of a young sculptor. Improvident, he spent his last cent on pink sandstone. And owed Rob for rent. Ana Catherine offered to pay half the fee, but the other "younguns" demurred. They feared the wrath of Rob.

"Giacometti was very poor in Paris," said Grandmère. "That's why his pieces look so sticks and bones."

"Did you know Giacometti, Grandmère?"

"Well, I didn't know him but I used to see him and Picasso. I slept with Picasso once. It was so nice. He had a funny dog in his studio."

"Weren't you married then, Grandmère?"

"Yes, but I ran away from home. I ran away to Paris and Montparnasse."

"Well, this punk isn't Giacometti."

"But Giacometti wasn't always Giacometti. You must give time."

And Rob was persuaded, and the young punk presented the Digs with a nude sandstone and Rob draped her by the yellow pool. It was lovely.

Now Grandmère and Catherine were a team in other ways. Those two could walk on water, open sticky doors, feed closed mouths, and kiss frightened people. But this is getting sentimental. I want to be most particular lest we miss

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the point of the story. Grandmère was very old, and, really, she had to die. She died doing laps. Every time she visited Rob, she swam in the yellow pool, Flora Dora costume and all. One day the swim was too much, and she died while Ana Catherine tried desperately to resuscitate her alongside the nude pink sandstone, who lay voluptuous and watched. Alas.

Rob emptied the pool for three days. No swimming. And then he filled the pool again and wept. For the first time in many years he wept, and his tears mingled with the yellow water, and a miracle happened.

"I'll bring back the lemon trees," he promised.

"I'll open Sundance to all ages."

"I'll start a Bible class and a Zen class and a Yoga class."

Rob could have stepped right out of the ACLU, so full was he of human rights.

And with Ana Catherine's help in honor of his Grandmère Gabinot, he did indeed bring back the lemon trees. He called the land Chateau Gabinot. And people thought it was a restaurant. He opened the Digs to families of four or more. And it was like the Edsel car; families didn't like the name. Gabinot was like dishwater. He opened the Digs to senior citizens, but the smell of the lemon trees was too strong for them, and the stepladders? Stepladders, indeed. Was he crazy? Was this a hoax? He opened the Digs to those who were over thirty and under fifty and nobody came. Perhaps they were there already, cheating away.

"I should have stayed a son of a bitch," said Rob.

"No, Rob, you brought back the lemon trees," said Ana Catherine. "And blossoms."

"So I did," said Rob. "Will you be my partner in life, Ana Catherine?"

So she consented. And she gave her real age as forty-six, exactly as I have indicated, although the kids who attended the signing of the contract and the subsequent feast of lemon meringue pie were honest-to-God not her own offspring but really in her third grade class at Mira Vista Elementary School. They begged that the name of Sundance now become Citronella after Cinderella or something, but Rob said that such a name would provoke the mosquito population, and the Digs had had plenty of trouble, hadn't it? And looking deep into Ana Catherine's eyes, he saw the blue iris of Grandmère's eyes, eyes that were now without water, only mist, and enveloping five fingers of Ana Catherine's in two fists of his own he named the place Lemon Acres after all. And it prospered simply because everyone had a chance to sit underneath a lemon tree and suck a lemon whenever there were lemons, which was all the time. □

KIM STAFFORD

ROOT AND FEATHERS

We'd lie down like logs if it
weren't so hard to stand,
but it is and the lichen
rooted above our eyes is made
of fog. What crow could wake us
from the hollowing fire, no
matter how well they sang
together, fire and bird, wind
in two throats crackling.
And when the flame is gone
we stand with this charred opening
beginning at the chest and down.
Crows roost in our limbs
as if they owned them.

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Leo J. Hertzel

No longer shall our cries of injury and our wails of despair be whimpers or whispers falling on deaf or blocked ears.

I was in Duluth and I called Tom Forester in Presque Isle.

"Tom, I'd like to come over and talk to you about the fifty-first state. You have any time this week?"

"Well, I'm really rushed. I'm working on financing for a cable TV thing I've got going. How about Saturday noon?"

"Fine with me. Where'll I meet you?"

"How about the hotel in Marenisco? They've got a bar and grill downstairs. We can meet there. I'll try to get Ted Albert to come."

"OK. What's the best way to get to Marenisco?"

"Take 2 out of Superior through Ashland, you know, and come on past Wakefield. Hang a right where you see the sign. Marenisco is only a couple of miles off the road. You can't miss it."

"OK. Saturday. You got much snow there?"

"We've got so much snow you can take some back with you."

Tom Forester owns the laundromat in Presque Isle, Wisconsin. He is also publisher of the *Walleye Street Journal,* a weekly tabloid put out by Twin Fish Publications, a corporation which he also owns. Betty, Tom's wife, who is a Presque Isle school teacher, is official editor of the *Walleye Street Journal*. The *Journal* is distributed in Presque Isle, Winchester, Marenisco, Boulder Junction, Manitowish Waters, Bessemer, Wakefield, Minocqua, Land O'Lakes and Mercer—all towns in the northern part of Wisconsin and Michigan where the two states meet in the heavily forested land just south of the central shoreline of Lake Superior.

Tom, an outspoken and energetic man in his mid-twenties, and Betty, a slim brunette, have been publishing the newspaper for almost two years. The editorial offices, which are also the offices of Twin Fish Publications, are one room in the laundromat, squeezed in a side corner by the washing machines and dryers and folding tables. There is no door separating the office from the laundromat machinery, and sometimes, when Tom and Betty are absent, laundromat customers wander in and answer the Twin Fish phone.

The *Walleye Street Journal* is a reflection of the life of the area it serves—Presque Isle with 350 residents and a surrounding area sparsely populated but heavily forested.

Walleye Street Journal advertisements are directed to people with a deep love of outdoor life: "Attend a fishing jamboree sponsored by the Mercer Lions Club; The Easy Slider Ski Touring Academy will help you slide and glide into the quiet wilderness; The Headwaters Resort & Bar will serve you the Friday Nite Fisherman's Plate for just $2.75." And sometimes the advertisements express a sense of community that might appear unusual in other areas of the nation.

Weather is a serious matter in the North Country. The *Walleye Street Journal* adjusts its contents to the changing seasons. January 29, 1976, the paper carried a lead story on hypothermia. "If exposure continues until your energy reserves are exhausted, cold reaches the brain depriving you of judgment and reasoning power. *You will not realize what is happening*." The August 21, 1975 edition carried a feature story, WILD FIRE! "The country dweller has to be many things: a bit of a doctor, a bit of a plumber, a bit of all those other specialists who handle emergencies for city folk. Well, I can't give you a Red Cross first aid course, and I certainly can't offer you police protection. . .but there is one type of mishap which I might be able to help you deal with: wildfire."

The *Journal* also carries regular columns by two unidentified correspondents: Aunt Jennie and The Raven. The columns are folksy, hokey, and clever. "I am going to give you directions for a simple knitted cap which will be very useful with our present cold weather," writes Aunt Jennie. "I made this cap for the editor and she promised to either have a photograph of it in the paper, or put it on display in the laundromat."

The Raven is a gourmet. "Spring has truly arrived as the Spring Peepers are making a lot of noise in my pond. People have been pushing me for more chicken recipes because chicken is part of the low fat diets and because the price is right. Is it the Polish Cook Book that starts out 'Steal a Chicken'? Now I think that's unfair! Anyway, this recipe was given to me by a Greek friend of mine, Constantine Melemes. . . ."

The *Walleye Street Journal* is becoming very popular in this part of the Northland. While it cannot yet compete with the old Ironwood *Globe* or the established Ashland *Press,* it does seem to mirror better than they do the moods and the temper of the

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FROM THE OVERTON'S OF CRESCENT ISLAND, CRAB LAKE

★ ★ ★

We wish to thank the Presque Isle Volunteer Fire Dept. for the excellent job they did in putting out the chimney fire which destroyed our cabin August 20, 1975. Firemen who fought the blaze included:

Chief Larry Thoma	Ken Brousil
Jim Clark	John Eschenbauch
Jay Gascoigne	Paul Logan
Wayne McDonald	Jon Olson
Larry Pearson	Dick Scheide
Dick Spaeth	Dick Wolf

We also want to thank:

- **The Operator who handled the second call after the first one failed to go through clearly to the fire department;**
- **The girls at the Post Office who relayed the messages;**
- **Al Eschenbauch, first to arrive and who fought the blaze with a garden hose and then assisted the firemen;**
- **Johnny MacLean, who assisted the firemen;**
- **All our neighbors and friends who assisted, loaned boats, and offered help;**
- **Our house guests, the Bill Casey's of Neenah, without whose brave and diligent assistance we would have lost much more of our property;**
- **Bob and Nancy Knutowski and their family of Sky View Inn who not only fed the firemen after the fire, but also treated our family to their great food and hospitality late that night;**
- **The Tom Tuttle's who gave us lodging after the fire and George Sprackling for his special help.**

Jack and Betsy Overton
Ted, Bill, Rick and Rob
Ted and Ruth Overton

people who live here. And the *Walleye Street Journal* is a solid supporter of the 51st State of Superior idea.

Up until May 1st of this year Tom Forester was president of the Northern Wisconsin 51st State of Superior, Incorporated, an organization dedicated to separate statehood for Wisconsin north of the forty-fifth parallel and for the fifteen counties that make up the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Because of too many irons in the fire, Forester resigned the presidency in May. However he and the *Walleye Street Journal* remain totally committed to the State of Superior. Ted Albert, a wealthy Ironwood, Michigan, attorney is Tom's Upper Peninsula counterpart, president of The Upper Peninsula 51st State of Superior, Incorporated.

The 51st state organizations occasionally publish a tabloid sheet called *The Superior Idea*. The publication is intended to clarify the nature, background and future of the 51st state.

The second issure of *The Superior Idea* contains a "Joint Resolution as to Declaration of Intent" signed by Forester and Albert in October of 1975. The Resolution outlines the complaints, grievances, hopes and pledges of the people of the Upper Peninsula and northern Wisconsin. Reduced to its barest outlines, the Resolution claims that the northern portions of the two states have long suffered economic and political abuse from the southern sections of the states. The Resolution emphasizes the geographical, cultural and economic similarities between the two northern areas. And it ends with a pledge that the two areas will eventually break away from the south, evolve a kind of divorce, and join to form the new state of Superior. But fleshed out in full, the document, largely the work of Ted Albert, is one of the most dramatic statements so far produced by the movement, vaguely reminiscent of the eighteenth century prose of our Founding Fathers.

> We, the People of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and of Northern Wisconsin having long endured the disregard of our security, prosperity and our general welfare, evidenced and compounded by a history of repeated injuries and usurpations by the lower territorial limits and portions of our respective states, particularly as to our respective governments: Now Therefore Let It Be Known that. . . .
>
> No longer shall our cries of injury and our wails of despair be whimpers or whispers falling on deaf or blocked ears. No longer shall the policy of government be designed to lean beneficially to the more heavily populated areas in unfair distribution of government services and concern. . . .
>
> We know of the long train of governmental abuses, disregard and usurpations, we need not elicit them for rationalization. We have suffered them and to us they are not vague, captious, illusory or otherwise light and transient grievances. . . .
>
> We will touch the minds and hearts of people who truly believe in basic freedoms. We are, however, not unmindful, nor are we, individually, jointly or in concert so naive as to believe that the success of our endeavor will be blithefully and easily obtained. We need not be soothsayers to foresee numerous problems and deterring obstacles and events, but our abiding faith that will constantly guide us will stand as assurance of reaching our common good.

Laird Brooks Schmidt, described as "teacher, newspaper columnist and television producer," was appointed public relations counsel to the two organizations last summer. Schmidt immediately made it clear that the idea of forming a 51st state is no joke, no mere publicity gimmick. The two organizations are realistic and patient. They do not expect immediate results; they estimate it will take from five to seven years to accomplish their goal. For the present, organization is the target. "At the present time it is our major goal to explain to people that we are asking for their suggestions and what part they wish to play in investigating and looking into the possibilities of establishing a separate state," Schmidt said. "A great number of people are already anxious to get moving and make the break!"

It appears that Schmidt's assertion has a good foundation. A large and varied group of people in this area would like to see a new state carved out of Michigan and Wisconsin. Feelings appear to be strongest in eastern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula, both areas which have had widespread economic problems in recent years. Many residents feel that if they could separate their area from the urban dominated regions in the southern parts of the states, the northern sections could meet their own problems in their own ways.

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Meeting in Eagle River, a town not far from Presque Isle, in 1975, the Vilas County Board of Supervisors adopted the following resolution.

RESOLUTION #75-26

WHEREAS, the northern two thirds of Wisconsin is completely at the political and economic mercy of the southern one-third, and,

WHEREAS, this constitutes taxation without representation, and under the present one-man, one-vote concept, there can be no reversal of, nor relief from, the tyranny of power over justice and,

WHEREAS, the northern sixteen counties of the State of Wisconsin, having the fewest people, and therefore the fewest votes, in the Wisconsin State Legislature, are the most vulnerable to this intolerable injustice, and,

WHEREAS, The Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan, composed of fifteen counties and approximately 300,000 people, is in a comparably intolerable situation, and,

WHEREAS, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is holding an advisory referendum in November 1975 to consider withdrawing from the Lower Peninsula and forming a new State of the United States, and,

WHEREAS, The Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the northern section of Wisconsin havs a common boundary, common problems, common resources, and common goals,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Vilas County Board shall establish an ad hoc committee to explore the possibility of severing alliance with the State of Wisconsin and promoting the severing of the other fifteen northern counties from the State of Wisconsin with the stated purpose of joining with the Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan in the formation of the 51st State of the United States of America.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1975.

s/ Phillip A. Brandner

s/ E.C. Zimpelmann

s/ Arthur Brunetta

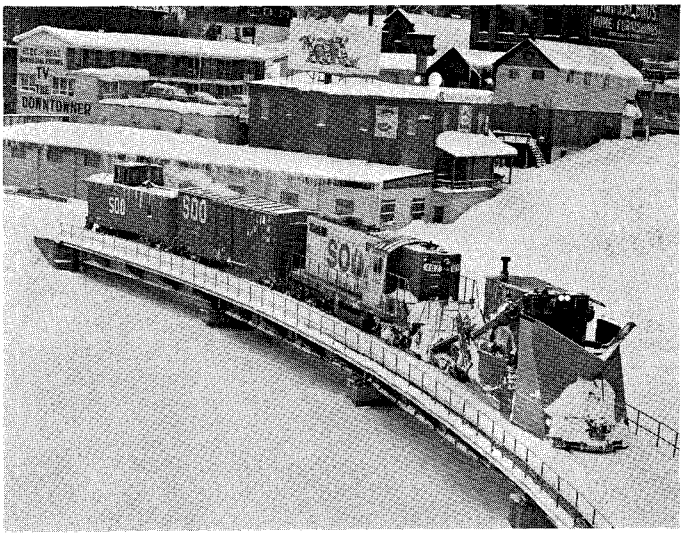
s/ Robert L. Croker Sr.

I, Richard Breese, County Clerk, in and for the said County of Vilas, State of Wisconsin, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of a resolution adopted by the Vilas County Board of Supervisors in session on April 15, 1975.

s/ Richard Breese

Richard Breese
Vilas County Clerk

Four days after the Vilas County Board resolution was passed, the 78th Legislature of the State of Michigan, meeting in Lansing, established a special committee to study the feasibility of separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula. At this point the efforts of State Representative Dominic Jacobetti of Negaunee, a town near the center of the Upper Peninsula, enter the scene. While there is no working relationship between Representative Jacobetti and the 51st State of Superior organizations, Jacobetti has been an outspoken advocate of the 51st state for a number of years. Many residents of the Upper Peninsula view his endorsement of the idea as a kind of political gimmick to maintain his seat in the legislature. He



Snowfall in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is the heaviest in the midwest. At Delaware, an abandoned mining town in Keweenaw County near the tip of Keweenaw peninsula, as much as 295 inches of snow falls annually. Pictured top is a SOO Line plowing train crossing the bridge between Houghton and Hancock. Advocates of Upper Peninsula secession from lower Michigan believe that the area could capitalize on the tourist attraction of snow and winter. Some critics disagree. Bottom: The Coast Guard Cutter Woodrush, an icebreaker stationed in Duluth, breaking ice in the Upper Peninsula. Ice thickness will average between 20 and 30 inches in the dead of winter.

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has been accused of not taking the 51st state idea seriously. On the other hand, Jacobetti's office has distributed widely a document entitled "TEN REASONS WHY THE UPPER PENINSULA SHOULD BE AND OPERATE AS A SEPARATE STATE." In many ways, the document reflects the sentiments and even the language of the Vilas County Resolution.

Reason #3: The sparsely populated insular geographic location of the Upper Peninsula creates an entirely different pattern of political problems which are not compatible with those of the urbanized population centers of lower Michigan. Therefore, there is a continous conflict of interest in the priority of the legislation and with the one-man, one-vote ruling there is just no way for sufficient political clout to be developed to allow the Upper Peninsula to even maintain a stable economy, let alone to progress in today's world.

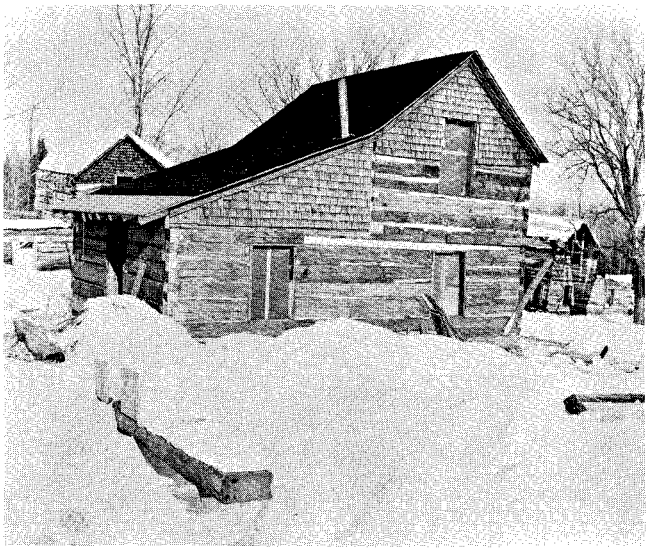
Reason #8: The Upper Peninsula, having such a small population, is not deemed important to our present congressional delegation and they expend their efforts on behalf of the highly urbanized areas where the votes lie such as Lansing, Flint, Detroit, Pontiac and other cities. Therefore the Upper Peninsula gets little if any attention from our congressional delegates in Washington.

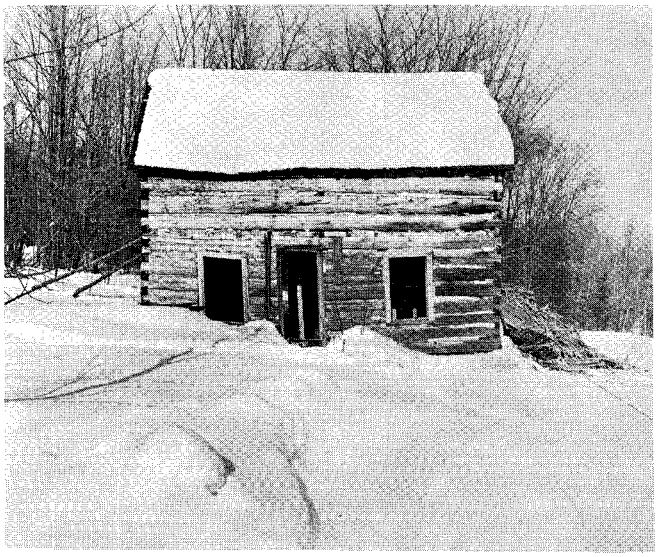
Dominic Jacobetti was largely responsible for the action of the state legislature in setting up the feasibility study. According to the feasibility study resolution, ". . .for a number of years there has been a great deal of discussion regarding the feasibility of separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula and . . . the debate on separate statehood has raged on for years. . . . Therefore, the economic, social, and political aspects of separate statehood need to be exhaustively studied by the legislative body in order to determine the practicability of separate statehood. . . ." The legislative committee was given a budget of $5,000 to hold public hearings and do research into the question. Jacobetti and two other legislators were authorized to initiate the hearings.

Ted Albert, in the *Walleye Street Journal*, reacted to the Jacobetti resolution. Albert's reply indicated clearly that while there may be wide support for the 51st state, the support is divided. Under a front page headline "Chairman of 51st State Corp. Charges State Interference," Albert was quoted as saying, "Propaganda war lords of Lansing are girding themselves to do battle with us. They are trying to stop the progress the imminent State of Superior has made in the minds of its people. . . .By holding 'hearings' at this early date, the State Legislature is very obviously trying (1) to force a premature vote before the people are ready for it, and (2) to steal the impetus which has been made by forming an opposition group." Public relations director Laird Schmidt echoed Albert in the *Journal*, ". . . for those who have been asking if the State of Superior *could* be legally created, the answer is now clear. *LANSING KNOWS FULL WELL THAT IT COULD BE*. Why else would it be making such a clumsey (*sic*) attempt to head it off? HOW the creation of the separate state occurs, is not the question; WHEN it occurs is. Nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. And the idea of a separate state of Superior is knocking on the door."

Albert's and Schmidt's objections to the legislative hearings were apparently based on their belief that the public has not yet been sufficiently informed on the real possibilities for the 51st state. They feared some early referendum on the question would be forthcoming before their organizations had time to "educate the people."

The mining industries in the Upper Peninsula have gone through bust and boom cycles for decades. These two buildings were miners' homes in the Victoria region of Ontonagon County in the boom time of 1872. The buildings are now being restored and will be maintained as tourist attractions. Leaders in the 51st State movement point out that the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is still rich in a variety of minerals. If mineral prices rise in the future, the area may again experience boom times.





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A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE PROBLEM OF THE UPPER PENINSULA

Although both northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan claim unfair treatment from more densely populated and richer areas downstate, Michigan's Upper Peninsula has additional arguments for secession. The arguments are both geographical and historical.

Upper Michigan is the top peninsula; lower Michigan rests below. The two peninsulas don't touch. The only thing that keeps the Upper Peninsula from floating off to join up with Wisconsin, or maybe Ontario, is the giant Mackinaw Bridge. It runs from Mackinaw City in the lower peninsula to Saint Ignace in the Upper Peninsula and is the sole connection between the two peninsulas. Except for the name of the state and the bridge itself, the two peninsulas have very little in common. People in the Upper Peninsula like to think of themselves as rugged, outdoor types. They cut trees, ski, fish. They see no connection between themselves and the people in the lower peninsula who build automobiles. The state suffers from a kind of social-geographical schizophrenia unlike any other state in the union.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW THIS UNLIKELY UNION CAME ABOUT

This is the Coat of Arms of the State of Michigan. It was first adopted in 1835.

There is a distinctly detensive tone to this coat of arms. "TUEBOR." On the other hand, the Latin below seems gentle enough, "If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look about you." (The pleasant peninsula is the lower peninsula; in 1835 the Upper Peninsula was thought of as a howling wilderness, wild and unreachable as the surface of the moon.) There above the quotation the rising sun casts its rays over a lake and calls attention to a man standing on a peninsula. The man is holding a gun. He is prepared to defend

himself against the state of Ohio. The uneasiness of tone in the coat of arms is directly related to what citizens of Michigan thought of as a threat from Ohio. The problems with Ohio eventually resulted in lower Michigan acquiring the Upper Peninsula.

THE TOLEDO WAR

All Michigan school children know the story of the Toledo War. In 1835 Michigan and Ohio argued over a narrow piece of land that is now part of northern Indiana and Ohio. Toledo was a part of this strip of land. Michigan and Ohio raised armies to fight over Toledo. It was mostly a musical comedy war. The armies shuffled about, but not much came of it all. Some people told funny stories about the war: a mule was accidently killed; some Ohio soldiers got drunk and were taken prisoner; some Michigan soldiers stole some honey and ate so much of it they became ill.

Some people took the war more seriously. In 1873 Edward W. Peck, a Michigan veteran of the war, reminisced at a historical society meeting. ". . .And right here I may properly refer to the extreme selfishness of the great state of Ohio. She had a front on Lake Erie of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, with at least half a dozen ports of entry on the lake, and did not need Toledo. Michigan had only one Toledo, and might most reasonably have expected to enjoy her own in peace, but that would not satisfy the greed of Ohio; Toledo she would have, and having failed to show any legal or equitable right to it, she would take it by the strong arm of her boasted 'million of freemen'."

There was a song popular in 1835 that dealt with the war. "This ballad possesses the merit of picturing the public feeling and the leading events of that epoch. . . .," said a Lansing newspaper.

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Come all ye Michiganians, and lend a hearing ear,
Remember, for Toledo we once took up sword and spear,
And now, to give that struggle o'er and trade away that land,
I think it's not becoming of valiant-hearted men.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-five there was a dreadful strife
Betwixt Ohio and this State; they talked of taking life.
Ohio claimed Toledo, and so did Michigan;
They both declared they'd have it, with its adjoining land.

Our independent companies were ordered for the march;
Our officers were ready, all stiffened up with starch;
On nimble footed coursers, our officers did ride,
With each a pair of pistols and sword hung by his side.

Eventually the Congress took a hand in the Toledo War. The Congress gave Toledo to Ohio. It gave Michigan the Upper Peninsula as a sort of consolation prize. Nobody, least of all the citizens of the lower peninsula, thought the Upper Peninsula would ever amount to anything. It was a frightening wilderness.

DISAFFECTION

Almost from the beginning of the association between Upper and lower Michigan, the two peninsulas have been uncomfortable with each other.

1851: *The Lake Superior Journal* published in Sault Ste. Marie urged that the two sections split. The Upper Peninsula should be a state in itself. There is no physical connection between the two; representatives to the state legislature must be in the state capital three months before the session opens; otherwise they would have to make the trip on snowshoes. "They have not one single feeling in common with us below. . . .They have within themselves everything requisite for an important state." It suggests the proposed new state be named North Michigan.

1854: The idea of a new northern state grows to include Wisconsin and parts of Minnesota. *The Daily Minnesota Pioneer*, St. Paul, August 29, "A correspondent of the Cleveland *Plaindealer,* writing from La Pointe, on Lake Superior, states that the white inhabitants on the shore of the Lake are now agitating the question of forming a State separate and apart from the present organization taking what of Michigan lies west of Lake Michigan, and the parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota bordering on the Lake, and appropriately naming it the State of Superior."

1855: The New York *Tribune* suggests the new state to be formed from Upper Michigan and parts of Wisconsin be named On-to-naw-gon.

1857: The Detroit *Free Press* notes that the legislature of the state of Michigan has received a memorandum from the citizens of the Upper Peninsula proposing a separation. The petition, says the newspaper, was referred to committee and has not been heard of since. The petition, signed by approximately seventy Upper Peninsula citizens read in part:

We, your petitioners, citizens of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, being firmly convinced that great advantages would be derived by the people of this Peninsula by its separation from the Lower Peninsula of this state, and the cession of it to the government of the United States for the purpose of forming from the same a new Territory or State, and knowing that it is almost the unanimous desire of our people to have this project consummated, respectfully pray your honorable body to enact such laws as will secure to us this most desirable measure.

1865: The *Mining Gazette* of Houghton noted that schools will open for the fall term shortly. It recommends that the following be included in the lessons taught in geography:

The state of Superior—that is to be—is bounded on the north by Lake Superior, on the south by Wisconsin, Lake Michigan and the Straits of Mackinac; on the west, by Minnesota and Wisconsin, and on the east by Lake Michigan and the St. Mary's river.

1875: A territorial convention is held in Marquette. The convention adopts "almost unanimously" a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the possibilities of separation of the Upper Peninsula from the Lower Peninsula.

1879: The Escanaba *Iron Port* comments editorially, "The population of the upper peninsula, that portion of it which thinks or cares about the matter, at least, is very nearly unanimous in the belief that the interests of the section would be served by a severance of the political ties that unite it to the lower. . . ."

1892: The Sault Ste. Marie *News* comments: ". . .It will be at once realized how the Upper Peninsula has lacked, and is still without, proper representation in both national and state affairs. . . .But a change is brewing. In spite of all the Upper Peninsula has kept pace with the march of progress. She has reached a position where she can demand her rights and punish those who withhold them. Henceforth SUPERIOR is in the field for justice and will brook no attempt upon the part of anyone to keep her from what is hers by right."

1895: *Chicago Tribune:* "People who have been figuring on an arrangement of the stars on the field of the American flag overlooked the possibility of a new State which may soon be constructed out of slices of two states—Michigan and Wisconsin. the name for this possible star has already been agreed upon by the proposers. They say it will be Superior. If so the children who will be born there will have some claims not enjoyed by others, provided they shall belong to that class of humorists that finds fun in making a joke on a name."

1974: Ted Albert, Ironwood attorney, incorporates the Upper Peninsula 51st State of Superior, an organization devoted to separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula and parts of northern Wisconsin. □

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Meanwhile, other advocates for the idea of secession were speaking. Two such men were State Senators Clifford Krueger and Daniel Theno, both from northern Wisconsin. Senator Theno predicted that if a referendum were held in northern Wisconsin this year, a resolution for secession would be endorsed in upper Wisconsin by a 2 to 1 majority. "I love Wisconsin," Senator Krueger said. "But I cannot blame these people for feeling they want a new state. They are desperate."

I drove over to Marenisco to meet Tom Forester and Ted Albert in the early spring. I had been reading everything I could find on the 51st state, its history, present, and future. I was impressed with the spirit and the apparent sincerity of the *Walleye Street Journal* and *The Superior Idea*. But I had a number of questions about the whole proposal. I tried to put them together while I drove, and they seemed to come down to three rather complicated points.

The first question had to do with support. How much support did the 51st state organizations really have in the Upper Peninsula and northern Wisconsin? Forester and Albert live close together in an area that would be the approximate center of the proposed state. It was clear that in that area—Presque Isle, Vilas County, Ironwood—many people truly wanted secession. But did that support continue to the east across the peninsula and to the west as far as Superior, Wisconsin, the port town on the Minnesota border that was sometimes spoken of as the capital city of the new state? I had spent a good deal of time in Superior during the past few years and couldn't now remember anyone even mentioning the 51st state. More specifically I wondered about support for the idea in the central and eastern sections of the peninsula. I had read reports that at Marquette and Iron Mountain in the fall of 1975 referendums had been held on the question of secession. In Marquette the idea was rejected 1,842 to 770. In Iron Mountain it was rejected 1,601 to 745. As far as I knew, these were the only two occasions in which the idea was voted on and it lost overwhelmingly in both cases. I had seen an editorial in the Marquette *Mining Journal* in which that newpaper declared that on the basis of the referendum the 51st state idea was dead. "Marquette and Iron Mountain residents sent a message Tuesday and the process provided a footnote for future history books. They overwhelmingly said 'no' when asked if the Upper Peninsula should become the 51st state. . .The message is loud and clear, and we hope it is received by Rep. Dominic Jacobetti. . . .We also hope Ironwood attorney Ted Albert gets the word." So the first thing I wanted to talk about in Marenisco

Some advocates of the 51st State of Superior believe that a combination of legalized gambling and year round sporting attractions would guarantee the proposed new state a sound financial base. One such sport might be the catching of burbots or "lawyers" as they are known on the Upper Peninsula. Lawyers, which resemble eels, are plentiful here.

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was support. How many people outside of Presque Isle and the surrounding area *really* want a new state?

The second question I tried to formulate was about procedure. Exactly *how* would an organization or individual go about breaking up a state? I had a copy of a document from Frank J. Kelley, Attorney General of the State of Michigan, which was a response to two questions presented by Jacobetti and another state senator, Robert W. Davis. The two questions were clear and direct:

(1) Were there any constitutional or legal deficiencies in the way in which the Upper Peninsula became a part of the State of Michigan?

(2) What are the procedural steps by which the Upper Peninsula could be established as a separate state?

The Attorney General's reply was clear and direct:

STATE OF MICHIGAN
FRANK J. KELLEY, ATTORNEY GENERAL

STATE OF MICHIGAN: Upper Peninsula
STATES: Process for Obtaining Statehood
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION: Process for Obtaining Statehood

The procedure by which the Upper Peninsula became part of the State of Michigan was valid and constitutional.

The decision of Congress to include the Upper Peninsula within the boundaries of the State of Michigan is not subject to challenge.

A portion of an existing state of the Union may achieve separate statehood if:
1. The state legislature agrees to separation of a designated area.
2. Residents of the area consent to the separation.
3. Representatives of the area adopt a constitution and petition the United State Congress for admission.
4. The Congress, by majority vote, admits the new state into the Union.

Opinion No. 4911 *Jan. 22 1975*

What troubled me about the Attorney General's decision and his recommended procedure was that I had read a 51st state organization statement by Ted Albert in which he suggested there might be a short cut way of secession. Albert's statement seemed murky to me when I read it, but it appeared to go contrary to the Attorney General's opinion; Albert seemed to say that some sort of secession appeal could be made directly to the Supreme Court. Of course I couldn't remember the statement word for word, but it did raise a further question about the hopes of the backers of the 51st state. Did they really have a workable plan for separate statehood?

> "By virtue of the terms of the Northwest Ordinance and the subsequent actions of Congress in contravention of the express terms of said Ordinance, namely of depriving Wisconsin of its right under Ordinance to form for itself the 'fifth' state by fragmenting from Michigan (to be formed), that that territory (the Upper Peninsula lying west of Lake Michigan) and making statehood for Michigan conditioned upon the acceptance of that part of the Upper Peninsula as a part of the state of Michigan in trade for the Toledo Strip we shall oppose any requirement or application of Article IV, Sec. 3, part 1 of the U.S. Constitution. The provisions of that Article requiring the consent of the legislature of the State is in direct opposition to and runs contrary to our right to petition to determine our own destiny and our Ordinance right to abolish and be free from a government we no longer can tolerate. . . ."
>
> Ted Albert

And last, I wondered about the economic realities of a 51st state. Nearly everyone admitted that the North Country was poor. The *Milwaukee Journal* had once quoted a "hard eyed realist" as saying, "State of Superior? It'd be better named the Welfare State." While Upper Michigan once had huge resources of copper and iron and unlimited timber, and while northern Wisconsin had iron and timber, now many of these natural resources have been reduced to the point where it is not economically feasible to market them. How, then, would the State of Superior support itself? This question seemed the most interesting of all three, for it appears that the 51st state organizations do not worry much about the economic question. Ted Albert had recently made a speech suggesting the State of Superior could prosper financially because it would keep government simple and cheap and allow its citizens to live quiet, dignified lives. This answer scarcely seemed realistic, but there was another idea somewhere in the background. Some advocates of the 51st state proposed to model the state's organization on that of Nevada. Jacobetti had suggested it; the idea had occurred in more than one publication of Forester's 51st state organization as well as being hinted at in issues of the *Walleye Street Journal*. The idea seemed beautiful in its simplicity. Legalize gambling in the State of Superior. A North Country Nevada! Gambling coupled with the unlimited recreational resources of the North Country would attract literally millions of tourists. With legalized gambling the new state wouldn't need industry.

Driving through Ashland past the Indian reservations, past miles of national forests, across the Michigan line and on to Wakefield, I wondered what Ted and Tom would say about gambling in the State of Superior. Did the idea of legal gambling, another Nevada, also include legal prostitution? Sherri's Place in the Great North Woods? Circus Circus in the pines? It was difficult to imagine. But looking out of the window at the unbroken stretches of wilderness I was driving through, I felt that it was evident that this area would need something special if it was going to become financially self-sufficient.

The snow was melting and the temperature was around 50 degrees when I drove into Wakefield. Wakefield is a kind of center for ski resorts in this area—Powderhorn Mountain, Indianhead Mountain, Porcupine Mountain, Mount Zion. I tried to visualize Wakefield as Lake Tahoe. But Wakefield is small and a little shabby; a few motels, a kind of hostel for skiers, several restaurants. It was Saturday and the town was sprinkled with frustrated skiers in colorful sweaters, thick boots. The snow was melting fast, and this would most probably be the last ski weekend of the season. The sun was very bright.

A few miles out of Wakefield I hung a right and in five minutes I was in Marenisco. Marenisco is not really a town. It is a small cluster of buildings on either side of the road that leads from Highway 2 to Presque Isle and beyond. Just on the outskirts of the cluster there is a large fenced area filled with

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Though not everyone in northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan believes that the two areas should secede from their respective states, most residents in the area do resent the political and economic power wielded by downstate political leaders. The speech below expresses feelings widely held in the north. It should be remembered, however, that downstate politicians question the accuracy of the economic details quoted by the secessionists. According to spokesmen in both Madison and Lansing, the upper portions of the two states benefit from an inflow of downstate dollars.

These are the prefacing remarks of an informal gathering held at the Eagle River Steak House on the 27th of March, 1975, by the author John Glaeser:

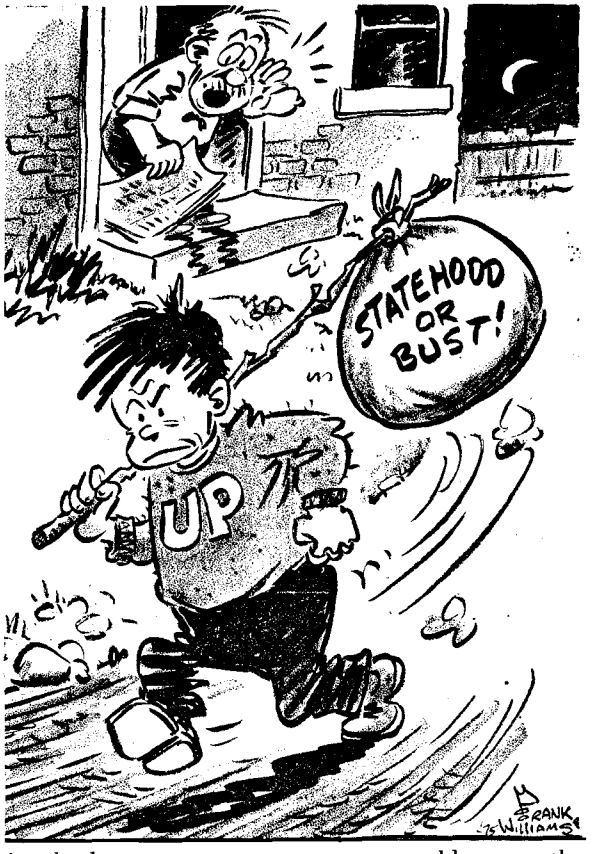
"At the present time there exist two political entities bearing the names of Michigan and Wisconsin. The former includes two disconnected land masses known as a Lower Peninsula and the Upper Peninsula, neither of which have anything in common with the other, except a common capitol, Lansing. The latter is a geographically acceptable governmental unit, but with differing economic problems and solutions. However, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the northern one third of Wisconsin do have a common ground on which to stand. Both are recreational areas and both are basically supported by natural resources, as well as hunting, fishing, trapping and outdoor sports. Neither area can tolerate the high taxes generated by the urban communities which control their destinies under the one-man, one-vote edict of the 1954 Warren Court, because of an $8,000 difference in the per capita income of its inhabitants.

Therefore, because no relief is possible under present governmental structures, the only solution appears to be a separation of the Upper Peninsula from the Lower Peninsula, and the northern section of Wisconsin from its historical southern area at a line to be determined by the electorate as pertinent to the problems involved, probably about Highway 64 (or a few miles south of it, to compare with the southern boundary of Lincoln County). These two segments could logically join together and form the 51st state of the United States because of their common interests, boundaries and environment.

The Wisconsin solution is not unachievable but will take a bit of doing. Based on the 1970 census we have been disenfranchised. In the 1973-1975 budget we were given a preview of coming events, and in the 1975-1977 budget we are being exploited to a degree which will necessitate the forced sale of many properties, most of which are new homes of young people, with a large mortage. Legally, we have no recourse, as evidenced by the recent opinions of the Attorney General regarding the "Open Meeting" Law and a few other gems emanating from the East Wing, the Lieutenant Governor, Attorney General and the Joint Finance Committee (which is a king-sized farce by any standards).

While all here assembled have various reasons for so doing, we can be certain that the common denominator of our problems is Madison, Wisconsin, be

'We'll keep a light in the window'



it school tax, property tax, veterans problems, or the DNR. We cannot expect any relief from our troubles because we lack the voting power to change anything. Therefore, the only other course open to us is *orderly* secession from the state of Wisconsin and the forming of an alliance with Upper Peninsula which also must proceed on the same course for the same reasons, albeit not as stringent as those imposed upon us by a ruthless dictator in the East Wing of Wisconsin's capitol.

To bring everyone completely up to date, we have a state senator who has volunteered his office to petition the Congress of the United States in our behalf (he would also make an ideal first governor of the 51st state), and we have at least two very eligible representatives who could go to Congress. Senators likewise are in the offering and available.

But here, a word of warning must be inserted. The new state should be established as a republic even as the United States was established in the Constitution. Since the United States Senate has not been dissolved by the Supreme Court under the one-man, one-vote disaster, the 51st State should ignore that foolishness and have one branch of the legislature based on population and the Upper House on an area basis; that is, a senator for each three or four countries or whatever the founding fathers decide is equitable.

There should be no qualms of conscience about expropriation of state properties because what we have already paid for in Madison, Milwaukee, etc., etc., in public buildings more than offsets the value of properties involved which may lie north of whatever may be the southern boundary of the new state."

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fresh cut timber and lumbering machinery. One small building on the road had a HOTEL sign in front. I parked and went in.

Tom and Ted Albert were sitting in a booth drinking coffee. I joined them.

This was my first meeting with Albert. He is a genial, balding man in his late fifties. He obviously likes to talk and seemed accustomed to having people listen to him. The 51st State of Superior is a matter that appears to mean a great deal to him.

Tom, Ted and I talked for three hours. I asked my questions, and the answers came in fragments surrounded by digressions.

How many members are there in the 51st State of Superior organizations? How much support is there *really* for this project?

"My organization has about three hundred members right now," Tom said. "Frankly we need more people, that's the whole stick: more people."

Ted said his organization was smaller, but numbers aren't important right now. Right now we have to educate the people, let them know what they can do. I asked Ted about the referendum in Marquette and Iron Mountain. Did that vote really mean what the newspaper writers said it meant? He reached in his briefcase and produced a copy of a letter he had written to the Marquette *Mining Journal*. The letter was a response to the editorial I had read saying the 51st state was dead. "Obviously, now is not the time to count heads," the letter read. "Voting on the issue is a premature action. In the educational, inquiry and fact finding time one does not impose upon the voters a call for their considered judgment. Your readers will understand that one doesn't take the exam before taking the course." And besides, Ted said, only 15% of the eligible voters voted in that referendum. "It doesn't mean a thing. We have to organize and educate first."

I asked about the procedure for breaking up the states. What about the Attorney General's opinion earlier this year saying the machinery for establishing a new state involves approval of the legislatures, the Congress, the people involved? Is that the way you propose to go?

Albert's answer was cloudy. He referred to the Toledo War, to the early days of Michigan statehood. "The Attorney General's Opinion doesn't mean anything. When the time comes, we can sue Ohio."

"Sue Ohio?"

"The whole arrangement by which lower Michigan and the Upper Peninsula were brought together was illegal in the first place. At the proper time we can take the case before the courts."

Then Albert produced a photograph of a Ford Motor Company billboard showing a fist holding a Ford sign. The fist is the lower peninsula; you can tell it is the lower peninsula because it is divided into counties. The Upper Peninsula is not shown on the advertisement. Albert said that the advertisement, which apparently has appeared in newspapers and on television, is proof that the industrial powers in the lower peninsula do not even consider the Upper Peninsula a part of the state. He handed me a news release from his 51st State organization requesting the Ford Motor Company to deposit $50,000 in a bank of its choosing in each of the fifteen counties of the Upper Peninsula. The money would be a kind of apology by the company for having overlooked the existence of the Upper Peninsula. The money would be used to promote the State of Superior.

"Of course we don't really expect them to give us the money," he said. "But you can see where we're going."

Tom interrupted to say that the Superior project still had a lot of things to work out, but he thought there were some signs of real progress. "We're beginning to bother them down in Madison," he said. "A lot of little things have happened lately. They don't like what we're doing. One of our officers was asked to move out of her apartment the other day. Kind of harassment. They don't like the whole smeer."

"Anything else?"

"Hard to put your finger on it, but they're trying to sabotage us."

Ted handed me a copy of an advertisement for himself he had used several years ago when he was running for the office of District Judge. The advertisement listed an impressive number of accomplishments: A law degree from the University of Wisconsin; Gogebic County Prosecuting Attorney for eight years; Incorporator of both Indianhead and Powderhorn ski resorts; State Boxing and Wrestling Inspector.

I asked about the idea of legalizing gambling in the State of Superior. It was an awkward question. "We shouldn't have run that piece in the *Idea* about legalizing gambling," Tom said. "I've been getting a lot of flak about that. People don't like the idea. They think it means prostitution and the Mafia and nude floor shows."

"Officially, the 51st State Organizations are against gambling," Albert said.

I asked how come people are so conservative about these things. Everybody knows prostitution has been around these parts since the first loggers came. People know about the history of Hurley and Hayward. For years Superior whorehouses were nationally famous.

"Some ministers got wind of the idea," Tom said. "They won't back us now. But it's probably not just whorehouses and naked dancing that're problems. People here like the way they live now. Sure, they're poor and they're getting screwed by Madison and Lansing on their taxes. But I bet half the people around here don't lock their door at night. They feel safe. They're afraid if there's gambling and all the rest comes in they'll pretty soon have to worry about organized crime and the Mafia. They think everything'll change. Some of them really think Nevada is full of gangsters. They don't want gangsters here. Nevada isn't full of gangsters."

"The 51st State Organizations are against gambling. I've said that many times," Ted interrupted. "We don't need gambling and all that other stuff. Right now we send 106 dollars in tax money to Lansing for every 96 dollars we get back. If we just keep our money here, we'll get along."

"I thought Lansing people say that they send more tax money up here than they take away. Do they?"

"They used to say that," Ted laughed. "But I stopped that fast. The last time anybody down there made a statement like that, I caused so much trouble the Governor ordered them never to put out a report like that again."

I wanted to get back to the Nevada idea. "Are there people around here who would really like to see the new state modeled after Nevada?"

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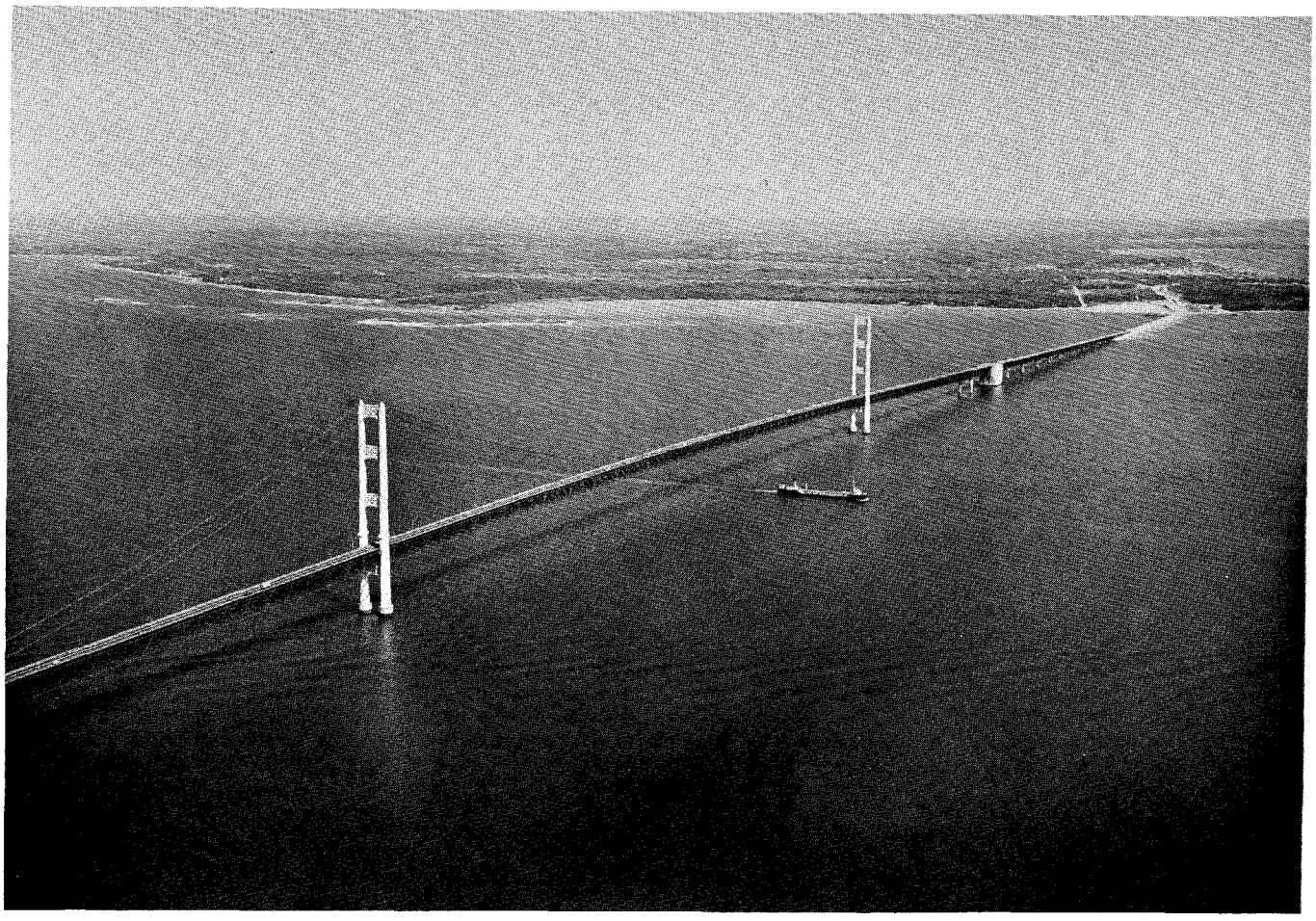

Tom answered. "Sure there are. Plenty. We'll just have to wait and see about the route though. It's causing too much flak right now." That was about all I was going to get on the Nevada question. Tom was being careful. But it wasn't hard to see that he wouldn't oppose a Northland Nevada if the chance developed.

Ted handed me a Xerox copy of the Articles of Incorporation of the Upper Peninsula 51st State Organization. I put it with the other papers he had given me. Then he handed me a typewritten copy of a poem entitled "The Plight of the U.P." I glanced at the first lines.

> I find no reason nor can I assess
> Why the U.P. problems are in such a mess.
>
> But why do we continue to tolerate
> To be ever beholden—and just second rate?

"I wrote that poem in 1971," Ted said. He looked directly into my eyes and smiled. He was excited, happy talking about the new state, proud of his poem. Once, a few minutes earlier, he had spoken of himself as "the *de facto* governor of a *de facto* state." The whole 51st state idea was some long time private dream of his, something more personal than political.

"Some people downstate call the 51st state the fairy state." Tom's mood had suddenly changed and he was angry. "It's not a fairy state. They've been robbing us long enough. Lucey's [Wisconsin Governor Patrick Lucey] been giving us the dirty end of the stick long enough. Now we're getting out."

After a while there didn't seem to be anything else to say about the 51st state. The conversation drifted to Indians. "Don't ever underestimate an Indian," Tom said. Then television. "The trouble with the young people today is that all they want to do is sit in front of the tube," Tom said. Then teachers. "Most teachers in this state couldn't teach their way out of an outhouse," Tom said. Ted was bored now that the conversation had moved away from the State of Superior.

It was time to go. I shook hands with Ted—striped coat, tie, a little paunchy. I shook hands with Tom—blue denim suit, casual, cocky. Tom and Ted began talking earnestly about a speeding ticket Tom had received from a state patrolman a few days before. Tom thought the ticket was unfair. Maybe Ted could do something about it. Ted studied the ticket and smiled.

I drove back to Wakefield and then on to the chalet at Powderhorn Mountain. I sat in the lounge and watched the skiers going up on the lift, coming down the hill slowly in the slushy snow. It didn't look like much fun. Water was inches deep in the parking lot. Water rushed down the hill in streams. The sun was still bright. Winter was definitely over. I wondered how long it would be before there would be slot machines in the chalet, roulette in the lounge, pit bosses, stickmen.

"36 on the red."

"Money playing."

I wondered what advice the *Walleye Street Journal* would have about roulette. □

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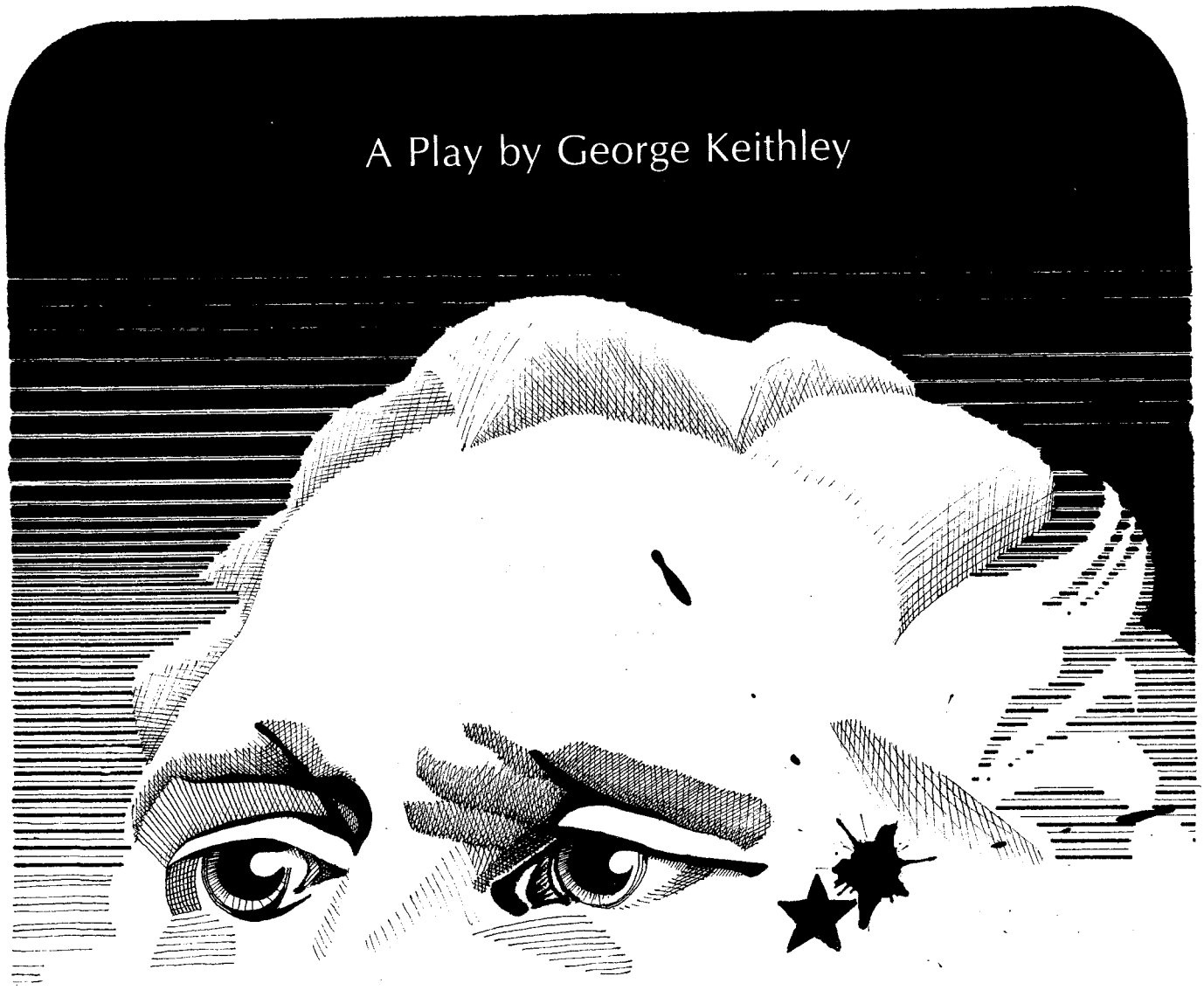
A Play by George Keithley



the best blood of the country

act ii

George Keithley is perhaps best known for his brilliant book-length poem *The Donner Party*. About his new three-act play *The Best Blood of the Country*, Keithley writes that "each act treats a major episode in the remarkable career of Aaron Burr. A man much loved and hated, he was a hero of the Revolutionary War, in part because of his disregard for orders, in part because of his bold daring; an admired leader considered untrustworthy for promotion. One of the nation's ablest lawyers, his only law was to seek his own advantage. Descended from Jonathan Edwards, he was free-thinking, unbelieving, and a devout womanizer capable of loving only Burr and the two women who dwelled in his heart, wife and daughter, both named Theodosia. An active agent in the forming of the republic, he lived almost half his life in the disgrace of a traitor.

"Act I treats the national election of 1800 - 1801, in which Burr, who is Jefferson's vice presidential running-mate, tied with him for the Presidency. Act II [presented here] depicts Burr's clash with Hamilton in political and personal matters, and concludes with the duel between them. Act III dramatizes Burr's conspiracy to separate by conquest the territory west of the Appalachian mountains, and all of Mexico, creating an independent empire which he would rule.

"His trial in Richmond, Virginia, on the charge of treason, is an infamous episode in history. Though Burr clearly attempted the crime for which he was tried, the influence of an astute President could not determine the decision in the courtroom; Burr was convicted, eventually, in the conscience of his countrymen."

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Scene 1

Vice President BURR, Chief Justice JOHN MARSHALL, JOHN SWARTWOUT, conversing downstage before the curtain.

MARSHALL.
Young Swartwout tells me it was your influence
that made him a judge.

BURR.
That's generous.
In three years he's the only friend of mine
appointed by the President.

SWARTWOUT.
How do you endure these slights?

BURR.
You speak, sir, to a neutered cat.

MARSHALL.
Everywhere I hear praise of the impartial
decorum with which you chair
the Senate's proceedings.

BURR.
That chair is a seat in the stocks,
where our forefathers locked the town fool.
Its occupant is an object of neglect or ridicule.

SWARTWOUT.
It's no throne, I'll say that.

BURR.
Day after day my talents sit dormant.
(*to MARSHALL*) You know I'm not
called to attend cabinet meetings.

MARSHALL.
Why, Burr, that's a blessing!

BURR.
Yes, let them scurry about their business,
meeting like so many mice
in a kitchen cupboard of that cold white house.

MARSHALL.
Their keeper favors these furtive creatures—

BURR.
While I'm unable to dispense patronage
for any other friend I propose:

SWARTWOUT.
Each appointment given to a rival
in our own party—
Some crone of Clinton or Livingston.

BURR.
Tom means to reduce my base of support.

MARSHALL.
He credits any rash report
of your misconduct in the past election.

BURR.
Though Jefferson made every concession.

SWARTWOUT.
Your memory of the fact is a mirror
to the man. It won't do,
each day to stare back at Burr.

MARSHALL.
Gossips in the cloakroom
of Congress claim
he'll replace his Vice President
after this term.

BURR.
I'm sure of it.

SWARTWOUT.
You could have occupied his office for your own.

BURR.
Yes.

MARSHALL.
And you might yet.

BURR.
What is your thought?

MARSHALL.
Quite apart
from the irrational hatred of Hamilton,
you're clearly the favorite of our Federalist party.

BURR.
Tom will attest to that.

SWARTWOUT.
Will you retire from public life?

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BURR (*scoffing*).
Not likely!

MARSHALL.
How will you control your party
without the privilege of patronage?
Men must eat.

BURR (*agreeing*).
And mine grow lean.

MARSHALL.
Say the word, and we'll toast the Vice President
at a Federalist feast. We can elect
Burr on the next national ballot.

BURR.
Abandon my democrats like that? (*He sounds willing.*)

MARSHALL.
The tide is out, Aaron, you're alone on the shore.

BURR.
Too much metaphor.

SWARTWOUT.
I'll be plain, sir.
Your President won't lift one lean finger
to protect you. Declare Burr an independent, as you are.

BURR.
I'll visit him;
I owe him the opportunity to refuse me.

SWARTWOUT.
While you speak, remember not to turn your back.

BURR (*he nods*).
I understand.
But I must immediately know his mind.

Exit MARSHALL and SWARTWOUT; BURR remains before the curtain, which opens upon a cool, white room, sparsely furnished; JEFFERSON at center stage stares at BURR, as if he overheard the preceding conversation. His manner toward BURR is aloof and distrustful. As dialogue proceeds, each man dissembles to the best of his ability. SALLY HEMINGS, a slim black woman, serves tea, then withdraws, watchfully.

BURR.
I was always honored to serve you.

He removes his coat.

JEFFERSON.
I could ask for no abler assistant.

Hangs coat on a chair.

BURR.
I did anticipate the pleasure of your company
more frequently.

JEFFERSON (*looks at SALLY*).
My duties are lonely.
I live in isolation, as you see.

JEFFERSON'S costume is casual: slippers; an old robe over his shoulders. In his mid-fifties, aged rapidly by his office, his remarkable intelligence now seems guarded, shrewd.

BURR.
But vicious stories have been brought to me.
And to your ears too, I suppose.

JEFFERSON.
I trust no tale that discredits you.

BURR.
I thought you might value my opinion
on irksome questions.

JEFFERSON (*archly, to SALLY*).
I treasure it.

BURR.
Too secretly, perhaps.
While the national vote was in dispute
you wrote—
that my election left a chasm
in the list of men on whom you planned
for important positons.

JEFFERSON.
I wrote you with regret.

He removes slippers, rubs his feet.

BURR.
No doubt . . . but since that date,
men imagine some enmity between us.
New lies, and libels, each week in the press.

JEFFERSON.
Weigh these no more than the passing wind.

BURR.
Our enemies use your name to diminish mine.

JEFFERSON.
What do you mean?

He feels his feet into his slippers.

BURR.
They would create a schism where none exists.
I believe I ought to retire
to preserve our party.

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JEFFERSON (*extremely cautious*).
Can I refuse this selfless gesture?

BURR.
I must not retreat under fire.
Were you to offer
some other role of prominence,
I could quit this capital
without the widespread suspicion of your censure.

JEFFERSON.
Have you a high post in mind?

BURR.
The Louisiana Territory lacks a Governor;
a proven public servant, of military ability.

JEFFERSON.
We'll require troops to defend the river;
to command so many men, however,
others outrank you. General Hamilton, for one.

BURR.
A letter which *you* sent me
some while ago, described that gentleman
as the evil genius of this country.

JEFFERSON.
All genius is of service.

SALLY smiles, broadly.

BURR *(sets his cup aside).*
He has never held public office.

JEFFERSON.
True, of course. Let me consider—
There you would stand outside the sphere
of public power.

BURR (*to both of them*).
As *far* as you please.

JEFFERSON.
And too far removed to feel the cool
shadow of our law.
The force of a frontier army at your command.
And at New Orleans a heavy hand
on the neck of the Mississippi.
No,
I'll not appoint a member of my own
administration, and perhaps prejudice
the native population against him.

BURR.
I'm told my name inspires esteem
among the settlers there.

JEFFERSON (*signals SALLY, who exits*).
Yes, so I hear.

Quickly he adds

As it does everywhere, for that matter.

BURR.
Sir, if I am to retire with honor,
I must have some mark of your favor.

JEFFERSON (*facetiously*).
You have my warmest regards.

BURR.
I offer, of course, the services of my legion
in your next election—
The good men of Tammany who helped us win
first in New York, and then the nation.

JEFFERSON.
I count on Mayor Clinton and Mr. Livingston,
and will not need more.

BURR.
Neither man
is our friend. They oppose every plan
that I originate.

JEFFERSON.
That's a matter
for you to mend. My conduct will be
as impartial as my last campaign.

BURR.
I well recall your policy.

JEFFERSON.
I won't participate in any arrangement
for my own election.

BURR.
A luxury my situation won't allow.

JEFFERSON.
It allows you leisure, to pursue other pleasures.

BURR (*looks for SALLY*).
I target shoot,
thirty minutes each morning. I imagine
you had in mind a more gentle sport.

JEFFERSON.
I thought there was a woman named Celeste
that you nearly made your wife.

BURR is alarmed at the disclosure of this private information, then quickly masks his expression; he shakes out his coat.

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BURR.
A heavenly creature, but too coy.
She would have tried even your patient nature.

JEFFERSON.
Age has made me timid.

BURR.
A pity for one who prizes beauty.

BURR puts on his red coat, and waves off the President's gesture to assist him.

JEFFERSON.
Colonel, I'll accompany you—

BURR (*as he strides downstage*).
There's no need, I'll find my way.

Curtain closes across the room, behind BURR, separating the two men. BURR remains before curtain, where he is joined by MARSHALL and SWARTWOUT.

BURR.
Evasions, lies. I don't know which
suffers worse when I must fathom
our philosopher—my skull
or stomach. I feel ill.

SWARTWOUT.
You have no hopes here.

BURR.
I'm a fool if I believe otherwise.

MARSHALL.
Return to New York and rally the people
in either party who oppose
the tyranny of this President.

BURR.
You may inform your friends that Burr
is a candidate for Governor.

MARSHALL.
Excellent!

SWARTWOUT.
They won't hear out Hamilton again,
he's half mad now.

BURR.
I know.

MARSHALL.
But be on guard.
He'll rage against you worse than ever.
You threaten his hold upon our party,
and he won't surrender it.

BURR.
He can have their hearts, I'll win their votes.

MARSHALL.
In your present disappointment
don't become desperate.

BURR.
Sir?

MARSHALL.
Because you serve neither party now,
you must walk a taut wire above both—

SWARTWOUT.
Too far to either side is death.

BURR.
I'll keep my balance.

MARSHALL.
And return ours! We are in your debt.

BURR.
I doubt if any man can make *that* claim.
Unless I prosper in this election
I must sell Richmond Hill at auction.

MARSHALL.
Victory will bring its reward. Before long
you'll look back with scorn on these troubles.

BURR.
And my tormentors.

MARSHALL (*as they clasp hands*).
For now, farewell.

BURR.
We'll meet again. But I must start
tonight. Every hour matters.

Exit BURR, left; MARSHALL and SWARTWOUT, right. Enter the CHORUS OF WORKERS.

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Scene 2

★★☆☆☆

The tavern. Pitchers on two tables; CHORUS OF WORKERS (sometimes divided equally into A and B) seated and standing; drinking throughout.

CHORUS A.
No report has brought more cheer to Burr
than word of his daughter, far from home,
who bore the family a son.

CHORUS B.
Named the boy
Aaron, for her father. This event alone
lightens his heart in the lagging gloom
of an inglorious defeat.

CHORUS.
Though you saw him leave the capital in haste
to build again his fortune in New York,
Burr might have spared himself the trouble
of the Governor's race.

CHORUS A.
Really, it was lost
before he arrived . . . Daily, Jefferson contrived
to deliver rumors which would ruin
the Colonel's reputation.

CHORUS B.
Mayor Clinton
received these stories; saw them set in print,
to hint of Burr's infidelity

CHORUS A.
to his dead wife,

CHORUS B.
his President,

CHORUS A.
his Maker,

CHORUS B.
and not always in that order . . .

CHORUS A.
While Hamilton wrote
scandalous handbills that blossomed overnight
on every unwashed wall within New York.

CHORUS B.
Small wonder, while we're loafing here,
enjoying a genial beer,
at Richmond Hill, Burr's little band
plot their reprisals.

CHORUS (*grown more indignant*).
Certainly he was used
ill by all of his opponents.
Never was a man more abused!

QUICK CURTAIN

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Scene 3

In the drawing room at Richmond Hill are BURR, SWARTWOUT, VAN NESS, and ALEXIS.

SWARTWOUT.
Clinton has cut you off from your own people.

VAN NESS.
From every fable that Jefferson fed him,
he served a portion
to his editor, Cheetham,
who spit it into print.

BURR.
His kind
are beneath our notice. Though not the mayor.

SWARTWOUT.
I should have left him dead when we dueled.

ALEXIS.
Dear God—

VAN NESS.
I recall how we carried you here
and Theo dressed your leg,
lacerated by a lead ball.

BURR.
There will be no more of that, my friend.
Hereafter, I'll fire my own shot.
The first filth flung at my name
will bring Burr onto the field, his pistol in hand.

VAN NESS.
It's too late. Clinton controls New York
and the full power of patronage as well.

SWARTWOUT.
While the man whose malice crippled your career
sits at home unharmed, happy with his work.

BURR.
I offer into evidence this clipping mailed to me—
This was printed in the Albany paper.

He takes from his pocket a newspaper clipping, which he hands to VAN NESS to read.

VAN NESS *(reading)*.
Hamilton told two hundred allies
at a federalist rally,
you are a danger to the republic.

BURR.
As all men are, who admit their true desires.

VAN NESS *(reading very deliberately)*.
Then he implied
in private a more despicable opinion
of your character.

SWARTWOUT.
He goes too far.
Is there more?

VAN NESS.
Not *here*.

He hands the clipping to Burr.

SWARTWOUT.
From past attacks we can guess the nature
of the serpent's poison.

VAN NESS (*to BURR*).
That you played false
with both parties, to seize the office
of the President.

SWARTWOUT.
Offered bribes in the form
of military promotion.

VAN NESS.
Or a cabinet positon.

SWARTWOUT.
Deplorable stories.

BURR (*restless*).
I can't reply to an old canard.
Is there no new slander?

VAN NESS.
He says you sold your daughter to that planter
to pay your debts.

BURR shows interest, then dismisses the charge, brushing his hand over his forehead.

SWARTWOUT.
And to procure the votes
of South Carolina in the Presidential race.

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Though he is drawing them out, asking for information, BURR'S tone and impatient gestures suggest there is a specific item of gossip which he is waiting for them to disclose.

BURR.
Cold porridge, all of that. And he's clever
enough to know it won't warm over.
No, he had need of some hot delicacy
to tempt the tongue—

SWARTWOUT (*slow to speak now*).
Unless all our sources are in error,
he's the author of the rumor
that you are the father of Aaron, Junior.

ALEXIS.
Theo's baby boy? By her own papa?

BURR whirls upon SWARTWOUT and VAN NESS as though they, and not Hamilton, had made the allegation; he draws one of his twin pistols, which he holds on his palm, extended toward his friends.

BURR.
This he will answer.

VAN NESS.
It must be soon,
before he can deny it.

BURR extends his arm, aiming at his imagined target; holds the pose.

BURR.
To avoid a fatal interview
he will be forced to lie
to friends who heard his foul words.

SWARTWOUT.
And forfeit any claim to honesty
afterward. Colonel, I believe
it's safe to say, your challenge will be met.

VAN NESS.
Then we've made history today—
This election is the first
Hamilton has ever won.

SWARTWOUT.
And lost.

Returning the pistol to its place on his hip, BURR addresses them all, his speech stiffened by indignation.

BURR.
Gentlemen, good day. I'll retire
to draft a document no man
might misread. It shall demand
an abject apology for each
insult that scoundrel has spoken
against myself. Or the character
of my maligned daughter. The worst
I will not say, lest he distribute
my letter, so my own words bring
a blush of shame to Theo.

VAN NESS.
We know
that trick.

SWARTWOUT.
We taught it to him.

BURR.
He must understand that I require
an irreversible denial
that he in public or private speech
did ignite the flame of rumor
to scorch our honor with the word *incest*.

SWARTWOUT and VAN NESS move toward door.

SWARTWOUT.
Where can he hide to avoid the echo
of his own words?

VAN NESS.
Only the stone
walls of a tomb
stop gossip.

BURR.
Billy, come by early
in the morning; my message will be ready.

VAN NESS turns and bows deeply. Exit VAN NESS and SWARTWOUT. BURR sits at his desk, right; ALEXIS stands upstage near door. Left side of stage is dim as THEO enters there. And when she is eventually seen in a single cone of light, she is oblivious to the dim room around her, as though present only in spirit. BURR removes the globe from its stand beyond his desk, as ALEXIS watches.

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BURR.
What a wonder is this sphere
hung in heaven like a star,
still more lovely since we see
every delight in its design
within our grasp. So might man
hope to cultivate its bloom,
watered well and warmed to grow
pretty and plentiful. O now
to hold the whole glad globe
in my hand! Yet this bright rind
conceals a bitter fruit.
Better not to bite it.
What thrives under its skin
but the dismal dirt of the earth?
At the hour of my last deed, good or evil,
in darkness I dine on this dish
alone, and the damp taste of time
stains my mouth.

ALEXIS approaches; BURR hands him the globe, and he returns it to its stand. THEO replies, as though he had spoken to her directly.

THEO.
Talk of death
does you discredit. No man more
leaps with life than my dear father.

BURR.
Missy, don't admonish me
not to mention the wicked word—
Since the day your mother died,
I'm mindful of it every minute.

THEO (*Her manner becomes flippant and light*).
No; some nuisance turns you to it.

BURR.
I'll write a letter to my daughter.

He sits down at his desk. While composing his thoughts, he rises to pace his lighted portion of the room, and return to his chair, while ALEXIS watches.

BURR.
My dear Theo,

Believe but half the tales you are told of your papa's conduct. The malice of my enemies distorts each political account, while their envy inspires those scenes set in the boudoir. Were the former true, I'd have no time or strength for the latter.

Would Burr be missed in either theater?

My fate in the large world is now uncertain—the one state of spirit that I most deplore. I must engage in a single purpose, or I suffer anguish. Better to veer at once toward the blaze of noon, than creep along the fence like a listless vine.

THEO holds a piece of letter paper; looks up from reading it. Throughout the scene, both speak as if THEO were present only in BURR'S thoughts, not physically present in the other half of the room. As he writes, her response is instantaneous.

THEO.
Papa, you are never without an important plan.

BURR.
No more of this, until a certain event is concluded. A copy of my will was sent recently to you. I have asked your husband to acquaint you with all monetary matters, and to favor your decisions.

With those who wish that I had willed them more, I heartily agree. I have left everyone so little, because I have so little left. (They might admire the form, if not the substance of that remark.)

THEO.
You have given me more than life itself, Father. I would rather not live, than live and not be your daughter.

BURR.

As for my other *affairs*—and now I imagine you are all impudent eyes—Excellent! Then stop your ears! So much folly is spoken, in regard to my romances. I *do* see certain women, several of whom I may not name. One is comely, but her bust is flat. One is fat and happy, but an imbecile. Another is well endowed, not (alas!) in a lucrative trust, but where it is a virtue in a horse.

THEO.
You tease me thus, to throw me off the trace. How am I to guess which one you will select?

BURR.
The best behaved have bored me, and I forget the rest. I would have wed Celeste, had she let me know her heart. Yet the thought of marriage is like alchemy—one day I'm weak as water, the next day stiff as a stick! But I *did ask* your opinion. Churlish girl that you are, you gave me no counsel:

"Go hang yourself, if you please, said my pet.
Or don't dare do it, and live long yet."

THEO.
You don't need my permission, Papa. If you have not made the lady a proposal, it's because your mind wanders. Or your eye.

BURR.
Mock me, Missy, but my erotic endeavors have human limits. Remember, by *your* ingenuity, I'm a grandfather. . . And as to that, you might spare a moment to write of young Aaron's progresss. . . If he still lives . . . Surely if he had died, you would have mentioned the event . . . Pray, why do you send me no news of my namesake?

THEO.
I write you every week.

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BURR (*with gentle sarcasm*).

Since I receive your letters only once in a fortnight, perhaps the pitiful horses of our postal service, who must haul for hundreds of miles your *weighty* correspondence, have drowned in some swollen creek before they could reach New York. Most unfortunate animals! Or, most derelict daughter?

THEO.

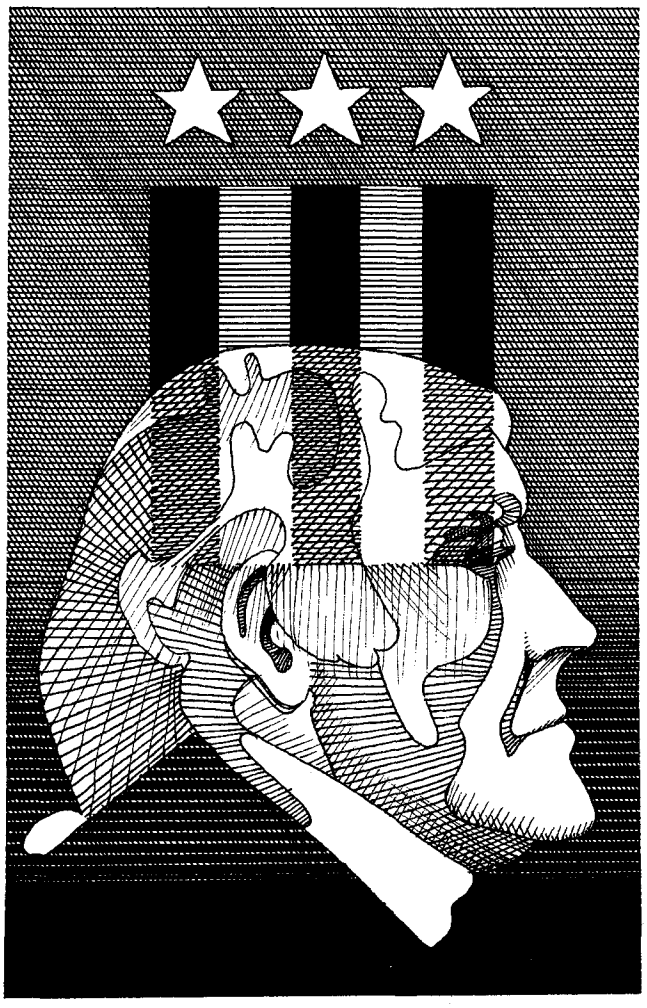
I promise you I will do better.

BURR.

Do not mistake my chiding, Missy. No one in this life has made me more happy. What I know of grace and beauty I learned from your example. Study to improve, and to prepare your son, and you will make your papa still more proud. And awaken the world as well, to the merit of your soul. If I were not to write to you again, recall that I send with this plain paper all my love to you.

Adieu, chère amie, adieu

Lights out quickly on BURR at his desk, and ALEXIS. Light gradually dims on THEO, until she is in darkness. CURTAIN.



Scene 4

The tavern. VAN NESS and PENDLETON in conversation; the CHORUS OF WORKERS, drinking among themselves.

VAN NESS.
Pray, inform General Hamilton
we demand an absolute denial
that improper opinions were expressed
in private, concerning the Vice President.

PENDLETON.
This charge is too vague.

VAN NESS (*lays a packet on the table*).
Not at all, Judge Pendleton. Let him disclaim
any insult attributed to him.

PENDLETON.
Your friend has tender skin; what words pricked him?

VAN NESS opens the packet and extracts a newspaper clipping; shows it to PENDLETON.

VAN NESS.
The phrase "a more despicable opinion"
irritates. It allows
for the most immoral insinuation.

PENDLETON.
I can assure Colonel Burr
its purpose was impersonal.

VAN NESS (*returning the clipping to its packet*).
He demands more specific satisfaction.

PENDLETON.
What manner of hunt is this? First you fire
scatter shot that might wound whatever would move;
then you aim at one leaf in the grove,
to blast from its bough.

VAN NESS.
You know
my meaning, Sir. Let him deny his guilt,
or meet the consequences of the code.

PENDLETON.
He cannot be held accountable
for every conversation
in twenty years of public life.

VAN NESS.
This one account must be paid.

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PENDLETON.
At an awful price! By all report,
Burr is a marksman without peer.

VAN NESS slips the packet under his arm and steps toward door; turns to face Judge PENDLETON; CHORUS rises to its feet.

VAN NESS.
It seems we can say no more.

CHORUS A.
Words
have failed to answer, in the face of anger.
But by that failure they did succeed
at their work.

CHORUS B.
Soon we'll see two
gentlemen conduct an interview
and let their pistols speak.

As VAN NESS exits, he meets HAMILTON entering at door; they pause, then pass without speaking. CHORUS again sits at table, drinking, whispering among themselves.

HAMILTON.
I met Mr. Van Ness at the door.

PENDLETON.
We spent our words like worthless warrants.
Nothing will satisfy Burr but a duel.

HAMILTON.
Very well; it doesn't surprise me.

PENDLETON approaches the table occupied by the CHORUS, as though to plead for their aid.

PENDLETON.
Burr plans to kill
the one man of conscience who has blocked his path
to power.

Half the CHORUS rise and move toward HAMILTON; the other half remain at table, near PENDLETON.

CHORUS A (*to Hamilton*).
General, take your time.
Heads are hot, it's the summer sun—
Let the Colonel cool down.

CHORUS B.
This scheme
has grown too grave, and there's no way
a wrong move now can be undone.

CHORUS A.
Ignore his challenge if you wish.
But don't be rash—as they say:
"Pistols for two; coffee for one."

HAMILTON (*takes into account the words of the CHORUS, but appears to notice only PENDLETON).*
I could never in the future lead our army
if I flinch on the field. Nor command
respect from the remnants of our party.
I must meet him, with *his* weapon.

PENDLETON (*anticipating an argument*).
And drop him,
by a single shot in the heart.

HAMILTON.
No,
I will not.

PENDLETON.
Damnation!
Not to defend yourself is suicide.

HAMILTON.
On that point my mind is quite clear.
I won't fire at Burr.
I shall aim my shot high in the air,
so the Colonel might reconsider.

Seated members of the CHORUS OF WORKERS rise and join the others, almost surrounding the table where HAMILTON sits.

CHORUS B.
Then you had better settle your debts.

CHORUS A.
Write to your wife tonight.

CHORUS B.
And resign
your grey-haired years to the grave.

Finally, HAMILTON regards the CHORUS OF WORKERS, with a slow and scornful gaze. Still he speaks only to PENDLETON.

HAMILTON.
My friend, I've lived too long
in their damned democracy
not to see it is
the wrong climate
for my kind.

PENDLETON.
Do they deserve your sacrifice?
People pay little attention
to our troubles.

HAMILTON.
The people are a beast,
whose outrageous appetite
day and night must be fed
by demagogues.

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PENDLETON.
General Hamilton never in his life
would humiliate himself on their behalf.

HAMILTON.
Because I had no wish to win their votes
I haven't politicked among the poor,
plucking a public office out of their throats.

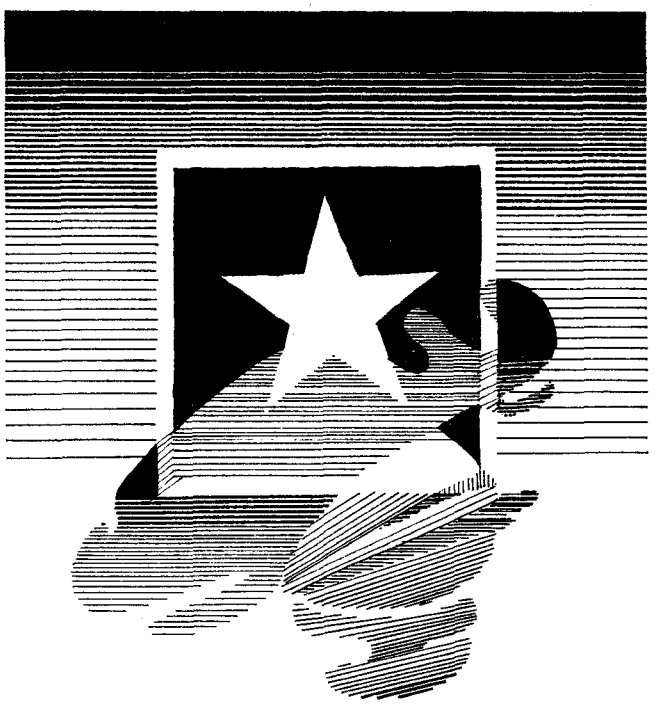
PENDLETON.
And to this hour, many among your countrymen
give you their love.

HAMILTON.
I value
yours. My family's. A few friends'.

PENDLETON.
Be prudent. It's still in your power
to survive.

HAMILTON.
The choice of this
unchristian course of conduct wasn't mine.
But in the disguise of an honorable duel
the devil has delivered his invitation,
and I'll not decline.

Exit CHORUS. PENDLETON sits again at table, his head bowed in his hands, opposite HAMILTON. CURTAIN.



Scene 5

On the heights of Weehawken above the Hudson river, early morning; a grassy ledge flanked by rocks and tangled brush. At center stage BURR removes a black coat, revealing silk clothes; he hands his coat to VAN NESS, who lays it on top of a large rock, left. They cross to right. Enter Gen. HAMILTON, and Judge PENDLETON bearing a black box, from left center, both a little breathless at first, while BURR appears composed. Preparatory ritual is performed with formality; the opposing parties salute. Their seconds, VAN NESS and PENDLETON, confer quietly, then step off ten full paces. Each man spreads a handkerchief at the place where he stops. They return to center. While the seconds kneel and cast lots, BURR idly snaps twigs from a branch, and HAMILTON raises a pair of eyeglasses, which he examines, wipes clean, and puts on. He and BURR grow attentive as their seconds open the black box, remove and load two dark pistols. VAN NESS brings one pistol to BURR, PENDLETON hands the other to HAMILTON. He steers HAMILTON to the marked location well upstage, center, while VAN NESS walks BURR to his place, downstage right. The seconds retrieve the handkerchieves. HAMILTON removes his glasses, looks up, replaces glasses, shades his eyes with one hand, twisting uncomfortably.

BURR (somewhat loudly).
What's his difficulty?

PENDLETON.
The sun, sir. It's just over the trees.

VAN NESS.
It strikes his eyes.

BURR.
He won the choice of sides.
Why did he choose to face the sun?

VAN NESS.
Your guess is as good as mine.

BURR.
Shall we get on?

PENDLETON.
Gentlemen:
I shall speak the word, pre-*sent*—
then you may fire as you wish.
If one party fires, and the other not,
the second of the man who has held back
shall say: one, two, three . . . *fire*! That man must fire then,
or lose his shot.

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Pause.

Are you ready?

BURR.
We are.

HAMILTON.
Ready.

Longer pause.

PENDLETON.
Pree-*sent*!

BURR and HAMILTON take direct aim; after a moment's pause, BURR fires. HAMILTON springs onto his toes, his arm still extended but rising. His pistol fires and he pitches forward, falling face down. PENDLETON kneels over him. BURR still holds his firing pose but looks back overhead, following the line of HAMILTON'S shot. Then he starts forward, arms outstretched as though to assist HAMILTON. VAN NESS rushes ahead, and helps PENDLETON to ease HAMILTON onto his back.

VAN NESS grabs BURR'S coat and umbrella; he joins BURR and helps him into his coat, keeping him away from the others. PENDLETON leans over HAMILTON as though listening to him.

BURR.
Is he dead?

VAN NESS.
Not yet.

BURR.
The roar of our fire
stunned my ear.
Did *you* hear what he said?

VAN NESS.
He told his friend,
"This is a mortal wound."

BURR.
Do you think so?

VAN NESS (*agrees, angrily*)
I'm afraid
you just made Hamilton a great man.

He holds the umbrella low over BURR's face to avoid recognition, though BURR'S profile is visible to the audience, until a moment before they exit.

VAN NESS.
Now we'd better go,
before another soul sees you.

BURR.
Yes. We don't want more witnesses to this.

They exit quickly, left center, behind brush and rocks. Then PENDLETON raises HAMILTON in his arms, to carry him off. Once they are offstage, enter CHORUS OF WORKERS, four from right and four from left. The former move slowly, carrying what appears to be a marble monument, its top a point, its base a square, which they set down with evident relief, on the spot where HAMILTON had fallen. Each of the others brings a side of iron fence, four low sections altogether, and they kneel to join these four about the square base of the monument. Comments by CHORUS while they work.

CHORUS A.
There was no other way. Hamilton had spread
such slander, he had to be killed.

CHORUS B.
Well, it's a sorry story, and his wife
will know she's not the only beauty
wild with grief.

CHORUS A.
When they learn of his death,
I'll wager more than one
wench will pace all night in sorrow.

CHORUS B.
And go to bed with Burr tomorrow.

CHORUS divides, and steps back to view its work, a landmark for the site where HAMILTON was slain. Enter CHILDREN running among the rocks and bushes, dodging around the monument, and finally joining hands downstage, where they sing in mock horror.

CHILDREN (*singing*).
"O, Burrr, O, Burr, what have you done?
You shooted General Hamilton.
You hid behind a clump of thistle,
and shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol!"

Exit CHILDREN, shrieking; soberly the CHORUS OF WORKERS approaches downstage, still divided as though by the presence of the monument.

CHORUS. So, Burr who would not pretend to piety,
but brought ourselves into society,
is made a murderer in the public mind.
While Hamilton, the monarchist, hereafter
among our hallowed martyrs is enshrined.

CHORUS merges into a single line downstage, obscuring monument finally.

CURTAIN

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David Kranes

2 STORIES

1 HUNT

They were sitting in bed. New Hampshire farmers were preparing snowplows in barns and garages all down the highway and across the hills. The thermometer was stuck at zero. And it seemed unusually dark. Hunt told Leah that he thought he could almost hear the ice freezing on the lake outside, hardening—rigid snaps. Leah told him that what he heard was the start of deer season. Then some time near dawn, Hunt announced it. Leah shook. He tried to hold her. She fought him. Fought and packed.

"I'm going to take the children," she said.

"Where?"

"To tell your parents."

"It's still dark."

"I don't care."

"*I* do."

"You've made *your* choice."

But Hunt held Leah back until after breakfast. Snow had started. They sky looked like soft, faded stone. They put one bag and the children in the back of the wagon and set off for Boston to tell his parents about divorce. Every fourth car roof heading north, passing or passed by them, was racked and spread with a dead deer. They both cried. "Isn't it awful!" one of the children said, as they passed a camper laden with two. In the rear view mirror, Hunt could see blood running down over the camper's windshield.

"Does God believe in shooting deer?" Sean, their eight-year-old quietly asked.

"I think my head is snapping," Leah said, almost trembling the seatbelt out of its lock.

"You'll be all right," Hunt said.

"That's what you think."

Saturday night, through what Hunt felt was a constant snaking of his upper bones, it was told. His parents listened, wept. They asked him questions. Leah listened. She said she thought she had a gun held at her head. Hunt said that he didn't want to go into it, string out histories, but there were reasons. He said he had been self-destructive and didn't want to be anymore. Leah bit a nail until it bled. Afterwards, around ten o'clock, they all had drinks and built a fire. Hunt's mother noticed ants carrying other ants and crumbs of blue cheese across the hearth. She got a can and sprayed: "Everybody stand back," she said. "Cover your drinks." For a half hour, before they all went to bed, they sat and watched the ants die and talked about the roots and meanings of "formication."

"Ants are actually theological," Hunt's father, a professor at both Harvard and MIT, said.

In the night Hunt and Leah laughed about the pos-

DAVID KRANES lives in Salt Lake City. The stories here are from a longer sequence of related narratives, and he has completed a new novel, CRIMINALS.

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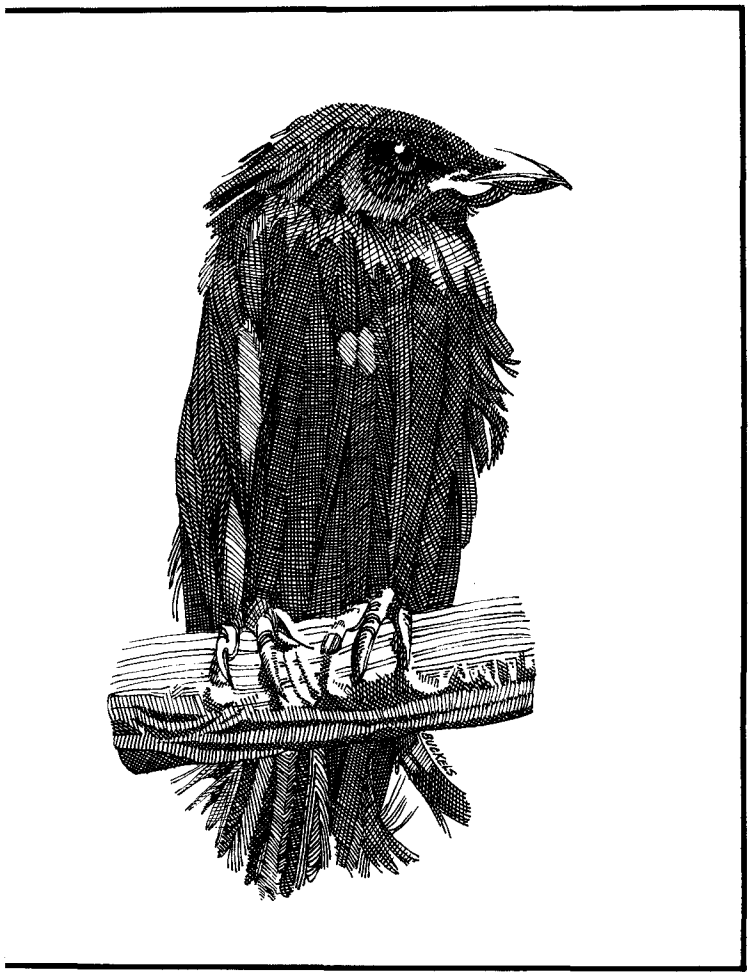

sibilities of ants in their navels, under their arms. They made good love in the morning and then showered.

"Get out of my bathroom, you bastard," Leah pushed him and laughed.

"O.K., lady," Hunt said. And all day Sunday, even driving back to New Hampshire, into snow, against the dark oncoming shapes of shot deer, they had a good day.

But Leah couldn't sleep. She kept getting up, going to the window, staring out into the new bruise-colored snow, clutching her belly through her robe, walking down the hall to the bathroom, flushing something, coming back, standing more at the window, reentering only briefly the bed, moving back again to the window.

"Are you all right?" Hunt asked her.

"No."

"Come back to bed."

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Take a Librium."

"Why?"

"You'll feel better."

"I don't know that I want to."

And so Hunt sat up most of the night, watching her in the dark, listening to her cry. It was a kind of crying he had never heard from Leah before: far away and darkly guttural. She sounded shot. She sounded as if there were something foreign lodged in her, rubbing, abrasing pain. He got up out of the shadowed bed and tried to hold her.

"No," she said.

"Why?"

She stared down from their bedroom at the open entrymouths of their garage.

"Why won't you just let me take you back to bed?'

She just shook her head.

Leah cried making the children breakfast before school. Hunt watched then held her.

"Isn't Mommy feeling well?" one of the children asked.

"She'll be all right," Hunt said. "Look for animal tracks in the snow."

The children looked out of windows. The sun was brokenly out. One of them saw a plow moving slowly along the highway just across the lake. "Jays are frightening all the other birds away!" the other said. Leah cried harder, bore against Hunt's shoulder. Hunt could feel her small fists beating against his back. Was it him or herself that she was beating? Hunt wondered. And what would she do if she had a knife? He had the vague dark sense of pins at his shoulder caves.

Hunt and the children ate. Leah stood at the sink, refusing to turn the water off, staring peculiarly at the jays.

"The radio said that last year, in the state, they shot over six thousand deer," she said. "That's a lot. That's an . . . awful lot."

"People are butchers," Hunt spoke across to her. Then he wondered if he saw her smile.

"People are," she said. "Yes . . . butchers."

"O.K.", he said, trying to let her know that, all right, he too knew irony.

"O.K.—what?" She turned to him.

He held one hand up, open. "Just O.K."

He walked the children to the bus, came back. Leah was at another window, looking out, this time at the lake.

"Do you want to talk?" Hunt asked.

"When do you plan to leave?"

"We'll work it out."

"No."

"What do you mean, 'no'?"

"I mean, I'm not working anything out. Not any more. Not now."

"Why?"

". . . Because you've got to want to work things out."

"You do. You will. It's just. . ."

"No. No: that's the point bright-as-you-are you don't get. No. No I don't"

"Look . . ."

"Hunt? Do you think any of those six thousand depopulated deer ever drowned? Walked out on ice like that and just drowned? Do you think any of them are at the bottom of this lake?"

"Leah: Cut it!"

"Why? You've thought about death for fourteen years haven't you? Didn't you tell me that?"

"Yes. But I also thought about life."

"Yes. But you see; you're whole now. Going to be whole. You've made decisions. You're pursuing *balance*."

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He couldn't paint. He tried working on a large oil street scene from his past: lower Washington Street, Boston; but it wouldn't shape or color. So he smoked. He smoked three cigarettes in his studio, one fast after the other and looked out. He watched the snow. He watched wire-like branches and pine. He thought about cutting and stacking wood. He thought about his uncle in New York who was a Jew. He thought about different tones of white. He thought he could hear gunshots around the lake.

When he went to get more coffee, Leah was not around. He checked the downstairs bathroom. He checked upstairs. He went out to the garage and checked, and the car was there, Leah's keycase dangling from the ignition key in the lock. She had thought about leaving then, going somewhere. Where? Hunt wondered where she would go. To his parents again? To see them? Why? Driving? Just driving? Snowy roads always scared her: driving through snow? *Leah*. . . .

"Leah . . .?!" Hunt called into the landscape. Again: "Leah?!"

He went inside, called her throughout the house. He checked the closets. He checked the medicine cabinets, not sure what for: bottles emptied of what? *some*thing, pills. He checked the furnace room, checked his studio lofts. There was nothing but the smells of oil and cold fishing gear.

Outside the kitchen door, Hunt found tracks. They led off through the snow, circling, wandering past the back of the house, around the edge of the lake.

"Leah!!" he yelled out again. But it was like yelling off into foam.

And so he followed. The steps were short, absent. They were all very close together, overlapping in some spots. Like some kind of progress of marking time. Hunt wondered how long she'd been gone. How long had he tried to paint Washington Street, he questioned? How many cigarettes had he smoked? How long had he thought about tones of white, about his uncle in New York who was a Jew? There was wind, low wind moving around the trunks of trees. The snow moved and salted over itself, lightly. And the water, skimmed in places with ice, looked very black. At one point, Leah's tracks moved toward it, toward the edge. Hunt thought it possible that he would find her *in* it, standing up to her chest, looking out, through some window of the night and morning that she had brought with her.

And the birds. Dark scissor-like birds. Around branches and within spaces to the side. They made sounds. they seemed gossipy, old, thin, black kinds of crone birds, filled with rumors, shuttling, now visible, now out of sight. Hunt thought of Bruegel landscapes, bird traps set up in grey, grainy snow. He stopped. He saw snow: lines of it drawn on the tops of branches, on the wind side of dark-umber trunks, speckled there, caught in crotches. It was still November, but there were no signs of even fall left. Total Winter! Not a dangling stiff leaf. Even a negative of death, Hunt thought: dark bones, dark skeletons against a cold lifeless white. Hunt expected suddenly to see Bruegel's lean, unleashed dogs there too. Was Bruegel an agnostic? Hunt tried to think. Did he believe? He felt a wind; he moved on, followed.

Then suddenly there was blood. In the snow in front of him, on the path, there was snow-granulated blood, small craters red and white, where it had dropped. Hunt screamed out "*Leah!*" But there was nothing. So he ran. Ahead.

He could hear the wind. He could hear water sucking against rocks to his right. And the blood kept up. It was in the snow, dropped almost regularly. Hunt could feel his own blood beating against the sides of his head, spiraling his eyes. He could feel his breath, almost like something textured, cellulose, pushing out of him, sucking in. He imagined it to be the same color as the snow-paled blood. Why was there aftermath with large decisions, Hunt ran and wondered? Why was there always such a wake and aftermath?

The doe lay shadowy in the lake-edge path. Somebody had shot her. In the side. But she was not dead. She was only weak and sad-eyed. And she lay there, as Hunt came upon her, bleeding into the snow. He slowed down. He stopped. He stood and looked at her—and then cried. He saw her fallen there in the white, legs drawn up, or the attempt made. She watched him . . . *with something;* Hunt thought *with something,* because her eyes were gone. Still she watched. She hoped, it seemed. He could not tell. *Hoped? For What?* Hunt imagined it was to trust him. Hunt imagined that it was that he would not draw a gun and put another hole in her side. Hunt imagined that it was that he would not take a knife and move to her and open her belly up and remove her heart. So that he could suck on it. So that he could hurl it off into the branch tops for the dark birds.

Hunt drew a breath. *Hoped*. Then he drew several more. He and the deer each held each other briefly with a mutual sight. Then Hunt moved to her. He knelt down. Hunt laid his head on her wound and tried to hear the tide of it—in and out. Or perhaps he was only listening to the lake. She seemed still warm. The skin was stiff but still living, going on. She didn't move. She lay quiet. She made no attempt to escape him or to retreat. Maybe it was only that even that was gone—that will, that initiative. And Hunt wept. *Goddamn Bruegel,* he thought; *goddamn his truth*. Then suddenly her side exploded. Or seemed to. She convulsed. Her breath sparked, from her nose. Her ribs, her entire cage and wound clenched. A moment later, she was quiet, living, still, accepting Hunt or whatever.

So he stood. He did not try to touch or move the doe. He left her there. He moved around. He backed slightly away, watching her head turn slowly, slowly, watching him. Her eyes it seemed—or perhaps it was just simply the light—her eyes had dissolved almost completely now into their glass. If there were sight, it was buried. If there was vision, it was so small that he would have to approach her again, close, *close* to find it out. And he didn't want to do that.

Hunt found Leah a halfmile further down the lake-border path. She was simply standing there, in the white. She had no coat on, no gloves, no hat. Her skin was loose on her face. And without hue. Hunt could not see any texture there, or pores.

Leah was staring out, over the lake. It was hard to say *at* what, at what object or point. She only stared. Her breath moved in and out of her like thin film. Hunt took hold.

"Leah. . ."

She made no recognition of him, voice or touch. Her mouth was slack. Almost like the deer's, her eyes seemed

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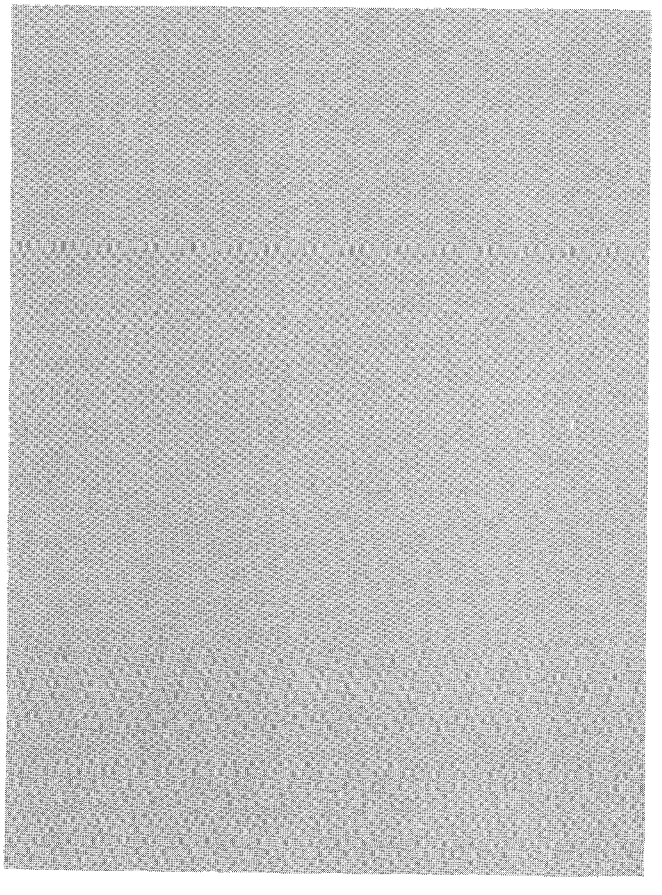
nearly vanished inside her head. Hunt turned her around. He headed and led her back down along the path. Her feet followed his carrying of her upper body and lent support. Branches bent in the way, but Hunt took them with his head for both of them. It was hard to think. There was a network of branches and connections; causes, effects; positions, aftermaths—penciled lightly somewhere within him, between brain and eye. Hunt did not want to, but could dimly see it, like a web of veins caught only at times under pale, vulnerable, translucent skin. Hunt moved Leah on.

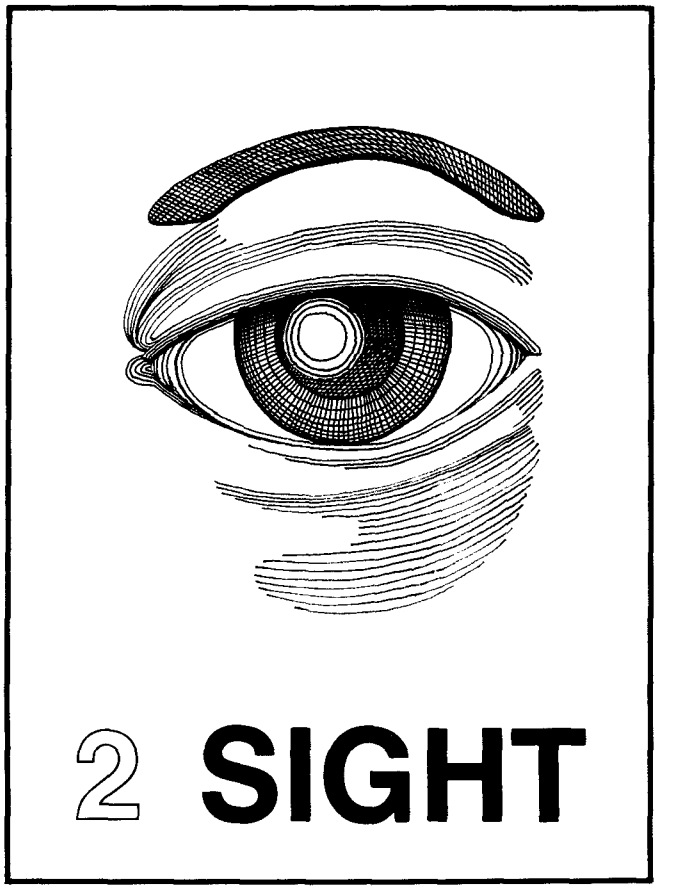
He circled her out through the woods, around the deer, so that she would not see. Leah made no sound. She gave no signal that she retained any present awareness of snow, rocks, branches, water, birds, clouds, of the world. Hunt brought her back. He could smell the fireplace smoke. He brought her in. He sat her down. He took her wet shoes and socks off, put a pair of his own heavy socks on her. He built the fire up, pulled a couch over in front of it, laid her down, covered her up with her own quilt, hoped she'd sleep.

But she didn't. She just lay there with her eyes open until night, when the children were both upstairs, and asked him if there had been any *pleasant* times. Hunt said *yes; of course*. He told her of them. He spoke in images: birds, water, light, branch patterns, shore, dogs, a farm. He used the colors buff, burnt sienna, white.

"Thank you," Leah said. "Thank you." And they both slept.

But before Hunt slept, he thought once again of Bruegel, of his immortal *Triumph of Death*. And he wondered. □





2 SIGHT

Hunt could not open his eyes. He had a dream in which he stood, it seemed forever, polishing objects: glass, ceramics, oiled wood. He would polish them, then lay them out on counters, tables. When the dream first started, he had thought he was emptying the dishwasher. But that was wrong. He was shining. He was rubbing highly glazed and reflective things. With a small cloth. There was a huge hall filled with narrow tables from which all these highly polished things shone. Almost like light sources in themselves. But when Hunt woke from the dream of his polishing, he could not open his eyes.

He sat up.

"Something the matter?" Leah rolled slightly in her place and asked. ". . . Hunt?"

". . . I . . ."

"What?"

". . . I can't . . ."

"What?"

"Open my eyes."

"Oh, Jesus—Hunt!" She rolled over and looked up.

"I'm serious."

"You mean in addition to your little love-pet Anne and all the *other* reasons that you're going to leave the boys and me in two months—you mean, to tell me that I've *blinded* you too?"

"I didn't say . . ."

"Hunt: wash your face!"

He got out of bed, felt his way to the bathroom. Was the

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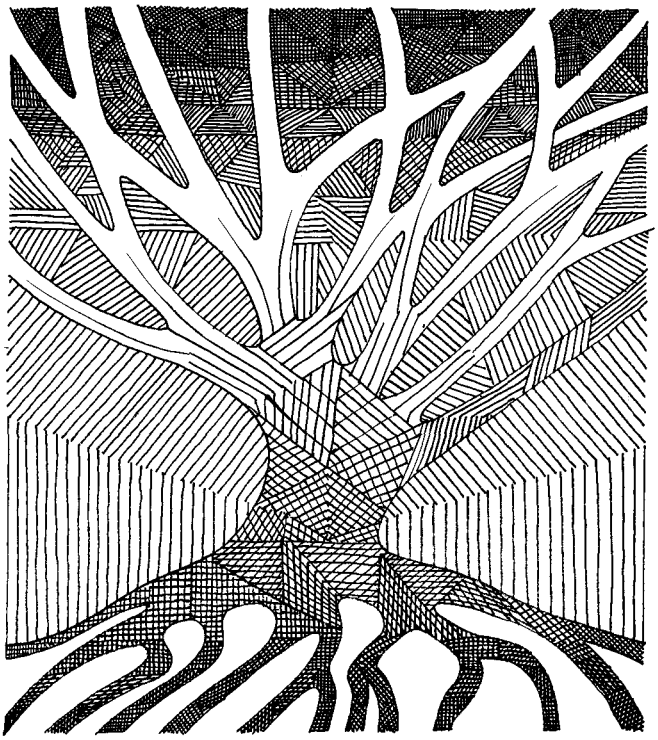

cold water on the left or right? Right. He ran it. He let it get really cold. He splashed his face with it for a long time. He tried his face. He tried to pry his lids open with a towel. But they wouldn't come. He felt his way back to the bedroom.

"They won't open."

"*Hunt!*"

He stood outside in the wind and 18 degree temperatures while Leah was cooking breakfast. He thought the cold would contract his skin. But for Hunt, even in the jay-filled New Hampshire morning, it stayed dark. He flexed his forehead, wrinkling and unwrinkling his brow, thinking that he could loosen his lids that way. But they wouldn't come.

"Dad, your eyes are shut!" Sean said to him, chewing cinnamon toast, staring across the table.

"Yes, I know."

"Your father's rehearsing for a play."

"Dad—are . . . ?"

"It's not funny, Leah. I won't be able to paint!"

"Pity."

"Dad—really—are . . . ?"

"I won't be able to walk with you and Todd up to the bus this morning, Sean."

"They could hold your hand."

"Leah . . ."

"Dad—can't you open your eyes?"

"Can't Daddy open his eyes, Mommy?" Todd asked.

"Some people simply choose blindness," Leah gathered their cereal bowls in and said.

"How long have you had this?" Dr. Kartch, the local ophthalmologist asked Hunt.

"Since this morning. It must have happened during the night. When I woke up."

"Do you see this light?"

"I see orange. And some spots."

"Does it look different now?"

"What?"

"The light."

"Further away?"

"It was closer. Tip your head back. Let me put some drops on your lids.—There.—Now. . . Do you feel anything?

"Moisture."

"Moisture doing what? Does there seem to be any reaction?"

"I don't . . ."

"You're a painter—did you say?"

"Yes."

"What do you paint?"

"Well, recently . . . recently I've been painting . . . self-portraits, painting realistic things mostly, I guess. Myself. Myself and others. Parents. My present wife. My children. A good friend named Anne. Realism."

"How's your light?"

"My light? Good."

"What are you working in?"

"Working? Oils. Oils and acrylics."

"Are you painting dark or light?"

"Well . . . More . . .more, I suppose . . . more, I suppose dark than light."

"Hmmm."

Hunt sat in the bathroom. Leah'd driven him home. He couldn't figure it out. "No reason," Dr. Kartch had told him. "No apparent reason." *Sonofabitch,* Hunt thought to himself; *this is mad.* He heard the pipes shaking underneath him and, it seemed, in the walls. He heard both furnaces turning on. He felt ahead of him, for the sink. He leaned forward, banged his head on it, hoping the shock would help. Still, he had no sight.

"There's a bump on your forehead," Leah said.

"It's all right."

"Maybe your eyes have *risen.* And are trying to work their way out above."

"Very funny."

"God is punishing you, Hunt."

"Don't think I haven't thought that."

He felt his way, started touching everything in the house, moving from room to room, feeling, groping, picking things up: ashtrays, candles, radios, pillows, pictures on walls, vases, flowers *in* them, lamps, fireplace tools. He tried to understand things about weight and texture. He tried to sense what he couldn't see.

"Is this *red?*" He asked Leah, holding a piece of glass.

"Orange."

Hunt remembered reading somewhere about people who could tell color just by touch. *Close,* he thought to himself; *orange; close.* And he wondered if he could develop that, shape sensitivity so that he could just *hold* his fingers above oils and determine. *Cobalt blue!* Even *mix* colors the same way. He saw the article about him in *Look* magazine: "Blind Man Paints Perfect Color—Perfect Light."

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He found the closet. He got his coat. He put his coat on and went outside. There he began touching too; snow, bark on trees, shrubbery, branches, sticks, ice. He felt a bird feeder, squatted, touched the snow, picked up hollowed sunflower seeds, *sure* he sensed the black and grey of them, their design. He began to feel that he *knew* just where jays and juncos were in the trees, when they flew, where they were moving *to*, and approximately how fast. Inside Hunt's head, he felt he could *see* the wind.

But would Anne still have him, *blind*, he wondered. Would she agree to strap herself down with *that?* God, she'd strapped herself with so *much*. A mad mother's sudden and strange death. A vanishing father. A man-husband that she did not really know. An overweight religion. No. No, and if she said yes, it would still be wrong. He could not ask her to have him blind. Take me. Take a blind artist. No. It was necessary that he leave them both independence. They had talked of that. Shared automony. No.

Hunt went back in.

"Hunt is that you stumbling around upstairs?"

"Yes."

"Hunt—Jesus Christ! Open your eyes!"

Hunt had never seen a blind man hitch-hiking. It was dangerous, he knew. You had to scrape your feet to feel the edge of the road, listen hard for cars. But with his wallet and his checkbook in his pocket he stood out on the state highway with his thumb out. He wore a blue suit with a turtleneck underneath. And an overcoat. He checked his suitpants each time a car went by. They sprayed slush. But he seemed far enough back. With luck, he'd get to Boston by three o'clock, he thought. To the Mass General by at least four. Somebody there on the emergency ward would know more than these country doctors, he was sure. Did they have emergency psychiatric help? Besides, he was doing it by himself.

"Your eyes are shut," the adolescent driver-voice told him. "Why is that?"

"I'm going blind.—And to Boston. Are you heading south toward. . .?"

"I'm going to Manchester. Do you have to *keep* them shut like that? It seems weird."

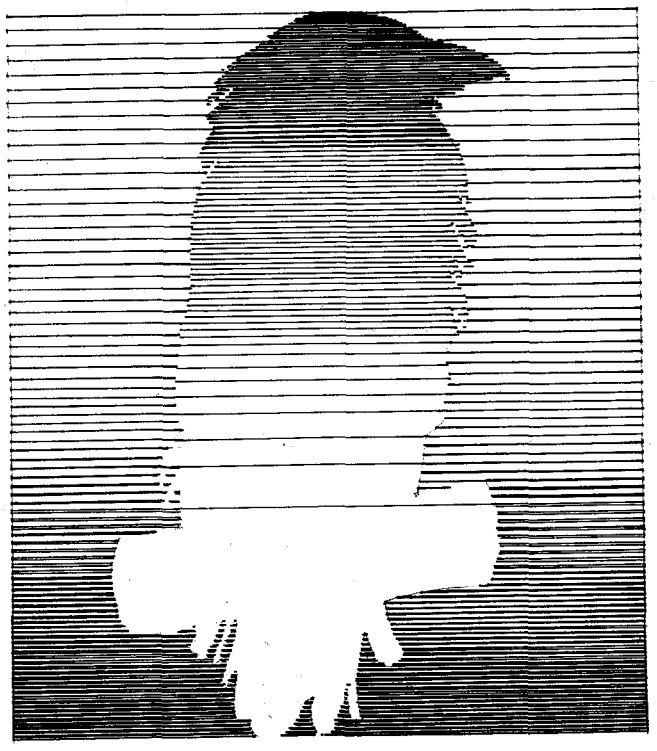
"They're light-sensitive."

"Oh."

"Manchester's great."

"I've never seen a blind man hitch-hiking before."

Standing on the side of Route 93 near Manchester, his thumb cold in the windy air, Hunt imagined and planned his next painting. He would call it "Sight." It would be visionary, he thought. Alive with light! There would be spaces, painted as in multiple exposure, planed in oil, *over* each other: halls, lunch counters, ponds, doorways, snowscapes, alleys, lanes of sky, treebranch matrices, bedroom corners, attics, zones of ocean channel and searock, spaces under stairs. All illuminated. With a figure! With a central figure—somewhere back but in the middle—reaching out, his hands multiple. Like the spaces. Like the light! "Sight!" "Sight #1." And he would do a whole series of them. Like



Cezanne and Mt. St. Victoire. And Anne would love them.

"Hey, Mister! Hey, Your want a ride or *not?*"

"Well, how long have you *been* blind?" One of the girls asked him, the one not driving.

"Since this morning."

"Since this. . . . ?!"

"Well, sometime, maybe, in the night." Hunt was stupid about truth.

"And you're going to the Mass General to have them *look* at you?"

"Yeah. Since I can't look at them."

The girls giggled. Hunt imagined them poking each other in the front seat. He clearly *sensed* them exchanging glances there. They were pulling faces in the silence now, he knew. He should tell them that he saw more than they thought.

"We'll take you," the driver finally said.

Hunt, though he was grateful, did not want to be anybody's cripple. "Just to the door," he said.

"Could you tell me where the Eye and Ear Infirmary is?" he stopped someone he felt passing him and asked.

They directed him.

"And a telephone?"

"You are *where?*" Leah asked.

He told her.

"Hunt, I thought you were in your studio! Feeling sorry for yourself!"

"No. They said someone'd take me in a half hour."

"Should I drive down?"

"What I do, Lee," he said, "is on my own."

"And that's the story of our life," she said.

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They both hung up.

Hunt thought of Anne. Inside his head he saw her, her in an amber room. Dressed in green. With her blond hair. Green and amber. Sunlight filled the room; sun everywhere. And it passed through the amber and made motes. Like water. And it passed quietly through Anne's hair. And she was like something growing, there softly in the amber room.

"Just unclench!"

"Are you a psychiatrist or an eye-doctor?"

"All you need to do is unclench."

"Sir?"

"It doesn't matter. I could be a fruit vender and my advice would still be right.—Mr. Hunt. Come on, now! Just unclench!"

Suddenly the man struck Hunt hard in the stomach, centered it just below his chest. Hunt felt his blood rush violently to the spot. He felt all his nerves and bone bundles spiral in. *Implosion:* Hunt had heard that word once—*implosion,* and that seemed what was happening to him now, within. He could actually *see* the struck spot *in* himself. See the red impression there of a fist. Then it became centered on a canvas. Painted there. There in airbrush. With the abstract, almost psychedelic radiation of Hunt's nerves, blood vessels, bones, ganglia: *all,* as they moved out, bleeding color intensity. "Shock." It was a biomorphic but very hard-edged rendering of, he thought, "Shock."

"There!"

Hunt saw the man.

The man looked at him. He was wearing a rusty-colored tweed suit, and he smiled.

"They went *this* wide," he said to Hunt, "*this* wide," making huge circles, large as silver dollars with his hands. "Boom!"

"Thank you."

"Pleasure."

"How much do I. . . ?"

"Sometimes people just need other people to *punch* them. Just walk up and . . . I enjoy that. I really do. So there's no charge."

The man whistled and walked away. He seemed small.

Hunt looked at all the patients with dark glasses and taped-up eyes there in the clinic with him. All around lay harnessed, sleeping shepherd dogs. And canes. Suddenly Hunt wanted to be in Chinatown: eating snow peas. He loved oyster sauce; he loved green tea and feeling the weight of almond cookies on his tongue.

Later, after his meal, Hunt stood studying the window of a small market on Oxford Street. It was heaped with oranges. They were huge. They had their own moist patina. He stared at them. He imagined them on a canvas: *Chinese Oranges. Chinese Oranges #1.* He saw them, fat and lunar, in a sky. He turned away. Boston was changing. Hunt saw himself: He was no one's comedian. Leah's. Anne's. He did hilarious things, but was imbecilic about audience. He moved toward lower Washington Street, but the oranges somehow had risen and were now hovering. They had reached a bacon-streaked kitchen window high behind him and were staring, studying, framing Hunt, never losing sight. □

MARK VINZ

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Under the dining room light
the old conspiracy flickers:
who failed the checkbook this time,
who hid the newspaper, tipped the ashtray,
left windows open in the rain. . .

The children are upstairs in bed
listening to the grass growing—
it's simple now, in moonlight.
All day they have been speaking to
Mr. South Wind, asking favors:
blow away the neighbors
in their lawnchairs, bring
some new friends in a balloon.

But fathers are useful, too.
I'm required to teach them how to spell
so they can write their dreams,
required to learn a magic chant
to make tornadoes go away,
to tame a big bull cat for them,
and watch their hands, and sing.

And since I cannot fix the tv set
or the ugly eye of a ceiling leak,
cannot make the insects stop
squashing themselves against the screens,
since I am not on speaking terms with
the south wind, or the cupboard crickets,
or even the column of figures
I helped to invent,

it's really the least I can do

here beside the window
and a whole army of health grass
growing greener
growing loud
in the last lovely light
of the moon, the moon, the moon.

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SOME DISTINGUISHED CORRESPONDENTS OF THE NAR

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
HENRY JAMES
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
WOODROW WILSON
MARK TWAIN

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Ralph Waldo Emerson

PERPETUAL FORCES

We cannot afford to miss any advantage. Never was any man too strong for his proper work. Art is long and life short, and he must supply this disproportion by borrowing and applying to his task the energies of Nature. Reinforce his self-respect, show him his means, his arsenal of forces, physical, metaphysical, immortal:—

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."

Show him the riches of the poor, show him what mighty allies and helpers he has. And though King David had no good from making his census out of vainglory, yet I find it wholesome and invigorating to enumerate the resources we can command, to look a little into this arsenal, and see how many round of ammunition, what muskets, and how many arms better than Springfield muskets we can bring to bear.

The hero in the fairy tales has a servant who can eat granite rocks, another who can hear the grass grow, and a third who can run a hundred leagues in half an hour; so man in nature is surrounded by a gang of friendly giants who can accept harder stints than these, and help him in every kind. Each by itself has a certain omnipotence, but all, like contending kings and emperors, in the presence of each other are antagonized and kept polite, and own the balance of power.

There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight you cannot carry, and if he wants aid, knows how to find his fellow-laborers. Water works in masses, sets his irresistible shoulder to your mill or to your ships, or transports vast boulders of rock neatly packed in his iceberg a thousand miles. But its far greater power depends on its talent of becoming little, and entering the smallest holes and pores. By this agency, carrying in solution elements needful to every point, the vegetable world exists.

Who are the farmer's servants? Who but geology, chemistry, the quarry of the air, the water of the brook, the lightning of the cloud, the plough of the frost? Before he was born into the field, the sun of ages soaked it with light and heat, mellowed his land, decomposed the rocks, covered it with vegetable film, then with forests, and accumulated cubic acres of sphagnum whose decays make the peat of his meadow. The rocks crack like glass by inequality of contraction in heat and cold, and flakes fall constantly into the soil. The tree can draw on the whole air, the whole earth, on all the rolling main. The plant, the tree, is all suction-pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs with all its might. Take up a spadeful or a buck-load of loam; who can guess what it holds? But a gardener knows that it is full of peaches, full of oranges, and he drops in a few seeds by way of keys to unlock and combine its virtues, — lets it lie in sun and rain, and by and by it has lifted into the air its full weight in golden fruit.

What agencies of electricity, gravity, light, affinity, combine to make every plant what it is, and in a manner so quiet that the presence of these tremendous powers is not ordinarily suspected. Faraday said that "a grain of water is known to have electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning." The ripe fruit is dropped at last without violence, but the lightning fell and the storm raged, and strata were deposited and uptorn and bent back, and Chaos moved from beneath to create and flavor the fruit on your table to-day.

Go out of doors and get the air. Ah, if you knew what was in the air! See what your robust neighbor, who never feared to live in it, has got from it; strength, cheerfulness, power to convince, heartiness and equality to each event. As the sea is the receptacle of all rivers, so the air is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which they all return; an immense distillery, a sharp solvent, drinking the oxygen from plants, carbon from animals, the essence and spirit of every solid on the globe; a menstruum which melts the mountains into it. All the earths are burnt metals. One half the avoirdupois of the rocks which compose the solid crust of the globe consists of oxygen. The adamant is always passing into smoke; Nature burns her capital day by day. All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The earth burns, the mountains burn, slower but as incessantly as wood in the fire. The marble column, the brazen statue, burn under the daylight, and would soon decompose, if their molecular structure, disturbed by the raging sunlight, were not restored by the darkness of night. Plants and animals burn or perpetually exhale their own bodies into the air and earth again.

Whilst all thus burns, the universe in a blaze, kindled from the torch of the sun, it needs a perpetual tempering, a phlegm, a sleep, atmospheres of azote, deluges of water, to check the fury of the conflagration; a hoarding to check the spending, a centripetence to the centrifugence. And this is uniformly supplied. Nature is as subtle as she is strong, and like a cautious testator ties up her estate so as not to bestow it all on one generation, but has a forelooking tenderness and equal regard to the next and the next and the fourth and the fortieth. The winds and the rains come back a thousand and a thousand times. The coal on your grate gives out in decomposing to-day exactly the same amount of light and heat which was taken from the sunshine in its formation in the leaves and boughs of the antediluvian tree.

The earliest hymns of the world were hymns to these natural forces. The Vedas of India, which have a date older than Homer, or hymns to the winds, to the clouds, and to fire.

They all have certain properties which adhere to them, such as conservation, persisting to be themselves, impossi-

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bility of being warped. The sun has lost no beams, the earth no elements; gravity is as adhesive, heat as expansive, light as joyful, air as virtuous, water as medicinal, as on the first day. There is no loss, only transference. When the heat is less here it is not lost, but more heat is there. When the rain exceeds on the coast, there is drought on the prairie. When the continent sinks, the opposite continent, that is to say, the opposite shore of the ocean, rises. When life is less here, it spawns there.

These forces are in an ascending series, but seem to leave no room for the individual; man or atom, he only shares them; he sails the way these irresistible winds blow. But behind all these are finer elements, the sources of them, and much more rapid and strong; a new style and series, the spiritual. Intellect and morals appear only the material forces on a higher plane. The laws of material nature run up into the invisible world of the mind, and hereby we acquire a key to those sublimities which skulk and hide in the caverns of human consciousness. And in the impenetrable mystery which hides—and hides through absolute transparency—the mental nature, I await the insight which our advancing knowledge of material laws shall furnish.

But the laws of force apply to every form of it. The husbandry learned in the economy of heat or light or steam or muscular fibre applies precisely to the use of wit. What I have said of the inexorable persistence of every elemental force to remain itself, the impossibility of tampering with it or warping it,—the same rule applies again strictly to this force of intellect,—that it is perception, a seeing, not making, thoughts. The man must bend to the law, never the law to him.

The brain of man has methods and arrangements corresponding to these material powers, by which he can use them. See how trivial is the use of the world by any other of its creatures. Whilst these forces act on us from the outside, and we are not in their counsel, we call them Fate. The animal instincts guide the animal as gravity governs the stone; and in man that bias or direction of his constitution is often as tyrannical as gravity. We call it temperament, and it seems to be the remains of wolf, ape, and rattlesnake in him. While the reason is yet dormant, this rules; as the reflective faculties open, this subsides. We come to reason and knowledge; we see the causes of evils and learn to parry them and use them as instruments—by knowledge being inside of them and dealing with them as the Creator does. It is curious to see how a creature so feeble and vulnerable as a man, who, unarmed, is no match for the wild beasts, tiger, or crocodile, none for the frost, none for the sea, none for a fog, or a damp air, or the feeble fork of a poor worm,—each of a thousand petty accidents put him to death every day,—is yet able to subdue to his will these terrific forces, and more than these. His whole frame is responsive to the world, part for part, every sense, every pore, to a new element, so that he seems to have as many talents as there are qualities in nature.

No force but is his force. He does not possess them; he is a pipe through which their currents flow. If a straw be held still in the direction of the ocean-current, the sea will pour through it as through Gibraltar. If he should measure strength with them, if he should fight the sea and the whirlwind with his ship, he would snap his spars, tear his sails, and swamp his bark; but by cunningly dividing the force, tapping the tempest for a little sidewind, he uses the monsters, and they carry him where he would go. Look at him; you can give no guess at what power is in him. It never appears directly, but follow him and see his effects, see his productions. He is a planter, a miner, a shipbuilder, a machinist, a musician, a steam-engine, a geometer, an astronomer, a persuader of men, a lawgiver, a builder of towns,—and each of these by dint of a wonderful method or series that resides in him and enables him to work on the material elements.

We are surrounded by human thought and labor. Where are the farmer's days gone? See, they are hid in that stone-wall, in that excavated trench, in the harvest grown on what was shingle and pine-barren. He put his days into carting from the distant swamp the mountain of muck which has been trundled about until it now makes the cover of fruitful soil. Labor hides itself in every mode and form. It is massed and blocked away in that stone house for five hundred years. It is twisted and screwed into fragrant hay which fills the barn. It surprises in the perfect form and condition of trees clean of caterpillars and borers, rightly pruned, and loaded with grafted fruit. It is under the house in the well; it is over the house in slates and copper and water-spout; it grows in the corn; it delights us in the flower-bed; it keeps the cow out of the garden, the rain out of the library, the miasma out of the town, It is in dress, in pictures, in ships, in cannon, in every spectacle, in odors, in flavors, in sweet sounds, in works of safety, of delight, of wrath, of science.

These thoughts no man ever saw, but disorder becomes order where he goes; weakness becomes power; surprising and admirable effects follow him like a creator. All forces are his; as the wise merchant, by truth in his dealings, finds his credit unlimited,—he can use in turn, as he wants it, all the property in the world, and first or last vast amounts pass through his hands,—so a man draws on all the air for his occasions as if there were no other breather, on all the water as if there were no other sailer; he is warmed by the sun, and so of every element; he walks and works by the aid of gravitation; he draws on all knowledge as his province, on all beauty for his innocent delight, and first or last he exhausts by his use all the harvests, all the powers of the world. For man, the receiver of all, and depositary of these volumes of power, I am to say that his ability and performance are according to his reception of these various streams of force. We define Genius to be a sensibility to all the impressions of the outer world, a sensibility so equal that it receives accurately all impressions and can truly report them without excess or loss as it received. It must not only receive all, but it must render all. And the health of man is an equality of inlet and outlet, gathering and giving. Any hoarding is tumor and disease.

If we were truly to take account of stock before the last Court of Appeals, that were an inventory! What are my resources? "Our stock in life, our real estate, is that amount of thought which we have had," and which we have applied, and so domesticated. The ground we have thus created is forever a fund for new thoughts. A few moral maxims confirmed by much experience would stand high on the list, constituting a supreme prudence. Then the knowledge unutterable of our private strength, of where it lies, if its acces-

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ses and facilitations, and of its obstructions. My conviction of principles, that is great part of my possessions. Certain thoughts, certain observations, long familiar to me in night-watches and daylights, would be my capital if I removed to Spain or China, or, by stranger translation, to the planet Jupiter or Mars, or to new spiritual societies.

Every valuable person who joins in any enterprise, is it a piece of industry, or the founding of a colony or a college, the reform of some public abuse, or some effort of patriotism,—what he chiefly brings, all he brings, is not his land or his money or body's strength, but his thoughts, his ways of classifying and seeing things, his method. And thus with every one a new power. In proportion to the depth of the insight is the power and reach of the kingdom he controls.

It would be easy to awake wonder by sketching the performance of each of these mental forces, as of the diving-bell of the Memory which descends into the deeps of our past and oldest experience, and brings up every lost jewel; or of the Fancy, which sends up its gay balloon aloft into the sky to catch every tint and gleam of romance; of the Imagination, which turns every dull fact into pictures and poetry, by making it an emblem of a thought. What a power, when, combined with the analyzing understanding, it makes Eloquence, the art of compelling belief, the art of making people's hearts dance to his pipe! And not less method, patience, self-trust, preserverance, love, desire of knowledge, the passion for truth. These are the angels that take us by the hand, these our immortal, invulnerable guardians. By their strength we are strong, and on the signal occasions in our career their inspirations flow to us, and make the simple wise, the weak able, and the timid brace, make the selfish and protected and tenderly bred person strong for his duty, wise in counsel, skilful in action, competent to rule, willing to obey.

I delight in tracing these wonderful powers, the electricity and gravity of the human world. The power of persistence, of enduring defeat, and of gaining victory by defeats, is one of these forces which never loses its charm. The power of a man increases steadily by continuance in one direction. He becomes acquainted with the resistances, and with his own tools; increases his skill and strength, and learns the favorable moments and favorable accidents. He is his own apprentice, and more time gives a great addition of power, just as a falling body acquires momentum with every foot of the fall. How we prize a good continuer! I knew a manufacturer who found his property invested in chemical works, which were depreciating in value. He undertook the charge of them himself, began at the beginning, learned chemistry, and acquainted himself with all the conditions of the manufacture. His friends dissuaded him, advised him to give up the work, which was not suited to the country. Why throw good money after bad? But he persisted, and after many years succeeded in his production of the right article for commerce, brought up the stock of his mills to par, and then sold out his interest, having accomplished the reform that was required.

In each the talent is the perception of an order and series in that department he deals with,—of an order and series which pre-existed in nature, and which this mind sees and conforms to. The geometer shows us the true order in figures; the painter, in laws of color; the dancer, in grace. Bonaparte, with his celerity of combination, mute, unfathomable, reading the geography of Europe as if his eyes were telescopes; his will an immense battery, discharging irresistible volleys of power always at the right point in the right time.

There was a story in the journals of a poor prisoner in a Western police-court who was told he might be released if he would pay his fine. He had no money, he had no friends, but he took his flute out of his pocket, and began to play, to the surprise and, as it proved, to the delight of all the company; the jurors waked up; the sheriff forgot his duty, the judge himself beat time, and the prisoner was by general consent of court and officers allowed to go his way without any money. And I suppose if he could have played loud enough we here should have beat time, and the whole population of the globe would beat time, and consent that he should go without his fine.

I knew a stupid young farmer, churlish, living only for his gains and with whom the only intercourse you could have was to buy what he had to sell. One day I found his little boy of four years dragging about after him the prettiest little wooden cart, so neatly built, and with decorations too, and learned that Papa had made it; that hidden deep in that thick skull was this gentle art and taste, which the little fingers and caresses of his son had the power to draw out into day; he was no peasant after all. So near to us is the flowering of fine art in the rudest population. See in a circle of school-girls one with no beauty, no special vivacity, but she can so recite her adventures that she is never alone, but at night or at morning, wherever she sits, the inevitable circle gathers round her, willing prisoners of that wonderful memory and fancy and spirit of life. Would you know where to find her? Listen for the laughter, follow the cheerful hum, see where is the rapt attention, and a pretty crowd all bright with one electricity; there in the centre of fellowship and joy is Scheherazade again.

See how rich life is; rich in private talents, each of which charms us in turn and seems the best. If we hear music, we give up all to that; if we fall in with a cricket-club, and see the game masterly played, the best player is the first of men; if we go to the regatta, we forget the bowler for the stroke oar; and when the soldier comes home from the fight, he fills all eyes. But the soldier has the same admiration of the great parliamentary debater. And poetry and literature are disdainful of all these claims beside their own. It seems as if the story were gospel truth, of the boy who thought in turn each one of the four seasons the best, and each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the crowner.

The sensibility is all. Every one knows what are the effects of music to put people in gay or mournful or martial mood. But these are effects on dull subjects, and only the hint of its power on a keener sense. It is a stroke on a loose or tense cord. The story of Orpheus, of Arion, of the Arabian minstrel, are not fables, but experiments on the same iron at white heat.

By this wondrous susceptibility to all the impressions of Nature the man finds himself the receptacle of celestial thoughts, of happy relations to all men. The imagination enriches him, as if there were no other; the memory opens all

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her cabinets and archives; Science her length and breadth, Poetry her splendor and joy, and the august circles of eternal Law.

These are means and stairs for new ascensions of the mind. But they are nowise impoverished for any other mind, not tarnished, not breathed upon, for the mighty Intellect did not stoop to him and become property, but he rose to it and followed its circuits. "It is ours while we use it, it is not ours when we do not use it."

And so, one step higher, when he comes into the realm of sentiment and will. He sees the grandeur of justice, the victory of love, the eternity that belongs to all moral nature. He does not then invent his sentiment or his act, but obeys a pre-existing right which he sees. We arrive at virtue by taking its direction instead of imposing ours.

The last revelation of intellect and of sentiment is that in a manner it severs the man from all other men, makes known to him that the spiritual powers are sufficient to him, if no other being existed; that he is to deal absolutely in the world, as if he alone were a system and a state, and though all should perish, could make all anew.

The forces are infinite. Every one has the might of all; for the secret of the world is that its energies are *solidaires*; that they work together on a system of mutual aid, all for each and each for all; that the strain made on one point bears on every arch and foundation of the structure. But if you wish to avail yourself of their might, and in like manner if you wish the force of the intellect and the force of the will, you must take their divine direction, not they yours. Obedience alone gives the right to command. It is like the village operator who taps the telegraph-wire and surprises the secrets of empires as they pass to the capital. So this child of the dust throws himself by obedience into the circuit of the heavenly wisdom, and shares the secret of God.

Thus is the world delivered into your hand, but on two conditions,—not for property, but for use; use according to the noble nature of the gifts, and not for toys, not for self-indulgence. Things work to their ends, not to yours, and will certainly defeat any adventurer who fights against this ordination.

The effort of men is to use them for purely private ends. They wish to pocket land and water and fire and air and all fruits of these for property, and would like to have Aladdin's lamp to compel darkness, and iron-bound doors, and hostile armies, and lions and serpents to serve them like footmen. And they wish the same service from the spiritual faculties. A man has a rare mathematical talent, inviting him to the beautiful secrets of geometry, and wishes to clap a patent on it, or has the fancy and invention of a poet, and says, "I will write a play that shall be repeated in London a hundred nights"; or a military genius, and, instead of using that to defend his country, he says, "I will fight the battle so as to give me place and political consideration"; or Canning or Thurlow has a genius of debate, and says, "I will know how with this weapon to defend the cause that will pay best and make me Chancellor or Foreign Secretary." But this perversion is punished with instant loss of true wisdom and real power.

I find the survey of these cosmical powers a doctrine of consolation in the dark hours of private or public fortune. It shows us the world alive, guided, incorruptible; that its canon cannot be stolen, nor its virtues misapplied. It shows us the long Providence, the safeguards of rectitude. It animates exertion; it warns us out of that despair into which Saxon men are prone to fall,—out of an idolatry of forms, instead of working to simple ends, in the belief that Heaven always succors us in working for these. This world belongs to the energetical. It is a fagot of laws, and a true analysis of these laws, showing how immortal and how self-protecting they are, would be a wholesome lesson for every time and for this time. That band which ties them together is unity, is universal good, saturating all with one being and aim, so that each translates the other, is only the same spirit applied to new departments. Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change, every cause in Nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.

All our political disasters grow as logically out of our attempts in the past to do without justice, as the sinking of some part of your house comes of defect in the foundation. One thing is plain; a certain personal virtue is essential to freedom; and it begins to be doubtful whether our corruption in this country has not gone a little over the mark of safety, so that when canvassed we shall be found to be made up of a majority of reckless self-seekers. The divine knowledge has ebbed out of us, and we do not know enough to be free.

I hope better of the state. Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage. A boy who knows that a bully lives round the corner which he must pass on his daily way to school is apt to take sinister views of streets and of school-education. And a sensitive politician suffers his ideas of the part New York or Pennsylvania or Ohio are to play in the future of the Union to be fashioned by the election of rogues in some counties. But we must not gratify the rogues so deeply. There is a speedy limit to profligate politics.

Fear disenchants life and the world. If I have not my own respect, I am an imposter, not entitled to other men's, and had better creep into my grave. I admire the sentiment of Thoreau, who said, "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear; God himself likes atheism better." For the world is a

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battle-ground; every principle is a war-note, and the most quiet and protected life is at any moment exposed to incidents which test your firmness. The illusion that strikes me as the masterpiece in that ring of illusions which our life is, is the timidity with which we assert our moral sentiment. We are made of it, the world is built by it, things endure as they share it; all beauty, all health, all intelligence, exist by it; yet we shrink to speak it or to range ourselves by its side. Nay, we presume strength of him or them who deny it. Cities go against it; the college goes against it; the courts snatch at any precedent, at any vicious form of law to rule it out; legislatures listen with appetite to declamations against it and vote it down. Every new asserter of the right surprises us, like a man joining the church, and we hardly dare believe he is in earnest.

But what we do and suffer is in moments; the cause of right for which we labor never dies, works in long periods, can afford many checks, gains by our defeats, and will know how to compensate our extremest sacrifice. Wrath and petulance may have their short success, but they quickly reach their brief date and decompose, whilst the massive might of ideas is irresistible at last. Whence does this knowledge come? Where is the source of power? The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. The world stands on ideas and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force.

As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air, and the planet rests on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts. □

Henry James

NEW YORK: A SPRING IMPRESSION

It was a concomitant, always, of the down-town hour that it could be felt as *most* playing into the surrendered consciousness and making the sharpest impression; yet, since the up-town hour was apt, in its turn, to claim the same distinction, I could only let each of them take its way with me as it would. The oddity was that they seemed not at all to speak of different things—by so quick a process does any one aspect, in the United States, in general, I was to note, connect itself with the rest; so little does any link in the huge looseness of New York, in especial, appear to come as whole, or as final, out of the fusion. The fusion, as of elements in solution in a vast hot pot, is always going on, and one stage of the process is as typical or as vivid as another. Whatever I might be looking at, or be struck with, the object or the phase was an item in the pressing conditions of the place, and as such had more in common with its sister-items than it had in difference from them. It mattered little, moreover, whether this might be a proof that New York, among cities, most deeply languishes and palpitates, or vibrates and flourishes (whichever way one may put it), under the breath of her conditions, or whether, simply, this habit of finding a little of *all* my impressions reflected in any one of them testified to the enjoyment of a real relation with the subject. I like, indeed, to think of my relation to New York as, in that manner, almost inexpressibly intimate, and as hence making, for daily sensation, a keyboard—continuous, and as free from hard transitions, as if swept by the fingers of a master-pianist. You cannot, surely, say more for your sense of the underlying unity of an occasion than that the taste of each dish in the banquet recalls the taste of most of the others; which is what I mean by the "continuity," not to say the affinity, on the island of Manhattan, between the fish and the sweets, between the soup and the game. The whole feast affects one as eaten—that is the point—with the general queer sauce of New York; a preparation as freely diffused somehow, on the East side as on the West, in the quarter of Grand Street as in the quarter of Murray Hill. No fact, I hasten to add, would appear to make the place more amenable to delineations that desire to be spoken of as hanging together.

I must confess, notwithstanding, to not being quite ready to point directly to the common element in the dense Italian neighborhoods of the lower East side and in the upper reaches of Fifth and Madison Avenues; though, indeed, I wonder at this inability in recollecting two or three of those charming afternoons of early summer, in Central Park, which showed the fruit of the foreign tree as shaken down there with a force that smothered everything else. The long residential vistas I have named were within a quarter of an hour's walk, but the alien was as truly in possession, under the high "aristocratic" nose, as if he had had but three steps to come. If it be asked why, the alien still striking you so as an alien, the singleness of impression, throughout the place, should still be so marked, the answer, close at hand, would seem to be that the alien himself fairly *makes* the singleness of impression. Is not the universal sauce essentially *his* sauce, and do we not feel ourselves feeding half the time from the ladle, as greasy as he chooses to leave it for us, that he holds out? Such questions were in my ears, at all events, with the cheerful hum of that Babel of tongues

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established in the vernal Park, and they supplied, beyond doubt, the livelier interest of any hour of contemplation there. I hate to drift into dealing with them at the expense of a proper tribute, kept distinct and vivid, to the charming bosky precinct itself, the great field of recreation in which they swarmed; but it could not be the fault of the brooding visitor, and still less that of the restored absentee, if he was conscious of the need of mental adjustment to phenomena absolutely fresh. He could remember still how, months before, a day or two after his restoration, a noted element of one of his first impressions had been this particular revealed anomaly. He had been, on the Jersey shore, walking with a couple of friends through the grounds of a large, new rural residence, where groups of diggers and ditchers were working, on those lines of breathless haste which seem always, in the United States, of the essence of any question, toward an expensive effect of landscape-gardening. To pause before them, for interest in their labor, was, and would have been everywhere, instinctive; but what came home to me on the spot was that whatever *more* would have been anywhere else involved had here inevitably to lapse.

What lapsed, on the spot, was the element of communication with the workers, as I may call it for want of a better name; that element which, in a European country, would have operated, from side to side, as the play of mutual recognition, founded on old familiarities and heredities, and involving, for the moment, some impalpable exchange. The men, in the case I speak of, were Italians, of superlatively southern type, and impalpable exchange struck me as absent from *their* horizon to positive intensity, to mere unthinkability. It was as if contact were out of the question and the sterility of the passage between us recorded, with due dryness, in our staring silence. This impression was for one of the party a shock—a member of the party for whom, on the other side of the world, the imagination of the main furniture, as it might be called, of any rural excursion, of *the* rural in particular, had been, during years, the easy sense, for the excursionist, of a social relation with any encountered type, from whichever end of the scale proceeding. Had that not ever been, exactly, a part of the vague warmth, the intrinsic color, of any honest man's rural walk in his England or his Italy, his Germany or his France, and was not the effect of its so suddenly dropping out, in the land of universal brotherhood—for I was to find it drop out again and again—rather a chill, straightway, for the heart, and rather a puzzle, not less, for the head? Shortly after the spring of this question was first touched for me, I found it ring out again with a sharper stroke. Happening to have lost my way, during a long ramble among the New Hampshire hills, I appealed for information, at a parting of the roads, to a young man whom, at the moment of my need, I happily saw emerge from a neighboring wood. But his stare was blank, in answer to my inquiry; and, seeing that he failed to understand me, and that he had a dark-eyed "Latin" look, I jumped to the inference of his being a French Canadian. My repetition of my query in French, however, forwarded the case as little, and my trying him with Italian had no better effect "What *are* you then?" I wonderingly asked—on which my accent loosened in him the faculty of speech. "I'm an Armenian," he replied, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a wage-earning youth in the heart of New England to be—so that all I could do was to try and make my profit of the lesson. I could have made it better, for the occasion, if, even on the Armenian basis, he had appeared to expect brotherhood; but this had been as little his seeming as it had been that of the diggers by the Jersey shore.

To inquire of these things, on the spot, to betray, that is, one's sense of the "chill" of which I have spoken, is of course to hear it admitted, promptly enough, that there is no claim to brotherhood with aliens in the first grossness of their alienism. The material of which they consist is being dressed and prepared, at this stage, for brotherhood, and the consummation, in respect to many of them, will not be, cannot from the nature of the case be, in any lifetime of their own. Their children are another matter—as in fact the children, throughout the United States, are an immense matter, are almost the greatest matter of all; it is the younger generation who will fully profit, rise to the occasion and enter into the privilege. The machinery is colossal—nothing is more characteristic of the country than the development of this machinery, in the form of the political and social habit, the common school and the newspaper; so that there are always millions of little transformed strangers growing up in regard to whom the idea of intimacy of relation may be as freely cherished as you like. *They* are the stuff of whom brothers and sisters are made, and the making proceeds on a scale that really need leave nothing to desire. All this you take in, with a wondering mind, and in the light of it the great "ethnic" question rises before you on a corresponding scale and with a corresponding majesty. Once it has set your observation, to say nothing of your imagination, working, it becomes for you, as you go and come, the wonderment to which everything ministers, and that is quickened well-nigh to madness, in some places and on some occasions, by every face and every accent that meet your eyes and ears. The sense of the elements in the caldron—the caldron of the "American" character—becomes thus about as vivid a thing as you can at all quietly manage, and the question settles into a form which makes the intelligible answer further and further recede. "What meaning, in the presence of such impressions, can continue to attach to such a term as the 'American' character?—what type, as the result of such a prodigious amalgam, such a hotchpotch of racial ingredients, is to be conceived as shaping itself?" The challenge to speculation, fed thus by a thousand sources, is so intense as to be, as I say, irritating; but practically, beyond doubt, I should also say, you take refuge from it—since your case would otherwise be hard; and you find your relief not in the least in any direct satisfaction or solution, but absolutely in that blest general drop of the immediate need of conclusions, or rather in that blest general feeling for the impossibility of them, to which the philosophy of any really fine observation of the American spectacle must reduce itself, and the large intellectual, quite even the large æsthetic, margin supplied by which accompanies the spectator as his one positively complete comfort.

It is more than a comfort to him, truly, in all the conditions, this accepted vision of the too-defiant scale of numerosity and quantity—the effect of which is so to multiply the possibilities, so to open, by the million, contingent doors and windows; he rests in it, at last, as an absolute luxury, converting it even into a substitute, into *the* constant

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substitute, for many luxuries that are absent. He doesn't *know*, he can't *say*, before the facts, and he doesn't even want to know or to say; the facts themselves loom, before the understanding, in too large a mass for a mere mouthful: it is as if the syllables were too numerous to make a legible word. The *il*legible word, accordingly, the great inscrutable answer to questions, hangs in the vast American sky, to his imagination, as something fantastic and *abracadabrant*, belonging to no known language, and it is under this convenient ensign that he travels and considers and contemplates and, to the best of his ability, enjoys. The interesting point, in the connection, is moreover that this particular effect of the scale of things is the only effect that, throughout the land, is not directly adverse to joy. Extent and reduplication, the multiplication of common, cognate items and the continuity of motion, are elements that count, there, in general, for fatigue and satiety, prompting the earnest observer, overburdened perhaps already a little by his earnestness, to the reflection that the country is too large for any human convenience; that it can scarce, in the scheme of Providence, have been meant to be dealt with as we are trying, perhaps all in vain, to deal with it; and that its very possibilities of population themselves cause one to wince in the light of the question of intercourse and contact. That relation to its superficies and content—the relation of flat fatigue—is, with the traveller, a constant quantity; so that he feels himself justified of the inward, the philosophic, escape into the convenient immensity. And as it is the restored absentee, with his acquired habit of nearer limits and shorter journeys and more muffled concussions, who is doubtless most subject to flat fatigue, so it is this same personage who most avails himself of the liberty of waiting to see. It is an advantage—acting often in the way of compensation, or of an appeal from the immediate—that he becomes, early in his period of inquiry, conscious of intimately requiring, in whatever apparent inconsistency it may lodge him. There is too much of the whole thing, he sighs, for the personal relation with it; and yet he would desire no inch less for the relation that he describes to himself best perhaps either as the provisionally-imaginative or as the distantly-respectful. Diminution of quantity, even by that inch, might mark the difference of his having to begin to recognize from afar, as through a rift in the obscurity, the gleam of some propriety of opinion. What would a man make, many things still being as they are, he finds himself asking, of a *small* America?—and what may a big one, on the other hand, still not make of itself? Goodness be thanked, accordingly, for the bigness. The state of flat fatigue, obviously, is not an opinion, save in the sense attributed to the slumber of the gentleman of the anecdote who had lost consciousness during the reading of the play—it belongs to the order of mere sensation and impression.

The process of the mitigation and, still more, of the conversion of the alien goes on, meanwhile, obviously, not by leaps and bounds or any form of easy magic, but under its own mystic laws and with an outward air of quite declining to be unduly precipitated. How little it may be thought of in New York as a quick business we readily perceive as the effect of merely remembering the vast numbers of their kind that the arriving reinforcements, from whatever ends of the earth, find already in possession of the field. There awaits the disembarked Armenian, for instance, so warm and furnished an Armenian corner that the need of hurrying to get rid of the sense of it must become less and less a pressing preliminary. The corner growing warmer and warmer, it is to be supposed, by rich accretions, he may take his time, more and more, for becoming absorbed in the surrounding element, and he may in fact feel more and more that he can do so on his own conditions. I seem to find indeed in this latter truth a hint for the best expression of a whole side of New York—the best expression of much of the medium in which one consciously moves. It is formed by this fact that the alien is taking his time, and that you go about with him meanwhile, sharing, all respectfully, in his deliberation, waiting on his convenience, watching him at his interesting work. The vast foreign quarters of the city present him as thus engaged in it, and they are curious and portentous and "picturesque" just by reason of their doing so. You recognize in them, freely, those elements that are not elements of swift convertibility, and you lose yourself in the wonder of what becomes, as it were, of the obstinate, the unconverted residuum. The country at large, as you cross it in different senses, keeps up its character for you as the hugest thinkable organism for successful "assimilation"; but the assimilative force itself has the residuum still to count with. The operation of the immense machine, identical after all with the total of American life, trembles away into mysteries that are beyond our present notation, and that reduce us, in many a mood, to renouncing analysis.

Who and what is an alien, when it comes to that, in a country peopled from the first under the jealous eye of history?—peopled, that is, by migrations at once extremely recent, perfectly traceable and urgently required. They are still, it would appear, urgently required—if we look about, far enough, for the urgency: though of that truth such a scene as New York may well make one doubt. Which is the American, by these scant measures?—which is *not* the alien, over a large part of the country at least, and where does one put a finger on the dividing line, or, for that matter, "spot," and identify any particular phase of the conversion, any one of its successive moments? The sense of the interest of so doing is doubtless half the interest of the general question—the possibility of our seeing lucidly presented some such phenomenon, in a given group of persons, or even in a felicitous individual, as the dawn of the American spirit, while the declining rays of the Croatian, say, or of the Calabrian, or of the Lusitanian, still linger more or less pensively in the sky. Fifty doubts and queries come up, in regard to any such possibility, as one circulates in New York, with the so ambiguous element in the *launched* foreign personality always in one's eye; the wonder, above all, of whether there be, comparatively, in the vastly greater number of the representatives of the fresh contingent, any spirit that the American does not find an easy prey. Repeatedly, in the electric cars, one seemed invited to take that for granted—there being occasions, days and weeks together, when the electric cars offer you nothing else to think of. The carful, again and again, is a foreign carful; a row of

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faces, up and down, testifying without exception to alienism unmistakable, alienism undisguised and unashamed. You do here, in a manner, perhaps, discriminate; the launched condition, as I have called it, is more developed in some types than in others; but I remember observing how in the Broadway and the Bowery conveyances in especial, they tended, almost alike, to make the observer gasp with the sense of isolation. It was not for this that the observer on whose behalf I more particularly write had sought to take up again the sweet sense of the natal air.

The great fact about his companions was that, foreign as they might be, newly inducted as they might be, they were *at home*, really more at home, at the end of their few weeks, or months, or their year or two, than they had ever in their lives been before; and that *he* was at home too, quite with the same intensity: and yet that it was this very equality of condition

that, from side to side, made the whole medium so strange. Here again, however, relief may be sought and found—and I say this at the risk of perhaps picturing the restored absentee as too constantly requiring it; for there is fascination in the study of the innumerable ways in which this sense of being at home, on the part of all the types, may show forth. New York offers to such a study a well-nigh unlimited field; but I seem to recall winter days, harsh, dusky, slushy winter afternoons, in the densely-packed East-side street cars, as an especially intimate surrender to it. It took its place thus, I think, under the general American law of *all* relief from the great equalizing pressure: it took on that last disinterestedness which consists in one's getting away from one's subject by plunging into it, for sweet truth's sake, still deeper. If I speak, moreover, of this general first grossness of alienism as presented in "types," I use that word for easy convenience and not in respect to its indicating marked variety. There are many different ways, certainly, in which obscure fighters of the battle of life may look, under new high lights, queer and crude and unwrought; but the striking thing, precisely, in the crepuscular, tunnel-like avenues that the "Elevated" overarches—yet without quenching, either, that constant power of any American exhibition rather luridly to light itself—the striking thing, and the beguiling, was always the manner in which figure after figure and face after face already betrayed the common consequence and action of their whereabouts. Face after face, unmistakably, was "low"—particularly in the men, squared all solidly in their new security and portability, their vague but growing sense of many unprecedented things; and, as signs of the reinforcing of a large local conception of manners and relations, it was difficult to say if they most affected one as promising or as portentous.

The great thing, at any rate, was that they were all together so visibly on the new, the lifted, level—that of consciously not being what they *had* been, and that this immediately glazed them over as with some mixture, of indescribable hue and consistency, the wholesale varnish of consecration, that might have been applied, out of a bottomless receptacle, by a huge whitewashing brush. Here perhaps was the nearest approach to a seizable step in the evolution of the oncoming citizen, the stage of his no longer being for you—for any complacency of the romantic, or even verily of the fraternizing, sense in you—the foreigner of the quality, of the kind, that he might have been *chez lui*. Whatever he might see himself becoming, he was never to see himself that again, any more than you were ever to see him. He became thus, to my vision (which I have called fascinated for want of a better description of it), a creature promptly despoiled of those "manners" which were the grace (as I am again reduced to calling it) by which one had best known and, on opportunity, best liked him. He presents himself thus, most of all, to be plain—and not only in New York, but throughout the country—as wonderingly conscious that his manners of the other world, that everything you have there known and praised him for, have been a huge mistake; to that degree that the sense of this luminous discovery is what we mainly imagine his weighted communications to those he has left behind charged with; those rich letters home as to the number and content of which the Post-Office gives us so remarkable a statistic. If there are several lights in which the great assimilative organism itself may be looked at, does it not thus perhaps loom largest as an agent for revealing to the citizen-to-be the error in question? He hears it, under this aegis, proclaimed in a thousand voices, and it is as listening to these and as according to the individual more or less swiftly, but always infallibly, penetrated and convinced by them, that I felt myself see him go about his business, see him above all, for some odd reason, sit there in the street-car and with a slow, brooding gravity, a dim calculation of bearings, which yet never takes a backward step, expand to the full measure of it.

So, in New York, largely the "American" value of the immigrant who arrives at all mature is restricted to the enjoyment (all prepared to increase) of that important preliminary truth; which makes him for us, we must own, till more comes of it, a tolerably neutral and colorless image. He resembles for the time the dog who sniffs round the freshly-acquired bone, giving it a push and a lick, betraying a sense of its possibilities, but not—and quite as from a positive deep tremor of consciousness—directly attacking it. There are categories of foreigners, truly, meanwhile, of whom we are moved to say that only a mechanism working with scientific force could have performed this feat of making them colorless. The Italians, who, over the whole land, strike us, I am afraid, as, after the Negro and the Chinaman, the human value most easily produced, the Italians meet us, at every turn, only to make us ask what has become of that element of the agreeable address in

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them which has, from far back, so enhanced for the stranger the interest and pleasure of a visit to their beautiful country. They shed if utterly, I couldn't but observe, on their advent, after a deep inhalation or two of the clear native air; shed it with a conscientious completeness which leaves one looking for any faint trace of it. "Color," of that pleasant sort, was what they had appeared, among the races of the European family, most to have; so that the effect I speak of, the rapid action of the ambient air, is like that of the tub of hot water that reduces a piece of bright-hued stuff, on immersion, to the proved state of not "washing": the only fault of my image indeed being that if the stuff loses its brightness the water of the tub, at least, is more or less agreeably dyed with it. That is doubtless not the case for the ambient air operating after the fashion I here note—since we surely fail to observe that the property washed out of the new subject begins to tint with its pink or its azure his fellow soakers in the terrible tank. If this property that has quitted him—the general amenity of attitude in the absence of provocation to its opposite—could be accounted for by its having rubbed off on any number of surrounding persons, the whole process would be easier and perhaps more comforting to follow. It will not have been his first occasion of taking leave of short-sighted comfort in the United States, however, if the patient inquirer postpones that ideal to the real solicitation of the question I here touch on.

What *does* become of the various positive properties, on the part of certain of the installed tribes, the good manners, say, among them, as to which the process of shedding and the fact of eclipse come so promptly into play? It has taken long ages of history, in the other world, to produce them, and you ask yourself, with independent curiosity, if they may really be thus extinguished in an hour. And if they are not extinguished, into what pathless tracts of the native atmosphere do they virtually, do they provisionally, and so all undiscoverably, melt? Do they burrow underground, to await their day again?—or in what strange secret places are they held in deposit and in trust? The "American" identity that has profited by their sacrifice has meanwhile acquired (in the happiest cases) all apparent confidence and consistency; but may not the doubt remain of whether the extinction of qualities ingrained in generations is to be taken for quite complete? Isn't it conceivable that, for something like a final efflorescence, the business of slow comminglings and makings-over at last ended, they may rise again to the surface, affirming their vitality and value and playing their part? It would be for them, of course, in this event, to attest that had they been worth waiting so long for; but the speculation, at any rate, irresistibly forced upon us, is a sign of the interest, in the American world, of what I have called the "ethnic" outlook. The caldron, for the great stew, has such circumference and such depth that we can only deal here with ultimate syntheses, ultimate combinations and possibilities. Yet I am well aware that if these vague evocations of them, in their nebulous remoteness, may charm the ingenuity of the student of the scene, there are matters of the foreground which so often, in the American world, lies in wait for the spirit of intellectual dalliance. □

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

THE NEED OF LIBERAL DIVORCE LAWS

Within the past few years a new interest has been awakened in questions relating to marriage and divorce, many of the ablest men in England, France, and America taking part in the discussion. In the prolonged debate on "the deceased wife's sister's bill," in the British Parliament, we have had the opinions of the leading men of England as to what constitutes marriage, and the best conditions to insure the happiness and stability of home life. In the French Chamber of Deputies, where a divorce bill has been pending for years, the social relations have been as exhaustively discussed. And now, the proposition to secure a general law of divorce in the United States, by an amendment to the national constitution, must necessarily arouse a wide-spread agitation in this country.

When a distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, in an able article in one of our most liberal reviews, suggests important changes that should be made in our laws regulating the marriage relation, it is time for every good citizen to give a candid consideration to this subject. With many points made by Judge Noah Davis most thoughtful minds must agree, viz., the wisdom of having uniform laws in every State; more stringent laws against early marriages; the same moral code for men and women; that marriage should be regulated by the State, by the civil and not the canon law, wholly independent of church interference, unless the parties desire to solemnize the contract with its ceremonies. Thus far I agree with Judge Davis; but there are a few other equally vital points that I would suggest to him for reconsideration.

In common with the British Parliament, the Chamber of Deputies, and the general spirit of our laws, he regards marriage too much as a physical union, wholly in its material bearings, and from the man's stand-point. He says: "Restrictions ought to be imposed on the marriage of infants. The common-law rule of twelve years for females and fourteen for males is not a fit or decent one for this country. The age should

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be at least fifteen and eighteen years." On what principle, I would ask, should the party on whom all the inevitable hardships of marriage must fall, be the younger to enter the relation? Girls do not get their full growth until twenty-five, and are wholly unfit at fifteen for the trials of maternity. Both mother and child are enfeebled in such premature relations, and the girl robbed of all freedom and sentiment just as she awakens to the sweetest dreams of life. Few fathers or mothers would consent to the marriage of a daughter of fifteen, and the state, by wise laws, should reflect the common sense of the people. What knowledge can a girl of fifteen have of the great problems of social life, of the character of a husband, of the friendship and love of which the true marriage should be an outgrowth?

Though we are taught to regard France, of all European nations, most lax in social morals, yet her legislation on marriage is far more stringent than ours. By French law the husband must be eighteen, the wife fifteen. The consent of the parents or guardians of both parties is required, and, in case of their refusal, the contract cannot be made until the man is twenty-five, and the woman twenty-one. The marriage must be preceded by the publication of the banns, and the ceremony performed by a public official, at his office, in the presence of four witnesses. It is, moreover, recorded in two special registers, one of which is deposited in the archives of the state. Yet, while this contract may be formed so ignorantly, thoughtlessly, and irreverently in the United States, the whole power of law, religion, and public sentiment are now about to be summoned to enforce its continuance, without regard to the happiness or misery of the parties.

Judge Davis speaks of divorce as the foe of marriage. He makes this mistake throughout his article. Divorce is not the foe of marriage. Adultery, intemperance, licentiousness are its foes. One might as well speak of medicine as the foe of health. Again, in subordinating the individual to the state, the premises of Judge Davis are unsound. He says, "the interests of society are first and paramount, those of individuals secondary and subordinate." We have so often heard the declaration that the individual must be sacrificed to society that we have come to think their interests lie in different directions; whereas, the reverse of this proposition is true. Whatever promotes the best interests of the individual promotes the best interests of society, and *vice versa*. The normal condition of adult men and women is one of individual independence, of freedom, and of equality; their first duty, the full development of their own faculties and powers, with a natural right to life, liberty, and happiness, and of resistance to all artificial contrivances that endanger life, curtail liberty, or destroy happiness. The best interests of the individual are the primal consideration; individual happiness, the only true basis of a happy home, a united church, a peaceful state, a well organized society. "We must first have units," says Emerson, "before we can have unions." We must have harmoniously developed men and women before we can have happy marriages. The central idea of barbarism has ever been the family, the tribe, the nation, never the individual. The Roman idea, the pagan idea, was, that the individual was made for the state. The Christian idea is the sacredness of the individual, superior to all human institutions. It was this central truth, taught by the great founder of our religion, that gave Christianity such a hold on the people, slowly molding popular thought to the higher idea, culminating at last in the Protestant Reformation and a Republican Government, alike based on individual rights, on individual conscience and judgment.

In regard to Judge Davis's proposition for an amendment to the national constitution, to make the laws homogeneous from Maine to Texas, the question naturally suggests itself, On what basis should this general law be enacted? On the progressively freer divorce laws that the true American sovereign of the West will surely demand, or on more restrictive legislation? It is evident that Judge Davis inclines to the latter; but in selecting South Carolina as his standard of "peace, purity, and felicity" in family life, because no divorce laws have existed there, he is most unfortunate alike in his philosophy and his statistics. From 1872 to 1878, divorces were obtainable for adultery in South Carolina, but none were granted. In 1878 the law was replaced. Judge Davis indicates, in a very indefinite manner, the result of having no divorce law in South Carolina; he says: "I am greatly misinformed if in that State the peace, purity, and felicity of families do not maintain a far higher standard than in States where divorces are the chronic mischief and misery of domestic life." I will prove by judicial evidence the disastrous effect that the want of a divorce law has had on the family life of South Carolina, the only State in the Union in which a divorce has never been granted. "The Legislature has found it necessary to regulate, by statute, how large a proportion of his property a married man may give to his concubine."*

This fact proves that where divorces are not permitted, meretricious connections will be formed. The above-mentioned law would not have been passed unless there had been subject-matter for it to operate upon. But listen to the words of wisdom from the judicial bench of South Carolina:

> "In this country, where divorces are not allowed for any cause whatever, we sometimes see men of excellent character unfortunate in their marriages, and virtuous women abandoned or driven away houseless by their husbands, who would be doomed to celibacy and solitude if they did not form connections which the law does not allow, and who make excellent husbands and virtuous wives still. Yet they are considered as living in adultery, because a rigorous and unyielding law, from motives of policy alone, has ordained it so." (Nott, *J.*, in Cusack *vs.* White, 2 Mill, 279, 292.)

This is the system that a Judge of the Supreme Court upholds and praises, and is sustained by the Supreme Court of Georgia, which says: "In South Carolina, to her unfading honor, a divorce has not been granted since the Revolution." I would refer the learned judges of New York and Georgia to the case in South Carolina of Jelineau *vs.* Jelineau, 2 Des., p. 45, where a man took his negro slave woman to his bed and board, and with brutal punishment compelled the unoffending wife to eat with his colored concubine. To her "unfading honor," the powers of the State of South Carolina compelled this family to live on in "peace, purity, and felicity." One of the ablest writers on this subject, Joel P. Bishop, says:

> "That the judges should themselves praise the legislation of their own State is no more than we ought to expect; since all men esteem what is their own more highly than what is another's. Thus

*See Denton *vs.* English, 3 Brev., p. 147; also Canady *v.* George, 6 Rich. Eq., p. 103.

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it is remarked by O'Neal, *J.*: 'The most distressing cases, justifying divorce even upon Scriptural grounds, have been again and again presented to the Legislature, and they have uniformly refused to annul the marriage tie.' They have nobly adhered to the injunction, 'Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder.' The working of this stern policy of 'nobly' refusing redress even in the 'most distressing cases,' where Scripture joined with reason in crying for redress, has been to the good of the people and the State in every respect.' And another of the judges exclaims: 'The policy of this State has ever been against divorces. It is one of her boasts that no divorce has ever been granted in South Carolina.' Could South Carolina truly declare that no husband within her borders had ever proved unfaithful to the marriage vow, and no wife had been false to her husband; that the observation judicially made by one of her judges concerning marriages in this State is in no part true, namely, 'all marriages almost are entered into on one of two considerations, love or interest, and the Court is induced to believe the latter is the foundation of most of them' (Thompson, *J.*, in Devall *vs.* Devall, 4 Des., 79); that no judge of hers had from the judicial bench proclaimed it a virtue to commit the legal felony of polygamy, and to live in adultery; that no class of men existed in the State calling for legislation to regulate their connections with their concubines,—then, indeed, might the people of the other States talk of 'unfading honor,' which had settled as a halo, or as a crown of glory about her brow!"

Another view of the domestic virtue and felicity of South Carolina law can be had by reference to the United States Census of 1880, which shows the number of mulattoes, or the mixed races, in that State. Where concubinage is recognized, there is no pressing need for liberal divorce laws.

Judge Davis says: "In the colonial history of the State of New York, for more than a century, divorces were unknown." The Patroon Courts granted divorces in 1630, and other divorces were granted in 1655. In Massachusetts divorces were granted before 1674. In Connecticut, before 1655. I am informed that the declaration by Judge Davis, that a legal divorce can be obtained in New York in twelve hours, is incorrect. In case of a default, the plaintiff cannot get judgment in less than twenty days. If the defendant answers, the motion for judgment must be made at the regular Special Term, in accordance with the accurate interpretation of rule 77 by Judge A. R. Lawrence. In this latter case, the plaintiff cannot get judgment in less than one month. It usually takes at least two months to get judgment in the simplest divorce case. But if it be true in the case specified by Judge Davis, where the crime is adultery and the parties are agreed, that a legal divorce and marriage can occur within twelve hours, the question is, Who is responsible for such laws? and can we safely trust legislators who have placed the marriage institution on such uncertain foundations to draw up a constitutional amendment giving general laws to all the States? Again, Judge Davis's inferences from his facts are not logical. He says the percentage of divorces is largest in States furnishing the readiest facilities for dissolving the union. True, but it is not because the inhabitants of that State are made fickle and faithless by the laws, as he suggests, but because large numbers of persons come from States having rigid divorce laws into those furnishing the readiest facilities for their purpose. The number of divorces granted in a given State is no indication of the general discontent of its own citizens.

Judge Davis is equally unfortunate in his facts of ecclesiastical history. He calls monogamy "an Hebraic Christianized idea." The Hebraic part of that idea was pure polygamy; the Christianized part was the unchanged polygamy of the early Christian church, except where and until it came in contact with the monogamic Greek and Roman civilizations—omitting the Germanic and Norse monogamy from the account, only because Christianity reached them after its modification by Roman civilization. Neither Christ nor his disciples ever attempted to change polygamous into monogamic marriage, any more than they attempted to change absolute political despotism into constitutional or republican government, or to abolish slavery where they found it.

The Catholic Church early seized the control of marriage, as she did of every institution that would give her a hold on mankind, and administered its ordinances in the most tyrannical form as regards the masses, her instinct ever being restrictive; though she always claimed for herself the right of divorce, and exercised it for what she deemed sufficient cause. One of the prominent features of the Reformation was the demand of its great leaders for free divorce, in the interests of morality, in view of the licentiousness of Catholic Europe. And to-day the only hope for the purification of manners and morals is in free divorce; in elevating the ideal of marriage so that it shall consist of the spiritual as well as the physical element. Where unfitness exists, it would be for the interest of society for the state to step in (supposing authority in the matter an admitted fact), and insist on annulling the contract, instead of impeding a separation. The popular objections to divorce are unsound and contradictory.

First. It is said, to make divorce respectable is to break up all family relations,—which is to say that human affections are the result of church canons and statute laws. The love of men and women for each other and for their children existed long before human governments were established, and will survive when all these artificial arrangements shall have passed away. Did the happy wives in this State ever suppose that the regret they felt in leaving home, husband, and children, and the joy in returning, were due to the stringent divorce laws of New York; and that without these they would have been wanderers on the face of the earth? To open the door of escape to those who live in contention, would not necessarily embitter the relations of those who are happy. On the contrary, freedom in all relations strengthens the bond of union. When husbands and wives do not own each other as property, marriage will be a life-long courtship, not a weary yoke, from which both may sometimes long for deliverance. Many a tyrannical husband, knowing that public sentiment would protect his wife in leaving him, might become gracious and reasonable; and many a peevish wife, knowing that her husband could honorably sunder the tie, would soon change her manners.

Second. It is said that the fickle would separate for trifling causes, and that unprincipled men, from love of change, would take a new wife every Christmas, if they could legally rid themselves in season of the old one. As the centripetal forces in the material world are strong enough to hold matter to a common center against all outside attractions, so, in the moral world, the love of change is subordinate to the stronger love of the familiar objects and conditions about them. All experience proves the truth of the historical maxim, "Mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right

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themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed." This objection is based on the idea that woman will always remain the helpless victim of every man she meets. But a new type of womanhood is developing under our free institutions, demanding higher conditions. Educated to self-support, with a profitable place in the world of work, with land under her feet and a shelter over her head, the political equal of the man by her side, she will not clutch at every offer of marriage, like a drowning man at the floating straw. Though men should remain just what they are, the entire revolution in woman's position, now begun, will force a new moral code in social life. But the virtue and independence of women must evolve a higher type of manhood, also.

Third. Some claim that the interests of children require an indissoluble tie. It is a great blessing to be well born, to be welcomed on the threshold of time, and to be reared in an

atmosphere of peace and love. No amount of care and education can ever compensate a child for the morbid conditions of its organization, resulting from coldness, indifference, or disgust in the parents for one another. Next to the misfortune of such a birth, is the demoralizing influence on children trained in an atmosphere of discord and dissatisfaction, such as a false marriage relation inevitably creates. One of the strongest reasons for demanding the release of unhappy wives and husbands is the evil effects on the children.

Fourth. Men and women, it is said, would not exercise the deliberation they now do, if to marry ill were not considered a crime, and the parties doomed to suffer a life-long penalty. Nothing could be more reckless than what is done legally every day, under the present system—when to be seen merely walking together may be taken as evidence in court of intent to marry, and going through the ceremony in jest may seal the contract. The fear of transient conditions would make the parties far more careful in making their family arrangements. Women, acting on the faith of a life-long relation, a permanent home, are very apt to surrender all their earthly possessions into the hands of husbands who spend their substance and then abandon them to self-support. The theory of the indissoluble marriage never was and never can be practicable, except for the best organized men and women, in happy relations, and they are a law to themselves. For others, legal divorces are far better than discord or erratic relations outside of law. Impulsive people, under the influence of strong passions, pay little attention, in any circumstances, to laws or future consequences; and very few know what the laws are, or the penalty for their violation.

Fifth. It is said that the Bible is against divorce. When those who are opposed to all reforms can find no other argument, their last resort is the Bible. It has been interpreted to favor intemperance, slavery, capital punishment, and the subjection of women; and now, in the face of the most pronounced declarations, and the example of "men after God's own heart" and his chosen people for centuries, we are told that it condemns divorce. The one form of marrige recognized in the Bible is polygamy, both in the Old Testament and the New. It was at a Jewish polygamous wedding that Jesus performed his first miracle, and polygamy was practiced by Christians for centuries. It would be rather a difficult task for one thoroughly versed in Scripture to prove the monogamic marriage and the indissoluble tie by any fair interpretation of Hebrew or Greek texts.

As the great majority of divorces are asked for by women, release and divorce are of vital importance to them. No words can describe the infinite outrages to which women are subject in compulsory relations for which the law gives no redress. The decisions of judges in many cases show that the subjection of woman is the very essence of the law of marriage; and how could it be otherwise when the contract and all the statutes governing it have been made by one of the parties, while the other has been profoundly ignorant of its provisions and specifications. How many women in this republic know anything of the spirit or letter of the civil or canon law on this whole question of marriage and divorce? Not until they feel its iron teeth in their own flesh do they awake to the helplessness of their position. Thus far this vital question has ben discussed by man; he has spoken in Scripture, and spoken in law; from the beginning he has had the whole and sole regulation of the matter. In all history, sacred and profane, woman has never been recognized as an equal party to the contract. Will the remedy that Judge Davis proposes, a general law on the basis of the code in South Carolina, bring new liberties to woman? No, no; in justice to the daughters of this republic there should be no such final settlement of this question as a constitutional amendment involves until woman has a direct voice in the legislation of the country. For the past half century, those who understand our system of jurisprudence have been constantly protesting against the spirit and letter of the common law of England on which our system is based, until many of the old statues so degrading and oppressive to married women have been, one after another, swept away. Finding the marriage relation theoretically a condition of slavery, and practically so when tyrannical husbands chose to avail themselves of their legal rights, women early began to ask release from their yoke of bondage, and here and there humane legislators, roused with a sense of woman's wrongs, began to open the door of escape through liberal divorce laws. But at first it required great courage and self-respect for wives, however miserable, in the face of time-honored laws, religion, and public sentiment, to avail themselves of these new privileges. Now, with higher light and knowledge of the true marriage, and

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all the responsibilities that grow out of it, they begin to feel themselves more degraded by remaining with unworthy and unloved partners than by sundering the unholy ties that bind them in such unions. When we appreciate the fact that the vast majority of applications for divorce are made by women, that liberal divorce laws for oppressed wives are what Canada was for Southern slaves, it is clearly a work of supererogation for learned men to demand "more stringent laws for women's protection!"—protection, such as the eagle gives the lamb he carries to his eyrie! Alas, for the wrongs that woman has suffered under the specious plea of protections!

If the marriage institution is of divine origin, we may safely trust him who ordained it to see that "those whom he hath joined together will never be put asunder." It is not necessary to reënact the laws of God. Liberal divorce laws are intended to enable those only whom God has not joined together to be put asunder. Such laws, so far from being barbarous and degrading, indicate the growing independence, intelligence, and virtue of American womanhood. Our decreasing families, so far from being an evidence of the dying out of material love, indicate a higher perception of the dignity and responsibility of motherhood. With woman's keen sense of moral principles, she begins to appreciate the awful waste of human force as she contemplates the panorama of our social life: the unhappy inmates of our jails and prisons, of our asylums for the insane, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the orphan and pauper, the innumerable standing army of drunkards, the multitudes of children whom nobody owns, and for whom nobody cares—cold, hungry, their feet in slippery places, sleeping at night in all our cities, like rats, in any hole they can find. In view of these appalling facts, the mothers of the race may well pause and put the question to themselves, Is it for such as these we give the heyday of our lives? For such as these we ever and anon go down to the very gates of death? Is this a life-work worth our highest ambition, a religious duty for our best powers? The answering echo from every mountain-top is, No! Above the thunders of Sinai, a warning voice, loud and clear, rings through the centuries: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, to the third and fourth generations."

Before claiming that marriage is a divine institution, before binding women by further restrictive legislation, let the high-priests at the family altars purify themselves, body and soul, and make themselves fit to be the creators of immortal beings. Science has vindicated the right to discuss freely whether our ancestors were apes; let it be as free to ask whether our posterity shall be idiots, knaves, and lunatics; and if not, by what changes such wretched results may be avoided. Judge Davis's picture of the general upheaval in our social life, under liberal divorce laws, is, indeed, a sad presentation of the possible future; but a change in the civil code will not destroy all natural affections. Is family life with the mass of mankind so satisfactory that it calls for no improvement? Change is not death, neither is progress destruction. We have shifted governments from despotisms, empires and monarchies, to republics, without giving up the idea of national life; and we Americans believe that greater peace and prosperity are enjoyed in a republic than under any other form of government. True, these changes from the lower to the higher have involved hot debates, violence, and war; but the free institutions we enjoy more than compensate for the struggles we have endured. We have changed the foundations of the church, too, without destroying the religious sentiment in the human soul. The dissensions in the church have filled the world with despair for ages and deluged nations in blood; but the right of individual conscience and judgment, against all authority, is the result. Though the cardinal points of our faith have been changed again and again, yet we have a church still. So we shall have the family, that great conservator of national strength and morals, after the present restrictive divorce laws are all swept from the statute-books. To establish a republican form of government in the family must of necessity involve discussion and division; but more satisfactory relations will be the result of the transition evils that we now see and deplore. The same law of equality that has revolutionized the state and the church is now reorganizing the home. The same process of evolution that has given us a state without a king and a church without a Pope, will give us a family without "a divinely ordained head," in which the interests of father, mother, and child will be equally represented. □

Woodrow Wilson

HIDE-AND-SEEK POLITICS

The political discussions of recent years concerning the reform of our political methods have carried us back to where we began. We set out upon our political adventures as a nation with one distinct object, namely, to put the control of government in the hands of the people, to set up a government by public opinion thoroughly democratic in its structure and motive. We were more interested in that than in making it efficient. Efficiency meant strength; strength might mean tyranny; and we were minded to have liberty at any cost. And now, behold! when our experiment is an hundred and thirty-odd years old, we discover that we have neither efficiency nor control. It is stated and conceded on

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every side that our whole representative system is in the hands of the "MACHINE": that the people do not in reality choose their representatives any longer, and that their representatives do not serve the general interest unless dragooned into doing so by extraordinary forces of agitation, but are controlled by personal and private influences; that there is no one anywhere whom we can hold publicly responsible, and that it is hide-and-seek who shall be punished, who rewarded, who preferred, who rejected,—that the processes of government amongst us, in short, are haphazard, the processes of control obscure and ineffectual. And so we are at the beginning again. We must, if any part of this be true, at once devote ourselves again to finding means to make our governments, whether in our cities, in our States, or in the nation, representative, responsible and efficient.

Efficiency, of course, depends largely upon organization. There must be definite authority, centred in somebody in particular whom we can observe and control, and an organization built upon obedience and co-operation, an organization which acts together, with system, intelligence, and energy. We were afraid of such an organization at the outset. It seemed to mean the concentration of authority in too few hands and the setting up of a government which might be too strong for the people. Our chief thought was of control. We concluded that the best means of obtaining it was to make practically every office elective, whether great or small, superior or subordinate; to bring the structure of the government at every point into direct contact with the people. The derivation of every part of it was desired should be directly from the people. We were very shy of appointments to office. We wished only elections, frequent and direct.

As part of the system,—we supposed an indispensable part,—we defined the duties of every office, great or small, by statute and gave to every officer a definite legal independence. We wished him to take his orders only from the law,—not from any superior, but from the people themselves, whose will the law was intended to embody. No officer oppointed him and no officer could remove him. The people had given him his term, short enough to keep him in mind of his responsibility to them, and would not suffer any one but themselves to displace him, unless he became himself an actual breaker of the law. In that case he might be indicted like any other lawbreaker. But his indictment would be a family affair; no discipline imposed upon him by his superiors in office, but a trial and judgment by his neighbors. A district attorney, elected on the same "ticket" with himself, would bring the matter to the attention of a grand jury of their neighbors, men who had in all likelihood voted for them both, and a petit jury of the same neighborhood would hear and decide the case if a true bill were found against him. He stood or fell by their judgment of the law, not by his character of efficiency.

A sheriff in one of the States suffered a prisoner to be taken from him by a mob and hanged. He made no show or pretence even of resistance. The Governor of the State wrote him a sharp letter of rebuke for his criminal neglect of his duty. He replied in an open letter in which he bluntly requested the Governor to mind his own business. The interesting feature of the reply was not its impudence, but the fact that it could be written with perfect impunity. The fact was as he had stated it. He was not responsible to the Governor or to any other officer whatever, but only to the voters of his neighborhood, many of whom had composed the mob which took his prisoner from him and hanged him at their leisure. He was never called to account for what he had done.

This is a sample of our direct responsibility to the people as legal system. It was very serviceable and natural so long as our communities were themselves simple and homogeneous. The old New England town meeting, for example, was an admirable instrument of actual self-government. Where neighborhoods are small and neighbors know one another they can make actual selection of the men they wish to put into office. Every candidate is known by everybody, and the officers of government when elected serve a constituency of whose interests and opinions they are keenly and intimately aware. Any community whose elements are homogeneous and whose interests are simple can govern itself very well in this informal fashion. The people in such a case, rather than the government, are the organism. But those simple days have gone by. The people of our present communities, from one end of the country to the other, are not homogeneous, but composite, their interests varied and extended, their life complex and intricate. The voters who make them up are largely strangers to each other. Town meetings are out of the question, except for the most formal purposes, perfunctorily served; life sweeps around a thousand centres, and the old processes of selection, the old bases of responsibility, are impossible. Officers of government used to be responsible because they were known and closely observed by neighbors of whose opinions and preferences they were familiarly aware; but now they are unknown, the servants of a political organization, not of their neighbors, irresponsible because obscure, or because defended by the very complexity of the system of which they form a part. The elective items on every voter's programme of duty have become too numerous to be dealt with separately and are, consequently, dealt with in the mass and by a new system, the system of political machinery against which we futilely cry out.

I say "futilely cry out" because the machine is both natural and indispensable in the circumstances and cannot be abolished unless the circumstances are changed, and very radically changed at that. We have given the people something so vast and complicated to do in asking them to select all the officers of government that they cannot do it. It must be done for them by professionals. There are so many men to be named for office; it is futile to name one or two unless you name a whole ticket; the offices that fill a ticket are so many and so obscure that it is impossible the thing should be done informally and offhand by direct, unassisted popular choice. There must be a preliminary process of selection, of nomination, of preparing the ticket as a whole, unless there is to be hopeless confusion, names put up at haphazard and nobody elected by a clear majority at the end. The machine is as yet an indispensable instrumentality of our politics.

Public opinion in the United States was never better informed, never more intelligent, never more eager to make itself felt in the control of government for the betterment of the nation than it is now; and yet, I venture to say, it was never more helpless to obtain its purposes by ordinary and

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stated means. It has to resort to convulsive, agitated, almost revolutionary means to have its way. It knows what it wants. It wants good men in office, sensible laws adjusted to existing conditions, conscience in affairs and intelligence in their direction. But it is at a loss how to get these. It flings itself this way and that, frightens this group of politicians, pets that, hopes, protests, demands, but cannot govern.

In its impatience it exaggerates the inefficiency and bad morals of its governments very grossly and is very unfair to men who would serve it if they could, who do serve it when they can, but who are caught in the same net of complicated circumstance in which opinion itself finds itself involved. There is no just ground for believing that our legislative and administrative bodies are generally corrupt. They are not. They are made up for the most part of honest men who are without leadership and without free opportunity; who try to understand the public interest and to devise measures to advance it, but who are subordinate to a political system which they cannot dominate or ignore. The machinery of the bodies to which they belong is inorganic, as decentralized as our elective processes would lead one to expect. No one person or group of persons amongst them has been authorized by the circumstances of their election to lead them or to assume responsibility for their programme of action. They therefore parcel out initiative and responsibility in conformity with the obvious dictates of the system. They put their business in the hands of committees,—a committee for each subject they have to handle,—and give each of their members a place upon some committee. The measures proposed to them, therefore, come from the four quarters of the heaven, from members big and little, known and unknown, but never from any responsible source. There can be neither consistency nor continuity in the policies they attempt. What they do cannot be watched, and it cannot be itself organized and made a whole of. There is so much of it and it is so miscellaneous that it cannot be debated. The individual member must do the best he can amidst the confusion. He has only an occasional part and opportunity.

He is controlled, as a matter of fact, from out-of-doors,—not by the views of his constituents, but by a party organization which is intended to hold the heterogeneous elements of our extraordinary political system together.

When public opinion grows particularly restless and impatient of our present party organization, it is common to hear it defended by the argument that parties are necessary in the conduct of a popular government; and the argument can be sustained by very sound and eloquent passages out of Burke and many another public man of the English-speaking peoples who has seen below the surface of affairs and convinced us of the real philosophy of our form of government; but the argument is quite aside from the point. Of course parties are necessary. They are not only necessary, but desirable, in order that conviction upon great public questions may be organized and bodies of men of like opinion and purpose brought together in effective and habitual co-operation. Successful, orderly popular government is impossible without them. But the argument for our own particular organization of parties is quite another matter. That organization is undoubtedly necessary in the circumstances, but you cannot prove its necessity out of Burke or any other man who made permanent analysis of liberty. We could have parties without organizing them in this particular way. There have been parties in free governments time out of mind and in many parts of the world, but never anywhere else an organization of parties like our own.

And yet that organization is for the time being necessary. It centres, as everybody knows, in the nominating machinery. There could be no party organization if our elective system were literally carried out as it was intended to be, by the actual direct and informal selection of every officer of government, not by party agents or leaders, but by the scattered voters of the thousand neighborhoods of a vast country. It was necessary to devise some machinery by which these innumerable choices should be co-ordinated and squared with party lines. It was a huge business and called for a compact and efficient organization.

Moreover, there was more than the process of selection to be overseen and directed. Students of our political methods have not often enough brought into their reckoning the great diversity of social and economic interest and development which has existed among the different sections and regions of this various country, which even yet shows every stage and variety of growth and make-up and an extraordinary mixture of races and elements of population. It has been necessary to keep this miscellaneous direction and consciousness of purpose by sheer force of organization, if political action was not to become hopelessly confused and disordered. It was not conscious of any immediate solidarity of interest or object. It might have broken up into a score of groups and coteries. We might have had more parties than France, as many sections of political opinion as there were distinctly marked regions of population and development. Party interest has been kept alive, party energy stimulated, by entrusting to local agents and leaders the duty of seeing to it that systematic party nominations were regularly made and urged upon the voters by organized campaigns, whether there was any natural reason or not why, in any given locality, this party or that should be preferred; and national parties have been pieced together out of these local fragments. The creation of the parts was necessary to the creation of the whole. I do not know how else co-ordinated parties could have been made out of such heterogeneous materials and such diversified interests.

The result has been that the nominating machinery has become the backbone of party organization. By it local leaders are rewarded with influence or office, are kept loyal, watchful and energetic. By it national majorities are pieced together. If one goes back to the source of this matter, therefore, it is easy to see that the nominating machine was no barnacle, but a natural growth, the natural fruit of a system which made it necessary to elect every officer of government. The voter has not the leisure and, therefore, has not the knowledge for the difficult and intricate business. He cannot organize a government every year or two, make up its whole personnel, apply its punishments and rewards, effect its dismissals and promotions. Neither is there any officer or any group of officers of the government itself who can organize it for him, for no officer has the legal authority. The structure of the government is disintegrated by the law itself, so far as its personnel is concerned. The constitutions and statutes by which the officers are created endeavor, of course, to integrate their functions; but they disintegrate

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their personnel by making each officer the direct choice of the voters. The only possible means of integration lies outside governments, therefore, and is extra-legal. It is the nominating machine. The machine applies the necessary discipline of administration and keeps the separately elected officers of one mind in the performance of their duties,—loyal to an exterior organization.

The punishment it inflicts is definitely and clearly understood. It will not renominate any man who when in office has been disobedient to party commands. It can in effect dismiss from office. Any one who wishes to remain in public life, at any rate in the smaller and less conspicuous offices within the gift of the managers, must keep in their good graces. Independence offends the machine deeply, disobedience it will not tolerate at all. Its watchfulness never flags; its discipline is continuous and effective. It is the chief instrument of party government under our system of elections.

* * *

Thus have we necessitated the setting-up outside the government of what we were afraid ourselves to set up inside of it: concentrated power, administrative discipline, the authority to appoint and dismiss. For the power to nominate is virtually the power to appoint and to dismiss, as Professor Ford has pointed out in his lucid and convincing "Rise and Growth of American Politics." It is exercised by the bosses, instead of by responsible officers of the government,—by the men who have charge of the nominating machinery: men who are themselves often entirely outside the government as legally constituted, hold no office, do not ask the people for their suffrages, and are picked out for their function by private processes over which the people have no control whatever. They are private citizens and exercise their powers of oversight and management without any public invitation of any kind. Just because there are innumerable offices to be filled by election, just because there are long and elaborate tickets to be made up, just because it needs close and constant attention to the matter to perform the duty of selection successfully,—as careful and constant attention as the superintendent of a great business or the head of a great government bureau has to exercise in selecting and keeping up the personnel of his factory, his office, or his bureau,—it cannot possibly be done by the voters as a body. It requires too much knowledge and too much judgment, bestowed upon little offices without number as well as upon great. No officer of the government is authorized to appoint or select. Party managers must undertake it, therefore, who are not officers of the government; and their nominations are virtual appointments if they belong to the successful party. The voters only choose as between the selections, the appointees, of the one party boss or the other. It is out of the question for them to make independent selections of their own.

If this machine, thus bossed and administered, is an outside power over which the voter has no control,—which he can defeat only occasionally, when in a fervor of reform, he prefers the candidates of some temporary amateur machine (that is, nominating apparatus) set up by some volunteer "committee of one hundred" which has undertaken a rescue,—it is the system which is to blame, not the politicians. Somebody, amateurs or professionals, must supply what they supply. We have created the situation and must either change it or abide by its results with such patience and philosophy as we can command.

Our efforts at reform have been singularly misdirected. For years we labored at the reform of the ballot itself, as if the way we printed it and the way we voted it were at fault. We adopted the so-called Australian method of voting, for example; isolated the voter in a closed booth, made it as easy as possible in the circumstances for him to mark and alter his ballot unscrutinized and unmolested, and passed laws which gave groups of voters not formally organized as parties the right to put names in nomination on the official ballot which had not passed through the party caucus or any other part of the machine. Finally in many of the States where the ardor of non-partisan action was warmest, we forbade the placing of any party sign or symbol at the head of the list of candidates printed on the official ballot, contrived a blanket ballot on which the names of all nominees were printed in impartial alphabetical order under the names of the several offices for which they had been nominated, so that the voter,—such was our unsophisticated hope,—might choose the best man for each office without regard to who had nominated him, whether a regular party machine or a group of independent voters nominating by petition. I have seen a ballot of this kind which contained *seven hundred names*. It was bigger than the page of a newspaper and was printed in close columns as a newspaper would be. Of course no voter who is not a trained politician, who has not watched the whole process of nomination carefully, who does not know a great deal about the derivation and character and association of every nominee it contains, can vote a ticket like that with intelligence. In nine cases out of ten, as it has turned out, he will simply mark the first name under each office, and the candidates whose names come highest in the alphabetical order will be elected. There are cases on record where shrewd seekers of office have had their names changed to names beginning with some letter at the head of the alphabet preparatory to candidacy on such a ballot, knowing that they had no chance of election otherwise. And of course politicians govern themselves accordingly in choosing a winning ticket. They are always the professionals, whatever system of choice you oblige them to employ, and always know better than any one else the actual results of the processes used.

It is very desirable to have secret voting to protect the voter against scrutiny or any kind of coercion, direct or indirect; it may be very desirable to have non-partisan nominations; but no secret or non-partisan device can make it possible for the voter to use such ballots intelligently or to pick out his own candidates for office when there are a multitude of offices to be filled. It is the size and variety of the ballot that perplexes and baffles him, be he never so intelligent and never so anxious to vote for the best candidates. He cannot possibly make himself acquainted with the individual claims of the men whose names appear on these long lists. Many of the offices he is voting to fill are themselves as obscure as the men who have been nominated to occupy them. He is not interested in the list as a whole. A few conspicuous names upon it, candidates for the greater offices, he may have heard something about, a candidate for Congress or for the Governorship of his State, but the rest are mere names to him. It is impossible that he should dis-

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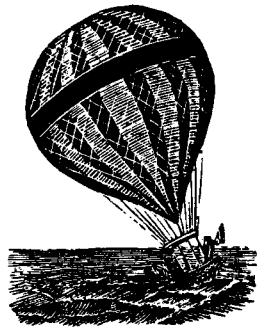
criminate. He is excusable if he presently comes to think of the whole thing as a farce and for feeling that, do what he will, the politicians will take him in. He has in any event no choice but to put himself in their hands. It is too occult a business for him to fathom.

The result is the unchecked power of the irresponsible politician; and some of the consequences are painfully interesting. Since the choice of candidates for office is a matter of private arrangement; since nominees thus chosen are our lawmakers, and our lawmakers by the same token appointees of the nominating machine, it follows very naturally that public business loses its public character and becomes itself a matter of private arrangement. It is settled in private conferences at State capitals and at Washington, not by public discussion, and the voters are informed what was actually agreed upon after an election, not before it. The Secretary of the Treasury smilingly informed a public audience the other evening that the monetary commission of which Senator Aldrich is chairman, and which is expected to recommend to Congress well-considered measures for the reform of our banking and currency systems, would probably not make its report until after the next Congressional elections. The plain inference was that the commission thought it best, before making its report, to wait and see which party would be in control of Congress, and thought it imprudent to let their conclusions be known before the elections for fear that they might in some way affect the result. In short, they deemed it best that the people should not be given an opportunity to discuss or express an opinion upon their own affairs, upon some of the most important and far-reaching questions now awaiting their decision! Judge by the sample. Elections must be managed by the subtle alchemy of nomination, with as little regard to public questions as possible, and then the appointees of the successful managers must decide those questions in the best interest of the party in power.

It is thus that the public business is managed with as careful privacy as the business of any private corporation. Corporations will, indeed, when they are well and wisely managed, often take the public more into their confidence than the managers of government do, in order to enhance the credit of the corporation and increase or steady the value of its securities in the money-market, as well as the sale of its products. But politicians are very secretive. They have become so by the habit of the system. Debate has fallen out of fashion in our legislative assemblies because the business of those assemblies is for the most part discussed and prepared by committees. The sittings of their committees are seldom public, except upon extraordinary occasions. Even when they are public few persons except those directly and privately interested attend, and the matter is too particular, too much like a mere single item of the session, to attract the attention of the ordinary newspaper. The business of legislation, therefore, like that of nomination, is for the most part conducted in private by the conference of small groups of men under party discipline. The public is not present either in fact or in thought. Committeemen get into the habit of being reticent and silent about what occurred in the committee-room and soon find themselves under the impression that it is their own private affair, anyway.

The habit spreads to the deliberative bodies themselves. Boards of Aldermen will often refuse to open their debates to reporters or to publish the names of those who voted *Aye* or *No* in the division when the debate was ended. And on the administrative side much of what is to be done or proposed is agreed upon by private conference between the executives of our cities and States and the party managers,—sometimes the managers who appear in public and are known, sometimes those who keep in the background and occupy no office, but are nevertheless omnipotent in matters of nomination and who wish the executive business of the government to be carried on in a way which will not embarrass them. And so, wherever we turn, we find the intimate business of government sealed up in confidences of every kind: confidences against the people with regard to their own affairs; confidences with regard to the way in which their interests are to be served and safeguarded. Public discussions are the mere formal dress parade of politics.



It was very amusing, when Mr. Roosevelt was President, to notice how seasoned politicians shivered when he spoke in public,—shivered at his terrible indiscretions, his frank revelations, whenever he chose, of what was going on inside political circles, his nonchalant failure to keep any confidences whatever that he chose to make public use of. He spoke of any inside matter he pleased, as if it were the people's privilege to know what was going on within their government. He may have chosen and chosen very astutely which confidences to keep, which to break, but he was strong and popular in proportion as he broke them and gave the people the impression that he was really telling them all he knew about their business, about the men and the motives which were retarding the proper transaction of their business and the proper correction of the abuses under which they were suffering at the hands of men who enjoyed the confidence and protection of the managing politicians.

There is no ground for wonder that under a system under which it is constant hide-and-seek to discover who is responsible, to find out where public action orginates and whither it is tending, this system of confidences should have sprung up. I do not know that any one in particular is to blame. But the situation is certainly extraordinary and

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makes it thoroughly worth while to inquire how the people may be reintroduced into their own affairs.

It is high time. The people must be brought into their own again. They have been excluded from free and effective participation in their own governments too long,—so long that a universal distrust of representative methods of government has sprung up, a universal suspicion that there is nowhere any candor or honesty in the administration of public business, and we are in danger of revolutionary processes, of very radical changes which might be as futile as what we have already attempted by way of reform, while all the while a remedy, a very simple remedy, is at hand. We have not fallen upon these evil ways by any one's sinister intention or machinations, but the fact is the same. The system we are under, though nobody invented it to cheat the people, has grown up and does cheat the people and must be done away with by very definite intention.

There is no reason to despair, or even to tire, of representative government. It has not failed, as some suppose, because it is representative and not direct. It has come near to breaking down only because it is not representative, only because the people of this country are prevented by the system of election in which they have become entangled from electing representatives of their own choice. The people of other countries are not prevented. They manage to get their will very directly expressed, alike in legislation and in the administration of their governments. Foreign cities, for example, succeed excellently well, as well as it is reasonable ever to expect to succeed in matters of such magnitude and complexity, in getting their affairs administered in the way a majority of their people really wish them to be administered. Most of the badly governed cities of the civilized world are on this side of the Atlantic, most of the well governed on the other side; and the reason is not accidental. It has nothing to do with differences of capacity or of virtue or of theory, nothing to do with differences of principle or of national character. It results from differences of organization of the most fundamental and important kind which cut to the very roots of the whole matter.

Let the city of Glasgow serve as an example. It is known as one of the best-governed cities in the world, is a thoroughly modern city teeming with factories and with the movements of a great commerce and handling a vast population under many a natural disadvantage, and its government is not in any essential particular peculiar to itself. It is a sample, though a favorable sample, of the way in which most European cities, great and small, are governed. Its administration is entirely in the hands of its municipal council, which has a membership of thirty-two. The mayor of the city has no independent executive powers. He is merely chairman of the council and titular head of the city when it needs a public representative on formal occasions, when it welcomes guests or undertakes a ceremonious function. There is no upper and lower chamber of the council: it is a single body. It is not a legislature. No city council is. It is an administrative body conducting the business of a great chartered corporation. Its members are elected by the voters of the city by wards, one councilman for each ward. The voter's connection with the government of the city is very simple. He votes for only one person, the councilman from his ward. That is his whole ticket.

In its simplicity lies his power. He does not need the assistance of professional politicians to pick out a single candidate for a single conspicuous office. Any group of interested or public-spirited neighbors can do that. And the simple structure of the city's government enables him to follow his representative throughout every vote and act of administration. The council divides itself into committees, a committee for each branch of the city's business. All the actual executive servants of the city are appointed and are the responsible agents of the several committees under which they serve. All business is public, whether transacted by the council as a whole or by its committees. Everything that is done or agreed upon is published in full in the "Glasgow Herald," with the votes taken and the names of those who voted this way or that. By a mere glance at his morning paper the voter can keep his eye upon his own particular representative and know what he is doing, whether in the council or in the committee to which he has been assigned. His votes speak for themselves. His responsibility is unmistakable. Another candidate may easily be nominated if his record is unsatisfactory and a whole campaign centred, so far as that ward is concerned, upon the definite question of a choice between this man and that. That is representative government. If all the officials of the city government, or even the chief of them, were elected upon a common ticket it would not be. A machine would be necessary, amateur or professional, and the direct representative principle would, in fact, disappear.

* * *

The same idea underlies one of the most interesting reforms that has recently been undertaken in our own cities. Following the example of Galveston, in Texas, a number of our cities have obtained from the legislatures of their States charters which authorize them to put their administration entirely in the hands of a small commission consisting generally of only five or six persons. The voter's attention is concentrated upon this commission both at election-time and throughout the course of its administration. This ticket of five or six names is the only ticket he is called upon to vote. The results have in several cases been extremely satisfactory, though the experiment has nowhere been of long enough standing to justify the formation of a confident or final judgment as to its ultimate effects. The commission has felt the responsibility and has responded to it. The voters have known by whom they were being governed and the nominating machine has, of course, sunk into insignificance. It remains a question, however, whether the load imposed upon the commission is not too heavy, whether it is fair to hold so small a body of men wholly responsible for the successful administration of a modern city. Can five men, by any feasible division of labor, so long as a working day has only a limited number of hours in it and every man must take a little sleep and recreation, master the affairs committed to their charge in sufficient detail really to keep them clear of inefficiency and abuse? It will probably turn out that it requires a considerably larger body of men really to direct and control matters of such magnitude and variety. But that need not result in putting a greater burden on the voter and bringing the nominating machine again into existence as his indispensable assistant and ultimate master. He need not be made to vote for the whole body upon a common ticket. He need only vote for the representative from his own ward. The

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essential thing is that his task should be comprehensible and manageable, that the men he is called upon to vote for should be so few that he can select them for himself or at least easily judge the action of those who do select them.

That this is the simple and effectual solution of the matter, the certain means of restoring to the people a genuine representative government, is no matter of conjecture. It has been tried,—in every country but our own, until we began to set up governments by commission,—and has had the desired result. It is not a panacea. It is a conclusion of obvious common sense. If the trouble is that we have given the people an impossible task in asking them to choose the whole personnel of our governments, and have thereby put them in the hands of persons to whom they are, by reason of its very complexity, obliged to depute it, the obvious remedy is to make their task simple and practicable, to make it something that they can do and can take an interest in doing without neglecting their daily business and turning politicians. We have been mistaken,—this is the long and short of the matter,—in supposing that we were giving the people control of their governments by making all offices elective, allow those whom we elect to appoint all minor officials, all executive agents, and hold them strictly responsible as the superintendents of our business. Our own experience has been very instructive in this matter in particulars which we have not enough observed. For example, the Governor of New Jersey, like the Governors of one or two other States of the Union, is entrusted with the power of appointing all the judges of the State, and the bench of New Jersey is famous for its excellence, much more famous than the bench of neighboring States whose judges are elected. The State has had Governors good, bad, and indifferent, but all alike have made excellent appointments to the bench. They could share the responsibility with no one and it was a very conspicuous responsibility. In that matter if in no other the eye of public opinion was centred upon them personally, not merely upon their party. They could not venture to do that thing ill or in the interest of any coterie or machine. It always operates so, though we have not always taken note of the fact or understood the scope of the inference.

The short ballot is the short and open way by which we can return to representative government. It has turned out that the methods of organization which lead to efficiency in government are also the methods which give the people control. The busy owner is more effectually in control if he appoints a capable superintendent and holds him responsible for the conduct of the business than he would be if he undertook himself to choose all the subordinate agents and workmen and superintend both them and the superintendent; and the business is also better conducted,—incomparably better conducted. What the voters of the country are now attempting is not only impossible, but also undesirable if we desire good government. Such a charter as that of the city of New York, for example, is a mere system of obscurity and of inefficiency. It disperses responsibility, multiplies elective offices beyond all reason or necessity, and makes both of the government itself and of its control by the voters a game of hide-and-seek in a labyrinth. Nothing could have been devised better suited to the uses of the professional politician, nothing susceptible of being more perfectly articulated with the nominating machine. As a means of popular government, it is not worth the pother and expense of an election.

Simplicity is necessary in government as in business, for unity, for responsibility, for efficiency, and for control: these four are, indeed, as a matter of experience, almost interchangeable and equivalent words. You cannot form or execute a judgment either in business or in politics without some such system of coherence and simplicity.

Simplicity does not involve, in the case of government, a return to any of the abuses we have partially corrected. We did begin at the wrong end when we devoted the ardor and labor of years of reform to the mere reform of the existing civil service, to the introduction of a system of qualification for appointment to office by examination. We should have begun by making more offices appointive and the business of appointing so conspicuous and responsible a thing that those who undertook it could not afford to make appointments upon any principle of favoritism, could not afford to serve their own private objects in making them or any private interest whatever. But responsible officers need not object, will not object, to being themselves protected and assisted by a system of qualifying examinations for appointment. They should and probably would prefer it. It is a sensible and serviceable system and secures the public service against many a minor abuse which might creep in even if those who made appointments made them with full responsibility to public opinion,—in the fierce, revealing light that beats upon every act of personal power. The instrumentalities we have already created would prove more serviceable than ever.

It is a very interesting and very vital thing to have come back to our original problem, to be obliged thus to become once more thoughtful partisans of genuine democracy. The issue is nothing less. What we need is a radical reform of our electoral system, and the proper reform will be a return to democracy. It is the high duty of every lover of political liberty to become a partisan of such a reform if once he becomes convinced of it. Another great age of American politics will have dawned when men seek once more the means to establish the rights of the people and forget parties and private interests to serve a nation. □

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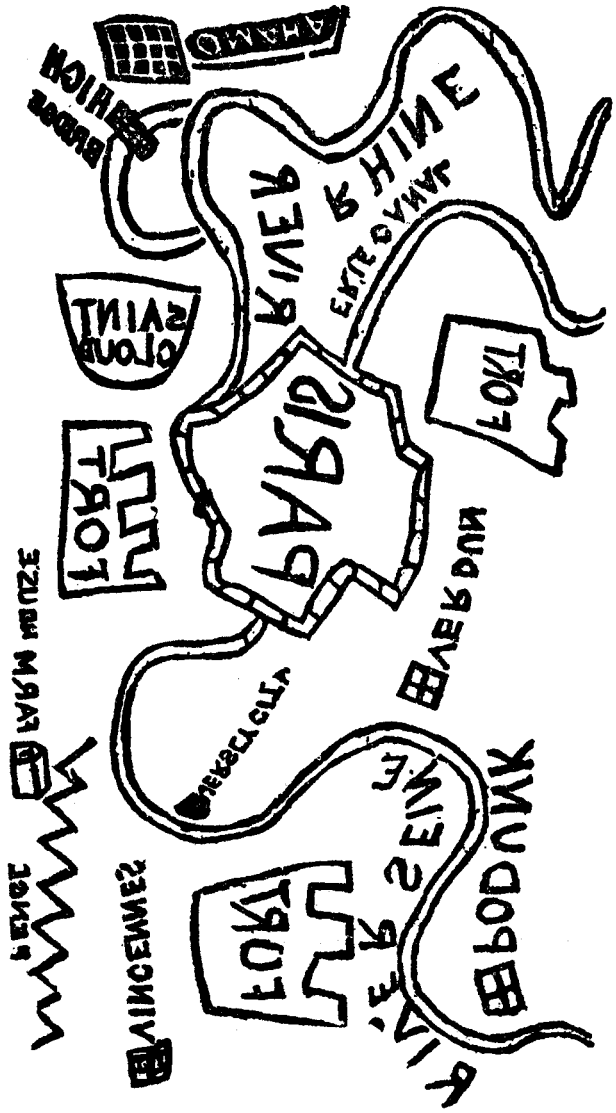
Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN'S WAR MAP

Mark Twain was editor of the Buffalo Express when the Germans were approaching Paris in 1870, and on Septemeber 17th of that year he published the interesting map of the fortifications, drawn by himself, which is reproduced on this page.



The idea of this map [he wrote] is not original with me, but is borrowed from the *Tribune* and the other great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city-paper maps of which it is an imitation is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong-end first, except to left-handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contemplate the map stand on his head or hold it before her looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the engraving-tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the River Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I did with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris, at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

*

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.—U.S. Grant.

It places the situation in an entirely new light.—Bismarck.

I cannot look at it without shedding tears.—Brigham Young.

It is very nice large print.—Napoleon.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.—J. Smith.

If I had had this map I could have gone out of Metz without any trouble.—Bazaine.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.—Trochu.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.—W.T. Sherman.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious."—William III.

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ANTHONY STORR

BRIDGING THE TWO CULTURES

In the seventeenth century, a cultured man could still claim that all knowledge was his province. The diarist John Evelyn, for example, who at the instigation of Charles II was one of the founders of the Royal Society, was equally at home with painting, architecture, and the design of gardens as with scientific invention. Although a man like Evelyn could not, of course, be a specialized mathematician, any more than he could be a virtuoso harpsichordist, he could follow scientific discourse with comprehension, demonstrate experiments with magnetism, and take part in showing the King the satellites of Jupiter. The early members of the Royal Society could hardly have foreseen a time when so many of the subjects in which they were interested would become inaccessible except to specialists.

Our present concern is with improving communication between artists and scientists; that is, with bridging the gap between the 'Two Cultures' to which C. P. Snow so eloquently drew our attention some years ago. There are, alas, many sub-cultures within both art and science which have developed specialized languages, so that microbiologists may find it hard to communicate with nuclear physicists, or twelve-tone composers with those who cling to the conventional diatonic system. In my own subject, even within the narrow confines of psychoanalysis, Kleinians and Freudians have difficulty in understanding each other. But the gulf between artists and scientists is not simply the consequence of the development of different specialized languages. There is reason to suppose that they operate with different value-systems. Although the scientist may acknowledge that the arts give him pleasure, and the artist pay lip-service to the intellectual splendor of the scientific achievement, each often seems to believe that it is only his own particular activity which really counts. The artist tends to regard science as no more than useful technology; the scientist looks upon art as a civilized pleasure, but one which is less than essential.

Yet, if one looks upon art and science from the biological point of view, the two pursuits have much in common. As someone put it better than I can: "The aim of all intellectual pursuits, including science, philosophy and art, is to seek unity in the midst of diversity, or order in the midst of complexity." If we look back to the presumed beginnings of science and art, we can detect certain links between them, without denying or blurring the differences.

To the eye of the biologist, it seems likely that science is derived from a drive not unlike the 'exploratory drive' described in many species of animals. Man, physically speaking, is a weak creature: that is, he is not endowed by Nature with weapons of offense or defense like tusks and claws; nor is he equipped to run very fast if danger threatens. Man is, therefore, strongly motivated to seek and ensure his own security; and he does this by learning to understand and finally master his environment. This is a fundamental part of self-preservation. Man has survived because he has been motivated to become ingenious; so ingenious, in fact, that he has actually been able to create wholly artificial environments, like those tolerated by deep-sea divers or astronauts. The sense of insecurity and weakness in the face of hostile forces which must necessarily accompany man's lack of natural weapons and armor is reinforced by the prolongation of the period of childhood during which he is dependent upon others. If for a third of one's total life-span, or even longer, one has to seek the protection of, or defer to the orders of, those who are in a superior position, this must add fuel to the fire of the quest for power. The satisfaction which creative achievement brings springs partly from the realization of being an effective, potent person in one's own right—a satisfaction which, particularly in science, may be reinforced by proving one's elders to be wrong.

Since science brings understanding and mastery of the world around us, it is easy to see that, in origin, it was biologically adaptive. This does not, of course, imply that every later scientific achievement is necessarily adaptive. The hydrogen bomb has been described by one writer as "an example of mankind's enormous capacity for friendly cooperation."[1] This statement is true as far as it goes, but it is difficult to regard the weapon as adaptive except in a very indirect manner—that is, as a possible means of population control, or, on the other hand, as a development which may outlaw war itself. Such monstrosities apart, however, there can be little doubt that science developed from man's need to understand, to master, and to get the most from his environment.

It is, perhaps, more difficult to see how art could have originated as an adaptive technique. Yet that perceptive art historian, Herbert Read, wrote in his book *Icon and Idea:* "Far from being an expenditure of surplus energy, as earlier theorists have supposed, art, at the dawn of human culture, was a key to survival, a sharpening of faculties essential to the struggle for existence. Art, in my opinion, has remained a key to survival."[2] As an example of what he means, Herbert Read describes the ritual use of drawing by African pygmies. These people, before going hunting, make elaborate preparations which include drawing in the sand the animal they are going to kill and then, at sunrise, shooting an arrow into the exact spot on the drawing for which they will later aim in the animal itself. If one can accurately draw something, it follows that one has a

ANTHONY STORR is the British psychiatrist and author. "Bridging the Two Cultures" is from an address delivered at Columbia Basin College, Tri-Cities, Washington.

1. Bigelow, Robert, *The Dawn Warriors*. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 1969.
2. Read, Herbert, *Icon and Idea*. Faber & Faber. 1955

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better grasp of what that thing is like than if one cannot. Drawing is a way of "realizing" objects, and thus a way of sharpening perception. If one were to go hunting with the pygmies and were offered the choice of two hunters, one of whom could accurately depict the prey and one of whom could not, there is no doubt which of the two one would choose. Read points out that most of the cave-paintings of paleolithic men are of large animals: that is, of animals who were both a threat and a valuable source of food. Drawing is a way of making one more aware of the external world as it actually is, and is thus a way of aiding adaptation to reality. Artists will object that this primitive way of looking at drawing leaves out of account the aesthetics of picture-making, as well as the whole of non-representational art, and I would agree. But let us for the moment be content to be very simple. Just as this most primitive form of drawing enhances the apperception of reality, so also do the activities of the story-teller and the dramatist. The primitive story-teller was not simply providing entertainment, but passing down to his listeners a tradition of who they were, where they had come from, and what life was about. In other words, he too was concerned with trying to make sense out of existence by discerning in it some kind of pattern.

We may accept the fact that the disparate activities of art and science were once closer to each other than they are now; and, as I shall say later, we can still detect a kind of detached objectivity in art, just as we can appreciate the aesthetic beauty of some aspects of science. But it is not surprising that art and science have grown apart. For each is such an enthralling, absorbing pursuit that it has become what some zoologists have called a "self-rewarding activity;" that is, something which has become detached from its original function and which is pursued for its own sake. Indeed, the more detached they are in this way, the more value we tend to give them. Incidental music, written for drama or film, or program music, designed to illustrate some particular topic in sound, is less highly rated in our culture than 'absolute' music. The same is true in science. I have known a mathematician to feel herself ostracized, or at any rate looked down upon, because her field was applied mathematics, in contrast to the 'pure' mathematics pursued by her immediate colleagues. What started as utilitarian has become an absolute; 'Science for the sake of Science;' 'Art for the sake of Art.'

Although art and science are connected in that both are seeking to master chaos by the discovery of order in complexity, and although the creative process which goes on in the mind of the artist and that of the scientist may be similar, the end results are obviously very different.

First, science discloses aspects of truth which were there before the scientist got to work. No one supposes that the structure of a crystal or of an amino acid is a pattern imposed on Nature by the mind of the scientist, however much the scientist may have needed a leap of the imagination to discern it. But *Guernica* or the *Eroica* symphony had no sort of existence before Picasso and Beethoven created them.[3] I suppose it is possible to argue that even the perception of a crystal structure is ultimately a product of human perception, and that some unearthly observer, with different organs of sensation, might perceive the world entirely differently. This is the kind of speculation which engages the minds of philosophers, who are constantly trying, and failing, to transcend the limits of human perception and attain a God's eye view. For our purposes, however, it is sufficient to content ourselves with supposing that the discoveries of science are objective in so far that there is a consensus of scientific agreements—that different scientific observers descry the same reality.

Second, science is a progress in a sense in which art is not. Although the various arts may become more complex, and their techniques more refined, we do not think of later artists as necessarily superseding their forebears. Thus, we still appreciate Giotto as well as Leonardo; and would think ourselves lacking in perception if we did not appreciate Bach as well as Bartok. Science is entirely different in this respect. No physicist need read the original papers of Newton, of Rutherford, or of Einstein. If he did so, it would be simply a matter of curiosity, to discern the workings of genius; it would not be relevant to his own research. As soon as a scientist makes a discovery, it is incorporated into the edifice of science; and, although individual scientists of genius are of course honored, their individual contributions become assimilated and superseded in a way in which works of art are not. This is because science is essentially a collective endeavor in which the personal and the subjective are excluded as far as possible.

There are also a number of disciplines which are intermediate. History, for example, is a subject in which new discoveries—of documents, letters and the like—actually add to an edifice of knowledge. But history can never become a science in that the past will always require individual, subjective interpretation, and the earlier histories, like those of Gibbon and Prescott, even though some of the facts may be wrong, are required reading for historians.

This is even more the case with philosophy. Although modern philosophers pride themselves on having solved some of the perennial problems of philosophy, or dismissed others as non-existent, no philosopher would think that Kant was outdated, or that Plato need not be studied.

I am sure that the same is true of my own discipline. Although Freud and the other founding fathers of modern psychotherapy made discoveries, the subjective element in those discoveries is so evident that to call psychoanalysis or any of its derivatives a science is absurd. Historians, philosophers, and psychoanalysts hover uneasily between art and science, partaking to some extent of both.

The divergence of art and science depends, therefore, upon the fact that science excludes the subjective, whilst art must necessarily include it. This divergence has encouraged the development of two rather different kinds of people, which have become embodied in stereotypes of the typical artist and the typical scientist. In Great Britain, the psychologist Liam Hudson found that the career choices of schoolboys were governed to a surprising extent by such stereotypes. That is, schoolboys conceived of scientists as "intelligent but cold, dependable but dull, valuable but lacking in imagination." The arts specialists, on the other had, were seen as "warm but undependable, exciting but relatively unintelligent, imaginative but lacking in value."[4]

3. Meyer, Leonard, *Critical Inquiry*, Vol. 1, no. 1, Sept. 1974.

4. Hudson, Liam, *The Cult of the Fact*. Jonathan Cape. 1972.

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Have these stereotypes any basis in fact? If so, it would account for some of the difficulties in communication.

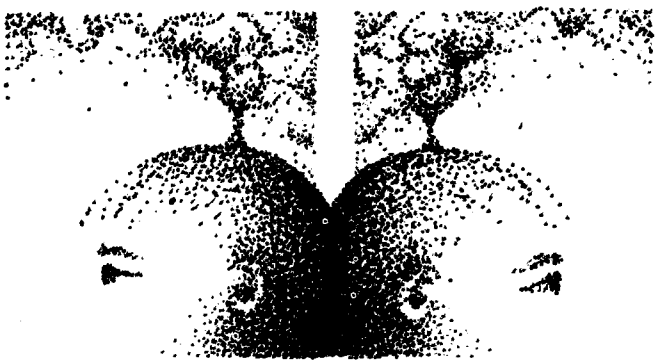
I cannot give you all the evidence in the course of a short talk, but there is some reason to suppose that people who become scientists are temperamentally governed by the notion of emotional self-control, whilst those who turn towards the arts are governed by the notion of self-expression. Potential scientists seem possessed of a better mechanism for repression, by which they tend to exclude the irrational and emotional from their lives. This has its advantages and disadvantages. Scientists not only choose work which is impersonal, but show a limited capacity for introspection and for emotional response to others, and a strong tendency to be conventional. They less often remember their dreams, separate their working lives clearly from their private lives, and often seem able to work harmoniously in groups.

Potential artists, on the other hand, show a greater capacity for introspection and emotional response to people, are less reliant on social convention, make little separation between private life and work, and have difficulty working in groups. They tend to remember their dreams, achieve stability less early in life than scientists, have less stable families and fewer children. In a curious way, popular imagination associates ideas of value with the scientist, ideas of pleasure with the artist, so that the scientist is seen as ascetic, whilst the artist is believed to be licentious. As one university student put it: "The trouble with taking science in university is that you spend all afternoon in a laboratory while your girl's in bed with an arts man."

These temperamental differences may also be related to the fact that, whereas most mathematicians and physical scientists produce their best work early in life, artists tend to reach their peak later. It may be that the character of artists tends to 'set' later—that, if you like to call it so, they remain immature for longer. Both Newton and Einstein conceived their most original ideas before they were thirty, but painters and musicians—for example, Michelangelo and Verdi—can go on producing work into old age, and, in the case of Verdi, exhibit a radical change of style at the age of eighty. If artists remain immature for longer than scientists, they have the advantage of remaining flexible, of being able to alter, and possibly of remaining open for longer to new experience.

How can we improve communication between artists and scientists? First, I think we could clear the decks of a great deal of unnecessary jargon. Although technical terms are required in many disciplines, specialists have a vested interest in preserving an esoteric jargon which no one else can understand. It adds to the awe with which they are regarded by someone who believes that they must be terribly learned just because they do not share their language. My own profession has been particularly at fault in this respect. In America, your language has been contaminated by the use of portmanteau words derived from German. Once upon a time I had a book for review which was concerned with psychological reactions to disaster. The following sentence occurred in it. "One can readily surmise how a role assignment might counteract some of the negative effects of several hypervigilance producing factors discussed earlier, e.g. by reducing ambiguity about what should be done in a confused disaster situation, by fostering group identification with others in the same role, by providing a form of anticipated (symbolic) contact, or actual telephone communication with the authority figures who issue orders."[5] It is perhaps not quite fair to say that this means no more than "If you give a man a job to do in an emergency he is less likely to be frightened," but that is the essence of the message.

However, in America, as so often happens, there are counterbalancing factors to this tendency to verbosity. You are better off than we are in Britain in that you have a more distinguished tradition of really high-class journalism. I am the last person to despise so-called 'science writers,' who often do an excellent job of presenting technical information to a wider public without falsification. I think they should be more widely honored.



Second, we must do more about mathematical block. There are a very large number of intelligent people who appear to suffer from what can only be described as a traumatic neurosis about mathematics. They behave as if they had been frightened by an equation when they were three. I do hope that the new methods of teaching mathematics in schools are having a good effect, for I realize, only too vividly, that to be practically innumerate is to be cut off from the proper appreciation of much of the world of science. However, I believe that this type of neurosis can be cured. A friend of mine who used to be in charge of our Atomic Energy research establishment at Harwell told me that, when he was teaching undergrauates, he could sometimes cure those who professed that they could not understand mathematics. He did this by proceeding on strict Freudian principles. He took them back to that point in elementary mathematics at which they had given up the struggle, the point at which they had got stuck and failed to understand. This might be at something like long division. Once the block was undone, the undergraduates forged ahead.

Third, I think there should be much more recognition of the fact that the way scientists and artists go to work is more similar than is generally supposed. The scientist excludes the personal, the artist includes it; it is therefore commonly assumed that scientists are disciplined, whilst artists simply abreact their subjective feelings. But, in order to create a work of art, the artist must distance himself from his own emotions and regard them with an objective eye. Wordsworth said that poetry

5. Baker, George and Dwight Chapman, eds., *Man and Society in Disaster*. Basic Books. 1963

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takes origin from 'emotion recollected in tranquillity;' and art is never an immediate response to emotional experience, like tears or screams,[6] but a disciplined integration of emotion within an ordered framework, which requires dedication and self-discipline of a high order. Thus, although their pursuits are very different, artists and scientists share a need for objectivity and detachment which can only come about by postponing immediate responses to stimuli. This capacity for postponement is one of the major factors in the development of human intelligence.

Fourth, artists and scientists have in common a capacity for aesthetic appreciation, though scientists tend not to call it by that name. Even a mathematical ignoramus can appreciate the elegance of some mathematical theorems. G.H. Hardy, in that brief masterpiece, *A Mathematician's Apology*, gives some examples; and he defines a mathematician as a "maker of patterns of ideas." He goes on to say that "beauty and seriousness are the criteria by which a mathematician's patterns should be judged."[7]

In considering works of art there has been a tendency to think of aesthetic appreciation—that is, the appreciation of form and order—as intellectual, whilst regarding the appreciation of content as emotional. This is, I believe, a false dichotomy. The thrill we get from appreciating the perfect shape of a Mozart quartet, and the thrill we get from formulating or recognizing an explanatory hypothesis in science, are not dissimilar. The sense of joyous fulfillment which we get from either is not merely intellectual, but emotional. I am reminded here of Bertrand Russell's description of his discovery of geometry. "At the age of eleven, I began Euclid with my brother as my tutor. This was one of the great events of my life, as dazzling as first love. I had not imagined that there was anything as delicious in the world."[8] No doubt this is an exceptional reaction, but I once encountered a very similar one from a lady who replied to a question I asked of readers of the *New Statesman*. The question was: "What book which you read in childhood had most influence upon you?" and the lady replied "Euclid," on the grounds that this was the first time that she had found that there might be any order in existence.

It would obviously be no surprise to discover that creative artists score high on tests designed to detect preference for good form and design. But the same tests turn out to be the best predictive instrument for creative potential in the physcial sciences and engineering. In other words, the scientist too needs whatever quality it is of intelligence which enables a man to create and perceive elegance of form and beauty. It is a curious and regrettable lack on the part of Freud and his followers which has resulted in psychoanalysis having nothing to say about this aspect of mind. Psychoanalysis has done less than justice to art because Freud was primarily concerned with analysis and not with synthesis, and therefore concentrated entirely upon the content of works of art to the neglect of their structure. The reasons for this are interesting, but cannot detain us now. In fact, human beings have a hunger for synthesis which is so compelling that it persists even in the conditions of the concentration camp. There was once an exhibition of paintings and drawings created by prisoners in the concentration camp at Terezin, in Czechoslovakia. An introduction to the exhibition read: "What was so remarkable about the Terezin camp was the richness of its cultural life. Creative cultural activity was a reflection of the resistance against the Nazis no less than a testimony to the fact that culture is equally necessary to man as providing food to live on."

The drive to make coherent patterns out of our experience is fundamental, and common to both artists and scientists. Because science is intellectually satisfying, exciting, and often beautiful, there is a tendency to think that it can meet all our needs. But nothing which excludes subjective emotional experience can ultimately do so. That is why even scientists need the arts; for even scientists have emotions.

Human beings are experts at detachment. The development of human intelligence required that man should become a being who could postpone his responses to stimuli and control his emotions. If he could not postpone, he could not abstract or symbolize. But the price of postponement and the capacity for detachment is the possibility of alienation. The more a person is capable of the intellectual detachment required for scientific thought, the more he is likely to become cut off from his own emotions. Many scientists seem to turn to music for refreshment and recreation. This is interesting, for music, of all the arts, is the most difficult to explain in biological or other scientific terms. Music has no obvious justifications. It does not teach us about life, nor promote our adaptation to the external world. There seems no necessary reason for its existence; attempts to designate it as a precursor of speech are unconvincing. Yet music has a powerful, compelling effect which is felt by those who respond to it as being of immense significance. Yehudi Menuhin once wrote: "Music creates order out of chaos; for rhythm imposes unanimity upon the divergent; melody imposes continuity upon the disjointed; and harmony imposes compatibility upon the incongruous."[9] Menuhin might have added a sentence from that great two-volume tome by Zuckerkandl, *Sound and Symbol*. "Words divide, tones unite. The unity of existence that the word constantly breaks up, dividing thing from thing, subject from object, is constantly restored in the tone."[10] Music and other forms of art have the capacity of re-ordering experience and thought in their own image, so that what we obtain from them is something far more than pleasure. It is something more akin to experiencing life as a whole—the ultimate synthesis of subject and object in something greater than either.

Thus, although art and science have diverged in the ways I have indicated, and although those who are drawn to art may be rather different kinds of people from those who become scientists, both activities are motivated by the need to discover order and unity. If both scientists and artists recognize this, their ability to communicate on a human level will surely be enhanced. □

6. Langer, Suzanne, *Philosophy in a New Key*. Harvard. 1960.
7. Hardy, G.H., *A Mathematician's Apology*. Cambridge University Press. 1940.
8. Russell, Bertrand, *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*. Vol. 1, Allen & Unwin. 1967.
9. Menuhin, Yehudi, *Theme and Variations*. Stein and Day. 1972.
10. Zuckerkandl, Victor, *Man the Musician*. Princeton University Press. 1973.

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Lawrence Sturhahn

Performance

That scenes (places, memories) have emanations is not a new thought, but interesting when you ponder movies which are sequences of scenes. Scene *(in that is how I experienced an occurrence), rooted in the verb to see, and have I said before also that it seems ironic that that is the sensibility we take for granted, that we don't learn how to use—*seeing. *We have to learn to speak. Do we or do we not, we human beings, respond primarily to visual information, and to codify and make useful—second—put it in abstract words?*

Starting off to write that certain memories and feelings—emanations—are a part of cities *I have lived in, I remember the trip to the Upper Sonoran Desert in December. Ten years ago I lived near Tucson and got hooked on the back of a horse riding in that desert. Then I left it and came here. So, on I-10 and aimed into the dawn, crossing from southeast California through Blythe into Arizona, I began to feel my desert enveloping me.*

. . . .and cities (as I started off)—yes, San Francisco seems cold, and seen at night, often in a hard wind from the Gate, it's very clean.

1.

The premiere engagement of "Inside Marilyn Chambers" (A Documentary) took place at the Mitchell Brothers' ("Behind the Green Door"; "Resurrection of Eve") prime house, *The O'Farrell,* on the corner of Polk and O'Farrell, in San Francisco. The line for the eight o'clock show, an orderly column shifting its feet, turned the corner and stretched half the block down Polk, then behind the theatre down the alley. The attraction of opening night was the personal appearance of the lady herself—in the naked flesh.

It was cold in the city, even though there was no wind. Invited but forgetting the complimentary tickets at home, along with various hangers-on I pound at the glass door. When it opens, collectively we shout or beg to see the press representative, whose name is Bill Boyers.

And when he comes he lets us in. Directly opposite these front glass doors is the candy counter, and to the left a kind of ante-room you walk through to the theatre. On the right of the candy counter is an open foyer in which is the reception desk for the upstairs offices of Mitchell Brothers Film Group. And there is another room that desk faces, longer than it is wide, a gallery of explicit art.

Behind the desk that night a kind of dais has been placed. On it, at a table, signing her name on pictures of herself, wearing something almost but not quite opaque over her nakedness: *herself.* I am bemused, watching her signing fiercely, looking up to smile at her admirers. Marilyn is wearing what she was pictured in—apparently—looming under its folds her slick body.

And like it's said, *Have a good day,* she's having a good year. After 52 weeks at the Union Plaza Hotel—in the longest running play in Las Vegas' history—she just closed the "Mind with the Dirty Man." She has a four-year contract with Warners. Her book, *Marilyn Chambers — My Story,* has sold 600,000 copies to date, and she's preparing another one. In May or July she will be on the cover of *Genesis* Magazine, with a lay-out inside. And for them also she does a sexual information service column. Her voice goes soft: "If you have questions you don't want to ask here—write me. . ."

And the mail-order jewelry line. Pulling up her shirt, she flashes a thin gold chain around her hips above the belly band of bikini panties. The address to write for a catalogue is posted in the lobby. What she handles is erotic; she does a little friendly shiver. "You know?"

"WHOOOEEEeee!" the audience whoops. Already they didn't come for naught.

In March she's to open on Broadway with "The Belly Button." "You can guess what that's about," she tells us coyly, and then describes it. Set in the future, it's a nostalgia piece on the '70s when people were still hung up on certain sexual acts—consenting adults and all that notwithstanding; hopefully by the time of the play "we will be able to laugh about it." The audience in the O'Farrell—waiting impatiently—laughs now, but it's nervous sounding.

"Singing and dancing!" Marilyn exhorts them. "Funny skits!"

She was invited to the International Woman's Film Festival at Tulane University in New Orleans. Of the screening of "Inside Marilyn Chambers" Marilyn said, "Believe me, that audience wasn't ready for it." "Hard-core feminists." She enjoys being submissive, dominated by men. "It's the truth and I'm a very honest person, but to me men have always been the stronger sex. And I really like that!"

The audience liked that too; she got a standing ovation.

"I don't know what I'm doing here in Tulane, I'm saying to myself. The topic is women and sexuality in films and they don't want to talk about sex—and I do."

She gives a truly friendly giggle and says how nice it is to be in San Francisco, where the vibes are good, where it's nice and warm. Another ovation—with whoops among the cheers.

She first comes on stage wearing a white T-shirt, her picture (and the title of the film) hot-pressed on the front, that comes to just below her. . . .well. You can't exactly know—at first, I mean—whether she's wearing anything else. You do later, but later still it's academic anyway.

"I want to tell you a little bit of what I've been doing, then open it up to some questions," she says. In her

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high heels, her hair in ringlets, the long hard bare legs, she says silky sweet how she loves to get into questions. Because there might be something "you want to know."

"We *know* anyway!" a male voice yells from the orchestra seats.

"You *never* know—it's worth asking."

"Would you rather be tickled or choked?" a female voice calls.

"A good question—hmmm. Both—I don't know. I hate to be tickled—unless they're doing it because they're going to do something else later. . ."

"Other than liking your work, do you like your work?" a man yells.

"I love it. I'm really having a good time, really doing what I want to do. You know, it's funny (she giggles) but the most often asked question is: What do your parents think? But what I do has topped me off personally, helped to get rid of a lot of hang-ups and inhibitions, changed my whole outlook on sex. I really dig life! I'm having a really good time—Boy!"

A model in New York at fifteen, she took acting classes and played the girl-next-door in television commercials (and now she's fulfilled the fantasy of what the girl-next-door really does—*all right!*). In the *Pepsi Generation* she uses one product and sells another; in "Owl and the Pussycat," starring Barbra Streisand, she had a bit. Also she did a shot for the side of the box. When "Behind the Green Door" was released it was good publicity for everybody that its star who did and had everything done to her was also on the Ivory Snow box; only Proctor & Gamble didn't see it that way.

"I love you all. I had a great time."

Naked before us, saying: "I'd rather be naked than have my clothes on any day." She gets down to her skin by drawing ticket stubs from a hat, reading out the numbers—they had to turn on the house lights to let the audience see their numbers—and giving a piece of costume to the winner, who was also exhorted to come on stage and dance with her. Her voice a little more breathless after each dance, reading another number: "Zero-zero-five-one-seven," giving a whoop—"ALL RIGHT! Turn that music up!"

Done to music, Marilyn taking it off, doing a nice hard rock dance. She's not enjoying herself?—it's an act? By me you couldn't prove it. It was only anti-climactic the first moment, when—taking off the first shirt she reveals another one. . .ah! There will yet be another moment when. . .and perhaps another yet. In fact, there's three shirts and three sets of very small panties.

And after the six winners do their number Marilyn Chambers is starkers, artfully tonsured, a faint bruise on her thigh, child and woman both, in front of our eyes.

"I like her," a lady said, "I think she's really nice."

2.

In the beginning I like the town I lived in because it reminded me of back east, not California. It had a center, and you passed people walking. It was then—and remains now—a town.

Some houses go back to before the turn of the century—summer places for the rich from the city, big with dark redwood-trimmed interior rooms and massive stone fireplaces. Often it is cold here. The wind they get in the city we get here. And on summer days in the late afternoon the fog curls up over the hills and pours down upon us like the sea.

The house I climbed the steep hill through deep shade to reach was very old—she told me it had not been painted since it was built in 1910. Pleasant inside, low ceilings and dark wood framed windows, the kitchen with a breakfast nook, and another room, a kind of solarium, that I recall filled with green plants. The afternoon sun streams in the windows. Under the mountain we live here; over it is the sea into which that sun sinks.

The week before at Canyon Cinema in the San Francisco Art Institute (a *fantastical* building!) another premiere: the pornographic comedy farce, written by George Kuchar, directed and photographed by Curt McDowell, produced by the Tomas Brothers Film Studio:

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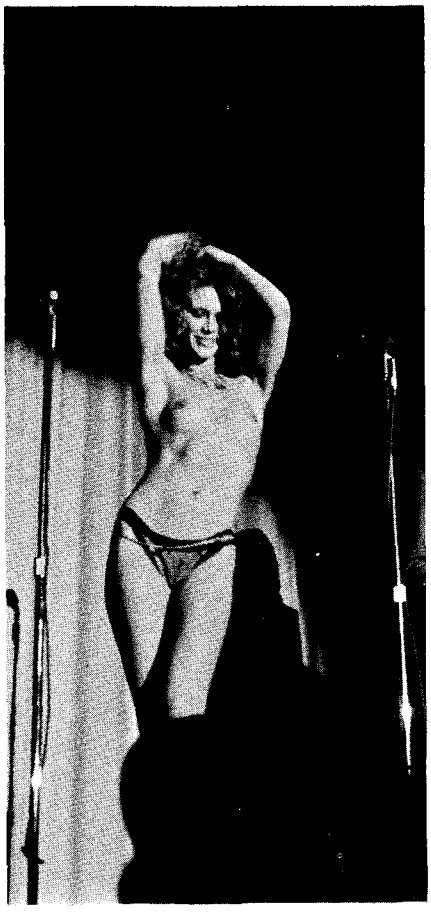
"Thundercrack!" In it the lady of this house plays a starring role, her name above the title.

Obsessed with making distinctions between what is pornographic (exploitive) and what is erotic (elevating) I have been too long. On the one side you have "Green Door," and "Deep Throat," on the other "Last Tango in Paris" (Bertolucci), and "Charlotte" (Vadim). In between is everything in between: "Sip the Wine," "Emmanuelle," "The Story of O," "China Girl," and "Thundercrack!"

Often it seems very dull, that when you've seen it once you've seen it all. But sometimes there's a good flash, an interesting shot, leather invention, a rubber suspension or feather mask. In the serious film (which may be comic) about real people in real situations (which may be sexually oriented) there's validity to explicit sex. Pornography is not about real people in real situations, but an object for some people to get off on—and fantasy. The problem with it as fantasy is that it's misleading, too simplistic; real fantasy should be as complex as life. *Alice in Wonderland*. . . .

"In movies with explicit sex," the lady said to me, "we're all just pioneering—still trying to improve, find what's best."



"Charlotte" she didn't like because the girl got killed in the end. She calls the Thomas Brothers (at this moment doing a film on Wilhelm Reich) and tells them not to consider anything for her in which she would be killed. And she doesn't want any violence. With an expressive, rather sad, distinctive and then pretty face, with red hair and blue eyes, she was looking at me very seriously.

"Because I find whatever character I play comes down on me in some way—it's like, you know, they say an actress has to live her character. . . . Well, in film, I find that sometimes the actress lives her character even after the film is finished."

"Thundercrack!" is absurdist satire on the genre horror number. She plays a crazy lady who lives in a lonely house off a highway on which in a terrible storm a group of stranded travelers descend. Three nymphomaniacal and satyrical ladies and men come in and pretty soon are getting it on. Then there's the circus driver and his gorilla. And this lady with a cucumber. In the basement in a bottle, pickled, is the husband, whom she offed. She talks to the jar.

Shortly after "Thundercrack!" was finished her real husband (from whom she had been separated for some years) died. In this house, in the basement, the urn of his ashes waiting on the son's arrival to be scattered. But she began to find herself talking to it. . .the urn. . . .

"I wouldn't want to play Charlotte. Maybe I would have been afraid he was going to choke me. . .okay—so you really have sex. Okay—so do you really die?"

She looks at me again, directly; there's a tremor in her neck. "I shake a lot when I'm being me," she said.

"Play yourself," I say.

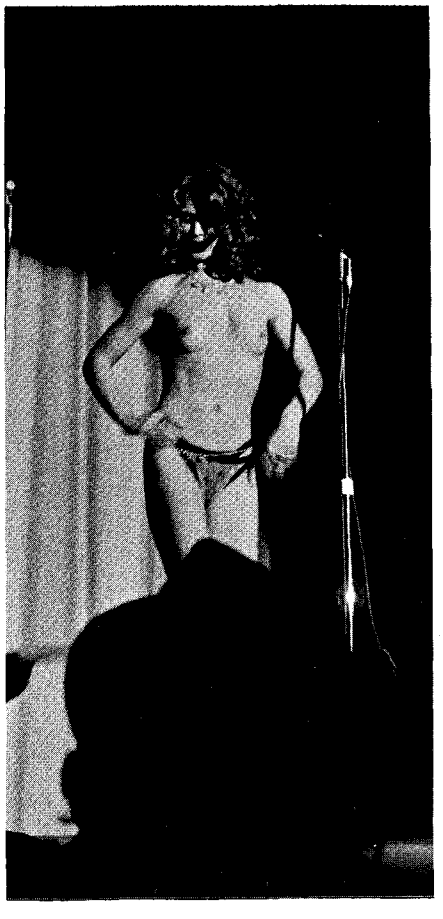
"Just play *yourself*. . . " She laughs. "That's the hardest thing to play, you know. I'm a character actress—like a painter, I like to paint portraits—only as an actress. Oh—when I have a character and her dialogue. . . That's one reason I like acting so much—because I hate my own dialogue."

When she was ten years old, the first day in a new grammar school in Vallejo, was when it started. The teacher was going to put on a play, and needed somebody to play the fairy princess. Her hand was up in a flash. She remembers saying to herself: *My god! I'm the only actress in the room.* She describes it as a voice inside herself—literally. "All of a sudden I knew who I was," she said to me.

I hear the wind in the trees outside; the fairy princess she didn't play. She did have a small part, but it doesn't matter because shortly Mr. Van Allen came to Vallejo. His idea is a children's theatre. And when she auditioned for him she knew he liked her work. When she told her stepfather he asked with a sneer, "How do you really know that?"

In "Cinderella" for Mr. Van Allen she played one of the wicked stepsisters. He consoled her with the thought that it was easy to play Cinderella—there were lots of them—but the step-sister, now—that was a challenge. For several years she worked with him and before he finally left town he told her mother she should continue in the theatre.

She worked with the drama teacher in Junior High, was her protégé, and they still correspond. In tenth grade she joined a little theatre group, becoming, at fourteen, the youngest member. In the production of "Night Must Fall' she played the pregnant Cockney maid, which outrages many people. At sixteen she played the lead in "Guest in the House," and received the award for actress of the year.



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"My mother was very proud and had high hopes for me." Also, later on, she said: "Maybe it was my mother's image of me, that I would run down to Hollywood at age 16 and be another Bette Davis."

The College of the Pacific had a good dramatic arts department, which is why she went there. And she met her first husband there. After they were married they went to New York, but it was cold and scary. And there was little theatre in San Francisco; she was known; she could get good parts. The Actors Workship was starting (forerunner of American Conservatory Theatre, Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, directors) and for four years she worked there.

Her husband wanted to move to Sacramento, where they knew the director of the Eaglet Theatre. She did "Matchmaker," "Dark of the Moon." Her husband got a master's and a job teaching drama at McClatchy High. They bought a house.

Eventually they did "Four Poster" and they also broke up their marriage. She went back to San Francisco and little theatre. She also worked for the telephone company, did counseling with alcoholics, and taught. She married again and worked in her new husband's jewelry store. She worked with the Comedia Theatre in Palo Alto, did "Othello," with Brock Peters. There was also the Marin Shakespeare Festival and the San Francisco Interracial Theatre. In thirty years she has done over fifty plays, about two a year.

She played Stella in "Streetcar Named Desire," and Celia in "Hatful of Rain." She likes to do Shakespeare, and Williams, and Albee. She said, "I like the complexity of their words." She said that the character of Gert she played in "Thundercrack!" reminded her of Blanche in "Streetcar. . ." A dead husband in the basement she's been talking to for 15 years.

Seeing her first porno, "Deep Throat," blew her mind. Raised in a Catholic house, with a strict modest mother, even at this time of her life she can't believe what is on the screen. She also noted that Linda Lovelace is a terrible actress and makes fun of her own oral sex trip. She was appalled; still she liked the idea that the world has gotten this free. "So, if they are doing it," she said, "then why not do it in a better way."

"Behind the Green Door" (starring Marilyn Chambers) she liked a lot better. Avariciously she began to read about pornography. She read Linda Lovelace's autobiography, "to see what she was at, and whether she thought she was an actress."

The lady's first movie was "Sip the Wine" and the first scene she did was explicit sex. "I'm thinking, here I was 6 months ago, walking out of 'Deep Throat' shocked—and yet fascinated. Saying to myself, 'I could do it better.' "

She knew the lines. She became the character in the movie. The young man, her lover, is beautiful. They are both actors and they did it as actors.

"I feel okay about it," she said. "In some ways it's a kind of purifying thing. Sometimes it's a relief to take your clothes off. Explicit sexuality goes on all the time and most people cover it up. As an actress you have to play the whole thing." □

JOHN M. TAYLOR has had varied service in State Department and ambassadorial positions, and continues to live close to Washington, D.C. . . .LAWRENCE STURHAHN is the NAR's regular film buff.

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John M. Taylor

The Diary of "A Public Man"

In February 1861, we are told, President-elect Abraham Lincoln stopped off in New York City on his way to Washington and took in an opera—Verdi's then-new *La Forza del Destino*—at the old Metropolitan opera house. There, to the distress of the city's upper crust, he showed up for the performance wearing black gloves, rather than the white gloves decreed by fashion, and consequently looking rather like an undertaker.

At approximately the same time in Washington, where outgoing President James Buchanan was taking belated action to hold onto Federal property in the South, a bizarre plot was taking shape. Under the leadership of a fire-eating Senator from Texas, Louis Wigfall, pro-secession elements were planning the abduction of President Buchanan and his replacement as Acting President by his pro-Confederate Vice President, John C. Breckinridge.

Although historians have generally given short shrift to the purported "abduction" of Buchanan, the story of Lincoln at the opera has enjoyed a certain acceptance. Did either incident in fact occur? The source for both stories is a mysterious diary, allegedly maintained over the winter of 1860-61 by a prominent Washingtonian who chose to identify himself only as "a Public Man." Questions concerning the diary's authenticity as well as its authorship have perplexed historians since the diary first appeared.

The journal made its first appearance in four issues of *The North American Review* during 1879, and caused an immediate sensation. The diarist told of three conversations with Lincoln, and numerous discussions with other prominent figures ranging from Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana to the new Secretary of State, William H. Seward. In addition to having contacts all over town the Public Man had, in the words of one historian, "an ear for a good story, an eye for the significant gesture, and an apparently indelible memory." He was almost too good to be true.

Had the diarist concerned himself only with such vignettes as Lincoln's gloves his narrative might have aroused only limited curiosity among historians. But taken *in toto*, the diary is a significant "inside" narrative of one of the most critical periods in American history. Consider, for instance, the third of the diarist's meetings with Lincoln:

> March 7th—Early this morning I received a message from the President, making an appointment for this afternoon. I called for —— at his hotel and we drove to the White House. I could not help observing the disorderly appearance of the place, and the slovenly way in which the service was done. We were kept waiting but a few moments, however, and found Mr. Lincoln quite alone. He received us very kindly, but I was struck and pained by the haggard, worn look of his face, which scarcely left it during the whole time of our visit. I told the President, in a few words, why we had asked for this interview, and —— then fully explained to him, as he had to me yesterday, the situation at Fort Sumter. It seemed to me that the information did not take the President entirely by surprise, though he asked —— two or three times over whether he was quite sure about Major Anderson's ideas as to his duty, in case of any action by Kentucky; and when —— had repeated to him exactly what he had told me as to the language used to himself by Major Anderson, Mr. Lincoln sat quite silent. . . .

This excerpt reflects one of the Public Man's more tantalizing proclivities: not satisfied with his own anonymity he deletes the names, as the spirit moves, of some but not all of those with whom he comes in contact. Who was his companion for this call on President Lincoln? We do not know, and there are few hints. It is a tribute to the plausibility of this unknown diarist that respected historians have made use of his material, its curious antecedents notwithstanding. James F. Rhodes, whose seven-volume *History of the United States* is something of a classic, cited it without reservation. So did Carl Sandburg.

The diary is most frequently cited as the source for a second Lincoln anecdote, one relating to his first inaugural address. It seems that, as he prepared to speak from the steps of the Capitol, Lincoln could find no place to put his famous stovepipe hat. Seeing his embarrassment, Senator Douglas, Lincoln's defeated campaign opponent, took the hat and held it in his lap while Lincoln spoke. The gesture seemed symbolic of the support of pro-Union Democrats, and for years historians wondered why no one except the Public Man had noticed the incident. In recent years, however, it has become clear that there was some newspaper coverage of the incident, and the Public Man was at least partially off the hook.

Nevertheless, when considering the question of the diary's authenticity historians have tended to fall into one of three camps. One group has adjudged the diary to be an unqualified hoax—too literate, too general, and too clever by half for a *bona fide* diary. For the most part, however, such detractors have found it difficult to document their suspicions. There are no egregious errors; when the diarist places Seward or Sumner or Douglas in Washington on a given day, he can be independently verified as having been there. As one writer has observed, if the diary is a fake it is "one of the best jobs of the kind ever put over on a credulous and undiscriminating public, to say nothing of the historians it may have fooled."

Those who accept the diary as essentially genuine are themselves divided as to the circumstances under which it was written. There is a general reluctance to accept it as a "pure" journal; the style is too urbane, the verdicts too accurate. Those who regard the diary as authentic concede that it may have been substantially edited, a view which is consistent with the foreword in *The North American*

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Review which characterized the published diary as extracted from a longer journal.

Still, three incidents reported in the diary have raised serious doubts as to its authenticity. For instance, the diarist cites one Hiram Barney as having arranged the first of his appointments with Lincoln. Unlike most of the Public Man's key contacts, Barney was still alive at the time the diary was serialized, and he was asked about his role as intermediary. Barney remembered nothing, and although he was an old man by then, it is curious that he could not recall the incident at all.

A second discrepancy relates to Lincoln's appearance at the opera. His stopover in New York generated heavy press coverage, much of it in papers hostile to Lincoln, yet there is no mention of the *gaucherie* of the gloves. With all eyes on the President-elect, does it seem likely that only one person would record what so many allegedly observed?

Finally, there is the matter of a call by the Public Man on Secretary of State Seward, said to have been made on March 7, 1861. According to the diarist, "I found Mr. Seward in a lively, almost in a boisterous mood," and proceeded to tell him of his call on Lincoln earlier in the day. In point of fact, however, Seward was a sick man on March 7; in a letter to his wife he wrote of having taken to bed and called in a physician. Far from having been "boisterous," it is unlikely that the Secretary was receiving any visitors on the seventh.

If the diary is a hoax, what was the role of *The North American Review*? When Allen Thorndike Rice purchased the *Review* for a reported $3,000 in 1877, he was only 26 years old. One journal disparaged him as "a conceited youth of foreign education and foppish ways," whose inherited wealth enabled him to occupy the editorial chair once filled by James Russell Lowell. But the critics underestimated this young Bostonian. He set about resuscitating the magazine, moving its offices from Boston to New York City, and increasing the number of issues from four to six and then to twelve a year. In its pages Jefferson Davis wrote about John C. Calhoun, and Richard Wagner discussed his life and music. Rice sought to make the *Review* exciting, but never sensationalist; an anonymous diary was something of an anomaly for his publication.

In the decade which followed publication of "The Diary of a Public Man," Rice turned down numerous queries concerning its authorship. His interests turned to Republican politics, and in 1889 President Harrison appointed him Minister to Russia. On the eve of his departure, and seemingly on the brink of a new career, Rice died suddenly at the age of thirty-six. He left behind no personal papers which might shed light on the controversial diary, and over the years the files of the *Review* were lost to posterity. But a central fact remains: there is nothing in the career of Allen Thorndike Rice to suggest that he would have been a witting party to publication of a fabricated diary.

The process which historians have employed in attempting to identify the Public Man has been fairly standard. On the assumption that the diary is essentially genuine, a possible author is examined in the light of internal evidence contained in the diary. Was he tall enough to have elicited a remark from Lincoln concerning his height? Did he have access to essentially the same prominent figures as did the Public Man? And finally, could he have been in New York City and Washington on the same days as the diarist? There was full

recognition that the manuscript might contain false leads, but the text as given was sufficient to reduce the candidates to a comparatively small number.

Over the years, the quest for the identity of the Public Man came to be linked with a professor of history at Dartmouth College, Frank Maloy Anderson. He was Ahab to the diarist's Moby Dick, and the search ranged through many an old hotel register and newspaper file. In 1928 Anderson delivered a paper in which he made a case for Amos Kendall, a one-time political intimate of Andrew Jackson, as the elusive diarist. Kendall proved, however, to have been away from Washington on several key dates when the Public Man was there, and had to be scratched.

Continuing his quest, Anderson published in 1948 a volume entitled *The Mystery of "A Public Man"* in which he set forth two conclusions. The more important concerned the nature of the diary itself. Given the discrepancies it contained, Anderson concluded, it is essentially a hoax, one which may have had as its core a genuine diary of the period. He then went on to make a case for the author's having been Sam Ward, a Washington man-about-town known as the "King of the Lobby" on Capitol Hill. By then Anderson was entitled to feel a certain frustration, but his case for Ward is not a strong one. He does not appear to have focused on the fact that once he concluded that the diary was a fake, the criteria by which he had eliminated certain earlier suspects had to be reëxamined. For instance, if the story of Lincoln's black gloves is one of the diarist's fabrications, as Anderson believes it is, the fact that Sam Ward was or was not in New York City on the night of the opera loses any significance which it may have had.

One candidate for Public Man who, Anderson felt, "unquestionably met many of the requirements," was a Pennsylvania newsman, John W. Forney. At a time when he regarded the diary as genuine, Anderson had Forney on his list. But when he encountered evidence which pointed to Forney's not having been in New York for the opera, out he went.

Was John Forney the elusive diarist? Forney was a prominent Democrat in the years leading up to the Civil War, and for years was a political ally of James Buchanan. With Buchanan's backing he gained his party's nomination for the United States Senate in 1857, only to be defeated by Simon Cameron at a time when senators were chosen by state legislatures. Shortly thereafter Forney broke with Buchanan, in part because of the President's pro-slavery policies relative to the admission of Kansas, and Forney's *Philadelphia Press* became a champion of anti-administration Democrats led by Stephen A. Douglas. Notwithstanding his Democratic affiliation, Forney held the appointive office of Secretary of the United States Senate throughout the Civil War, and had friends as well as enemies on both sides of the aisle.

It is not possible to make an ironclad case for Forney as the Public Man at this late date, but the circumstantial evidence is compelling. Forney, in his writings, expressed admiration for diaries and diarists. His political leanings were

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much like those of the Public Man, who was an outspoken admirer of Senator Douglas. As for technique, Forney's signed works manifest the same occasional use of French terms, and the deletion of individual's names, as are characteristic of the diary. And while too much should not be made of the coincidence in titles, Forney's best known book, published in 1873, was entitled *Anecdotes of Public Men*.

John Forney did in fact meet with Lincoln on several occasions during the Civil War, and was well qualified to draw the skillful pen portraits of Lincoln found in the diary. But not all of the diarist's characterizations are flattering, and one of the more devastating is that of Simon Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War—who just happened to have been Forney's successful rival for the U.S. Senate.

Unless *The North American Review* is made a party to the deception, the author of the diary must have been someone able to convince Allen Thorndike Rice of the *bona fides* of the diary, and of his own qualifications to have written it. As an editor, politican, and Senate functionary, John Forney was eminently a "public man" as the term was then used. Of the other prominent candidates as diarist, only Amos Kendall might have similarly convinced a scrupulous editor.

Why did Forney, who published two volumes of reminiscences under his own name, resort to fabricating a diary? Conceivably he may have wanted to leave for posterity his impressions of Lincoln, Douglas, and others without having them clouded by the controversy which always seemed to surround John Forney. Or it may have been simply a matter of money, since the *Review* was one of the best-paying publications of its day.

Or it may have been sheer mischievousness. In his *Anecdotes of Public Men*, Forney tells a funny story involving Daniel Webster. It seems that Webster was scheduled to deliver a major speech on the tariff in Philadelphia, but the late hour of his address made it impossible for the papers to include it in their morning editions. Yet Forney's paper came up with a scoop—a special supplement entitled "Webster's Great Speech on the Tariff." In Forney's own words, "I had taken his old speech on free trade, delivered in 1824. . . and converted it into a Supplement, of which many thousands were printed and sold before the joke was discovered."

John Forney was a great one for practical jokes. □

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